

## Stitch

### One Man Army and the Undead Quartet

Brain drained - So fucked up to the core  
Nothing but black holes and scars  
Come and you will see me pay tribute to bullets  
With lucid stars I decorate my friend  
As death comes ripping there's no more pain

I am pushing my lungs for my love  
I feel the panic of deadly purpose  
Now my naked soul looks indeed rather cold  
It's full fucking throttle, a savage gauntlet  
Can you see the light at the horizon?

Wounds tear up my temple of doom  
It's my own bedroom funeral  
Chaos driven by orders and insanity  
I sleep alone where nothing is everything  
As I count those lambs on their way to slaughter

In the ditch I crawl upon dismemberment  
And I feel the stench of this sickened paradise  
Stitch! Stitch! - Mental world of slavery  
Stitch! Stitch! - Kill, kill, kill or be killed!

Time to regroup - Push through the dragons teeth  
Come, beast within - Though hungry wolf come forth  
Suicide machine - Antisurvival tactics  
Yeah, the bloodtrail to freedom I follow  
Stitch me the fuck together

In the ditch I proceed to hold the line  
Yeah, as I watch myself from distant worlds  
Stitch! Stitch! - Clock is ticking slower and slower  
Stitch! Stitch! - Ghost song explosion  
Infected melody of tortured souls  
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch! Stitch! Stitch me the fuck together