

Psycroptic

"Delusion Equals Happiness"

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Dull, dull, dull...
Every single tyke is a null.
School stunts your growth and children warp your
mind,
I'll forgive the slaughter in the name of malign.
Moan, moan, moan...
Clarity is shocking the unknown.
There's a disappointed ghost in your hotel.
Do you understand the better part of how we dwell?
Entropy is soothing me with a eulogy for destiny.
The rest of the sticky, tricky wicked are awake.
Would you die for entertainment's sake?
Detail the derail, forgive the mess. Delusion equals
happiness.
The rest of the sticky, tricky wicked are awake.
Would you die for entertainment's sake?
Amputate your face discover the (Perception).
Six senses over the shadowy (Perception).
Sigh, sigh, sigh...
An over rusted lullaby.
Remember that the times will fail to praise as we suffer
through another boring batch of
Amaze.
Scream, scream, scream...
Praise the heinous forces of extreme.
The illusions of indecency won't hamper our delight as
we separate another prosecuting
Parasite.
I'm so perfect in my necromance.
Undo the buckle and remove your pants.
Annoy you into showing me what you have there, then
retain the memory, and claim that I
Don't care.
You're mowing the lawn so numbly in your sleep, I'm
pissing on a nun's vagina as we
Speak.
Laughing at an ugly untalented stranger, while your
station is the comfiest source of your
Danger.

