Pain is like a pure killswitch
Pain is like an exquisite exoneration
Doped foetus in its mother, similar to stitch
Fighting for very own life through...
The parturition...

An aetherpartus... my prayer in this mess Of human being brought to existence Little baby wrapped in hydrogen bonds Entrenched in anesthetic beauty Ensnared in its hydrophobic pounds Through frenetic looting... There...

Plundered to the soul through blood
The aetheroartus foul
Resected psychologically to be the One
An aetherequiem would sound around Earth cowled
When it shall be dying, to be dead and gone
Ransacked to the soul through blood
The aetherpartus foul
Preserved chemically to be the One
The One...
Demonized to the soul through blood

The aetherpartus foul
Addicted abnormally to be the One