

They

Nocturnal Depression

They offer us the blades
that tear with pleasure our flesh
And every strife carves
their influence on our minds
We live with this suffering,
a fall into depression
The self-mutilation pushes us
towards the meaning of our beings

They decrease us all the time until we reach the state of shit
And every word molest our faces into wounds
We take all verbal injuries and keep them inside
The inner rottenness feed the ulcer, bleeding fear

They die, one after one,
cause this is all they deserve
And the smell of powder mixed to their blood
is intoxicating
We bear the guns and load the bullets
blasting their heads
We're children of Despair
and priest of negation

We are they
We offer your blades and break your minds
We load your guns and press the relaxation
We are they and command your death