

Ziomas

Acid Drinkers

Armour you ass time is right to fight
Slam your lips, talkin' is a bad habit.
We learned to take before we learned to give
But we can see evil even though we're blind.
My fat heart begs for fresh blood
Space between skull and brain is growin'
I'm gettin' lost without hope,
I don't like my present at all.
Ground is bursting under my feet
How daya feel, how daya feel?
Sky is fallin' on my head
How daya feel, how daya feel?

Infinite terror