

Concentrate Living

Dååth

The pigs
Downtown live
In the thick
Thicket
If I had a
Knife I'd just
Want to stick
It
Overweight women when
They sweat I
Can't take it
If I had a fork
I'd just want to
Stick it

The living dead down-
Town live in
The thicket

I live in under-
Ground cities
Forced down
To do your
Bidding
I want to
Break this
Prison
Squashed
Chaos and
Concentrate
Living

The pigs down-
Town live in the
Thick thicket
If I had a knife
I'd just want to
Stick it

Stick 'em
Blood ceremony
Kick 'em
My territory
Kill them
Death matri-
Mony

Slicing off a
Shade of skin
Appeases the
Ghosts and
Ghouls within
Prisoner of
Pain
Shall I awake
From this
Inane

Lying in this
Crib tomorrow
'Till then I'll
Bide my time in
Sorrow