

The Thorns

"Existence"

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[Sample:] Jesus, what a mindjob!

It clings to your mind
Like a phantasmal leech
Nesting itself deep within
The substance of your soul

Demanding every second
Of your prying attention
In the continual search
For the methods to reveal

The ultimate secrets
Of existence

Infests in your blood
It's magnificent seed
Preparing the symbiose union
It feeds you to grow

It crawls along the surface
Of your reality's cocoon
Impatiently awaiting
The miracle of birth

The parasite completes it's cyclus of life

[Sample:] So you're here to change the world

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