

Deranged Parasites

Hour of Penance

Flowing from dead creature's veins, tearing putrid tissues.
Sickening sea of anger, merciless devourers.
Tolerance to destruction, corruption then demise.
Raping with magnificence, under rotting neon's light.
We laugh with desperation, twisting the equilibrium,
acting like a deranged parasite.

Absorbing with no teeth, assimilate,
sucking marrow clean.
Destiny of selfishness, resurrection dead and gone.
Claiming useless freedom, paranoid state of mind.

Unsatiated, starvation, vanity unmatched.
The parasites attack.

Staring through this barren corpse,
waiting for the next one.
Deafening sound of toxic hunger
cannot break the silence.
Sit back and relax,
blow them into your veins.
Tons of glittering morphine.
The conquest of the worm is now.

We're flowing from the dead, tearing decayed flesh.
We sanctify our rape, melting pain with hate.

Still the sound of deranged parasites.