

# SPEAK EVIL

Psyclon Nine

It's too late adore the fucking disaster  
The slaves are feeding on the tongues of the masters  
The ash of anguish fills the mouths of our pastors  
The noose is ready, but a bullet is faster

Higher and higher  
We'll stack the bodies 'til we fill our desire

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Speak  
Speak evil  
Silence the calling of the resurrection

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