

Rats and Black Widows

Polkadot Cadaver

Thy kingdom come has come undone
On the cross your only son
For the hills the peasants run
The trap is set, the web is spun

Like moth to a flame
I succumb to temptation
I take it in vein
Decayed... withered away
Our golden years
Spent tilling our graves

The seven seals, eyes of the dead
Under the veil, inside your head
The pale horse, the necrophage
Red skies, the black plague

Like moth to a flame
I succumb to temptation
I take it in vein
Decayed... withered away
Our golden years
Spent tilling our graves

Rats and black widows
Our house is condemned

Our lives are condemned, Our lives are condemned
Our lives are condemned, Our lives are condemned

Like moth to a flame
I succumb to temptation
I take it in vein
Decayed... withered away
Our golden years
Spent tilling our graves

I hear you screaming my name
Our golden years
Wasted and profane
Atrophied, left to decay

Our lives are condemned, Our lives are condemned
Our lives are condemned, Our lives are condemned