

Vedonist

"Anhedonia Society"

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Hidden in the restless dream I fight with terror
Dried heart dies in a torment of fast beasts
I sew my faded pupils up with thick threads of
subconscious
For I sense that my enemy prepares the cruelest of
blades

My hollow look, so tired of suffering
Begs for a ray of sun into the blackness of tear-shaped
box
But hysterical prayers raised to the old God
Are just a frightful groan in the valley of shadows

Every motion, every thought deals a dull pain to my
senses
Tiredness keeps me in the mental trance
Irritated with trifle I lost desire for singing
Singing, which used to take you to the land of dreams

I balance on the verge of my imagined world
World of possessiveness, world of pain, world of
loneliness
I wish to scream, but my voice gets stuck in moans
I am nobody, a dust of nothingness drifting in void

I am the sinner – the cause of failures
I am the burden – the waste of humankind
I am the cripple – my own parasite
I will be the messiah
The liberator of souls

Beware of me, the army of common martyrs
Waiting for the ritual nailing to cross
Under the mask of disease you recognize my dear
face
You reach your small trusting hand out to the
memories
So vivid now, here, embraced by soothing feelings
But this tenderness is the arms of sick mercy
Beware of me, the army of common desperados
For on the bayonets of love you will find only death

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