

A soul broken, an empty shell  
Rusty knife cuts your infantile dreams  
From the bowels of the world depraved  
Slow abortion that never ends

Disgusting rituals of spawning hope  
Expected answer in musty words  
His dead tongue is like umbilical cord  
Through which they sip sick visions

Suppressed are crippled thoughts  
Torn into shreds weak belief  
Emanating in twisted images  
Fearing to be divided

No cure for this disease  
Devouring from the inside  
Shining jewel, a thing of pride  
Turns into ashes trampled down

A soul broken, an empty shell  
And only blackness here so cold around  
Torn into shreds weak belief  
There's no place for eternal rest