

## Monic

### "Somnambulist"

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Blood of the fallen, a somnambulist wretched and  
prophetic slaves to the  
System who carves out her own eyes with razorblades  
leaving a blister it takes  
Form evaporative translucent prisms reflecting they  
shatter infesting all I see  
In a tongue I lace with insanity a phantomous  
illumination I will never be  
Painted on the walls with the blood of a paranormal  
cataclysm I will never see  
Feed upon the saints and eradicate the elemental  
sacrificial bones that break  
In a dream of isolated ambiance I find myself in cold  
sweats wide awake cause  
I've got punctures in my lungs gonna tear me out  
fucking rip me out suffocate  
Disintegrate love will never penetrate these walls I build  
with my symptoms  
Connptions inflictions a slave to my symptoms Denial-  
I'm just fine don't  
Touch me clairvoyance- these beings confront me  
through violence I am  
Deconstructing my soul by removing my eyes from my  
skull just to see or feel  
Something hallucinogenic pathetically craving what  
kills me and destroys the  
Voice that's relentlessly echoing carving a vision of  
what once was, what has  
Been could be anything but these purple angelic pupils  
that haunt my dreams  
Wide awake and falling asleep where I stand I'm the  
saint who prays with slit  
Wrist at midnite for the moonlight for the sunset for the  
experience of the  
Sickening decay if I had a reason just to breathe  
another breathe I wouldn't  
Need this phantomous illumination deep inside painful  
accusations resonating  
Thru these conversations spoken in the tongue of  
psychotropic demonized pitiful  
Acidic catastrophic condescending paranoid

delusionary penetrating finalized so  
Murderous the conversation that I heard between the  
voices venomous and  
Complicated somewhat fantasized  
I could be the one to hold and love and uplift u or I  
could be the one to  
Devastate disintegrate and move to impale u I feed on  
the wounds that my manic  
Episodes do heal or dig further too reveal the  
degenerative failures inside all  
Of u I'm fucking digging in my soul I'm fucking carving  
out a hole I'm the  
Saint who prays with slit wrists at midnite cause I've got  
punctures in my lungs

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