

Rusted Blood

Abscess

Busted Bones and Brains from the Savage Drive 1,2,3,4,
You ain't getting out of Here Alive
Shakedown Mind, Strip Your Bones of their Flesh
Standing in the Shadow of the Doorway of Death
Sitting here in My Igloo of Blood, Rust, Sweat and Gin
I can't see where my Life Ends and Death Begins
Just let me be in my skin pricked crazy Cactus Farm
Busting the Rock of Reason
Giving a Call to Psychedeathic Arms

Rusted Feelings Set Deep in my Hard Pulsing Brain
Violent Sonic Vibrations feel no Mortal Pain
You Can try to tear it Down
But it just Snaps back in Your Face
Watch me Fly as I leave this Bullet Spitting Place