

## Rife With The Stench And Squalor

Abacinate

A worthless obsession that could bring me to your knees  
A burden on your path, The Lesson  
The first is a Blast, The rest is a Breeze  
It then gets complicated, Plays into Fears  
Thinking takes up too much time.  
The hopeless process in my eyes.  
The wasted pissing of my life.  
From a street called "Many Mind".  
Bite me. Blow me. I'm your priest.  
Spreading hate of Anything.

Lets Escape

The only ones who eat The Fear will be spared  
Only the ones who eat The Fear will learn their lesson  
The only ones who eat their fear will be spared  
Only the ones who eat their fear will learn  
Talk is a poison - Listen with hate  
Closing your mind and drifting away  
So you think you're right?

I know everything and I don't want to hear it!  
Stoned! I am too rife  
With the stench and squalor of that god-forsaken street  
The sunrise is a lie  
Lost inside my basement room  
I know you know that I'm right! Right  
Nowhere. I got Nowhere for Nothing  
Don't Care. An What if I did?  
Downright. Get Disgusted and Sick of Me  
Ruined. You had Trusted and Nourished me  
Insults of Defeat. Causes Extremity  
An Insatiable need. Forget who's wrong.

Get Up And Kill