

Rife With The Stench And Squalor

Abacinate

A worthless obsession that could bring me to your knees
A burden on your path, The Lesson
The first is a Blast, The rest is a Breeze
It then gets complicated, Plays into Fears
Thinking takes up too much time.
The hopeless process in my eyes.
The wasted pissing of my life.
From a street called "Many Mind".
Bite me. Blow me. I'm your priest.
Spreading hate of Anything.

Lets Escape

The only ones who eat The Fear will be spared
Only the ones who eat The Fear will learn their lesson
The only ones who eat their fear will be spared
Only the ones who eat their fear will learn
Talk is a poison - Listen with hate
Closing your mind and drifting away
So you think you're right?

I know everything and I don't want to hear it!
Stoned! I am too rife
With the stench and squalor of that god-forsaken street
The sunrise is a lie
Lost inside my basement room
I know you know that I'm right! Right
Nowhere. I got Nowhere for Nothing
Don't Care. An What if I did?
Downright. Get Disgusted and Sick of Me
Ruined. You had Trusted and Nourished me
Insults of Defeat. Causes Extremity
An Insatiable need. Forget who's wrong.

Get Up And Kill