

## Your Fault

Rotten Sound

You sold your worthless soul  
A soul you couldn't support through  
Through the minor phenomenon  
The phenomenon you call your life

The fault  
Unrequited existence  
A cold  
Efficient, depressive acceptance

Studying the informal sources with no doubt  
A mental suicide with no hate or grief  
I pity your substance  
The substance with no reason to be

The fault  
Unrequited existence  
A cold  
Efficient, depressive acceptance

"You even can't notice...  
How worthless being you are...  
When you float in the mainstream,  
The empty faces in a faceless flow.  
You study the informal sources...  
With no doubt.  
I pity your substance  
The substance with no reason to be"

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A soul you couldn't support through  
Through the minor phenomenon  
The phenomenon you call your life