

## The Wrath Of Vesuvius

### "Manipulative Delusion"

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Probed to feel, to feel real; probed to feel, to feel nothing.  
Dermal coated calligraphy, etching out an identity.  
Ripple after crinkle, lines making distinction, connected to perception, allowing to feel.  
Specification, an intricate design, an intricate design.  
Is it specification or is it... SHIT! ?  
Underneath three layers lies wires swirling in, curving out, tangling all around.  
Intertwining and connecting to a memory chip, artillery that was once useful now has zero significance.  
A virus is soaring through the matrices.  
Glitches in the programming, the system is out of order.  
The Machine has planned it's self destruction.  
Probed to feel real, I am probed to feel absolutely nothing.  
Control the thought, alter the thought and delete the thought of existence  
A fragile mind to a complex thought spawns a world of agoraphobia.  
Awaken the nightmares and leak them into reality.  
Consider the shadows we tend to ignore.  
Trap them into a vice to off-set equilibrium.  
A virus is soaring through the matrices.  
Artillery that was once useful now has zero significance.  
Dermal coated calligraphy, etching out an identity.  
Ripple after crinkle, lines making distinction connected to perception, allowing to feel nothing.

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