

Corpse Dragger

The Nomad

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Lay Down
your head so full of wire
Cast out
to all that you aspire

our communion of spit
will be our holy land
a world of bone
to loosen the ties of man

Break Free
from your idols of shit
and breath
from the light you will emit

Your placid saviour falls
(a deceiver blind and weak)
through the thrill of it all
(land carved for the meek)

Breath in
our cosmic stinking mass
and out
a decadence surpassed

my head
a tangled unholy mess
forced down
between the thighs of the sun

Degrade me
And save me

And through it all
my spirit bends
I'm destined to fall
as this will ends