

Virus Jones

DeadLock

It is simply not worth the price
Dr. Jones and his temple of doom bow down to those maggots of epidemic epic delusions
Virus Jones on his last crusade

Now world come breast feed my cravings your poisoned milk will breed my cancer
I bow down to those maggots blasphemers preaching a viral god
Rags and ruin of what once was human

Every word we speak reeks of failure whether they kill us now or tomorrow we all share that miserable sorrow
It's me Virus Jones all left alone it's the darkest of our secrets
I give my life just to keep it
It's me Virus Jones all left alone either stoned or ashamed and the world will not be blamed

I will waste no time hoping while fear and sickness is beyond all bearing
I'd rather bow down to those maggots while the stench of the wounded and hopeless leaves that bitter mark of misanthropy

Bow down, bow down

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Let me at least praise my dream behind those lies their penchant on my misery was not plain to see

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