

# STRAITJACKET AFTERBIRTH

## PSYCHO-FRAME

Rusting in the womb of delirium I see corroded  
Stare, violently shaking with your jaw eroded

Find the path you're lost in  
Dying in the garden of all rust  
Who can you trust?  
See you moving in caution  
Spinning in sawdust  
Let the barrel in your mouth combust

Scarlet laceration  
Obscure facial demonstration  
Anatomical rearrangement  
Grind it out till you can't fucking take it

My instinct unscathed  
In a straitjacket afterbirth  
Your conscience slipping away  
In my ulcer filled bloodwork

Another replicant missing from your haven  
I'll scab your image 'cause you make me sick  
No matter what your worthless life is fucking facing  
Count on me to end it with a brick

Promised life but given death  
To lay you down with a bomb strapped to your chest

It's time to stitch you up

Sick of your talk  
I only want to see you lined in chalk  
Or dead against the wall  
Throw you past the mines  
Too cold to notice  
You let your mouth run off  
Now your head's exploded

What goes around, comes back a-fucking-round  
You're clinging onto hope, yet you won't be fucking found  
I'm only seeing red with vertigo creeping  
I'm standing on the edge, but you're the one that's leaping

Find the path you're lost in  
Laying in the garden of all rust  
Who can you trust?  
See you moving with caution  
Spinning in sawdust  
Let the barrel in your mouth combust

All I want to do is see your soul leave your body  
All I want to do is see your soul leave your body

Stillborn punishment  
Craving your treacherous nothing  
My twisted immersion of you  
Is dividing your skull in two

Rusting in the womb of delirium I see corroded  
Rusting in the womb of delirium I see corroded