

# The Final Harvest

Cancerslug

Lonely dead stuck bleeding pig  
Lonely ditch I choose to dig  
Inside  
And it burns in the face of the one whos mother cried  
Lonely tumor inside my head  
It wont be long untill I am dead  
Inside  
And it burns in the faces of the ones who told me lies  
Disappointments are mounting each day  
Strong oppinions with nothing to say  
Sharpened blades I will raise to the void  
Until my mind gives away to the need to destroy  
Every loss that there is will you feel  
Machine or beast, all I know is I am real  
A life of pain as the catalyst for this thing I am, waking death  
Now like instinct I harvest the land  
Death within me, your life in my hands  
All of this worlds filth is drenched in your blood  
As it rains down around me  
Come on down  
Your blood  
Rain over me, covering all I see  
As you die