

Pulsating Protoplasma

Mortician

Abomination
Atrocious mud
Blasphemous terror
Squirting blood

Material obscurity creeps over the town
Pulsating plasma's everywhere and the trace of wobbly death

Barbaric flood of unholy doom
Thousand shapes but only one aim

Endless substance in the canalization
Digsusting plasma-investation

Now we realize the hopeless situation
This is the end of our civilization

A horde of ghouls will come over us
Stinking and malicious like a festered abscess

You can't imagine the pain you feel
When it is over you and corrode your flesh

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