

Psycroptic

"Our Puzzling Encounters Considered"

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Construct this jigsaw
Laced with your true intentions
I can't figure out
Who the hell or
What the fuck we are

What is this?
Love poems with Cupid as a martyr?

Collapse under the crushing wonder
Wonder

Core curiosity
Drives my stomach eating itself alive
Discovering sweet
In the heart of a chameleon
My starving
Stomach eats itself alive

This puzzle
Relying on projection
You can't figure out
Who the fuck
Or where hell we are
Or how to even care

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