

DÉHÀ, Your Existence Is An Anomaly Which Clings

bleak, black, bliss, back in the old times when woe was felt and not forced upon you
breathe, as much as you can, for it might leave your body, or become hectic to exist
you bear the mark of the chosen ones, a primal and fair event, no discrimination, no favors
for your existence is but an anomaly, a virus which persists, clings on hope and destruction
while you sleep, she wakes, prepares for the final fight, every single night she wakes
creating bio-weapons of mass genocide through the last dawn of men, women and children
you may defeat her for a time, but she will wait for she is the most patient mother
and stuck from existence, you shall annihilate yourself for you hate yourself and others

bring the head of your child upon the altar of your primitive needs and fuck its eye socket
in one week you lost what made you worth to linger and survive the plague of existence
in one month you proved to be out of any league, any deserved chance, any worth
in a year you shall be long gone, remains of decaying flesh eaten by mother's children
for she is the bearer of life, the undying one, the greater goddess than all gods
and you prayed the false ones, created by the powerful of yours, controlling the mass
yet your grave was dug by your own selves, with a smile on your face while you bury them
you buried your weak father and child, selfish bastard in front of adversity, you failed