

Heartworm

Psyclon Nine

He was abandoned to the father
left on the alter of the gutters
stripped and left without the matriarch
left alone to attend
their fucking death march
keep digging with the needle
'til the flesh is left cold
blacken his eyes so he can be controlled
he was the gun
serrated grin and the lover
now bow your head and
pray unto his cancer motherfucker

no hate, no love, no chance at life
the heart will worm it's way inside

he was the last to be forsaken
the misery
the first amongst the fallen
judgment
he peers into thee through blackness, through fear,
through hate and debris
the god of silver tongue and heathen
sits upon the throne of contamination
he was the gun
serrated grin and the lover
now bow your head and
pray unto his cancer motherfucker

keep digging with the needle
'til the flesh is left cold
blacken his eyes out so he can be controlled
he was the gun
serrated grin and the lover
now bow your head and
pray unto his cancer motherfucker

no hate, no love, no chance at life
the heart will worm it's way inside