

Temple of the Insects

Deathstars

The weapons are cheap here for the C4 at heart
The Semtex is right there, the past is gone before the future starts

Smile - you're in between black sheets, where your ethics cheat
Smile - your tongue licks on spoiled meat, it's raw and sweet

Ride!
Ride the blackest times, it will haunt your eyes
Ride the dark
This is the shade that you idolize

A god with Cotard's syndrome, the perfect lame imbecile
A spirit built from bones, our history breed what future kills

Shine - you're sold on the wet streets, where your conflicts meet
Shine - your mind feast and night shrieks, a bloody treat

Ride!
Ride the blackest times, it will haunt your eyes
Ride the dark
This is the shade that you idolize

Smile - you're in between black sheets
Smile - your tongue licks on spoiled meat, it's raw and sweet

Torn from the rays of dawn
The spectrum's black for the shattered spawn
Crushed by the hammer's head
Watch our eyeballs rust and hopes turn dead

Ride!
Ride the blackest times, it will haunt your eyes
Ride the dark
This is the shade that you idolize as the judgements rise