

# Pain Of Existence

Disharmonic Orchestra

Hidden people seem to see  
The way I cook the brain of thee  
Sepia print of hunting dogs  
Pointing out the unseen clocks

There I find myself in sorrow  
Nothing's left for my tomorrow  
Dirty waste of nameless people  
A dark blue line of licking nipples

Hard to get from the unknown  
Eyes work hard with tears that drown  
Take control when I will peer  
See the pain of northern fear

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