

Bone Grinder

Hackneyed

By my blood
The whole day made me bored
My marplot was my neighbor
His red flesh was largely pored
Bones visible after an hour
It is the sound
The sound of grind
That makes me hound
Which crashes my mind
Sound which crashes my mind
The next one was a shaven pate
His meat delicate and lush
I got disgusted by his hate
His little brain was only mush
It is the sound
The sound of grind
That makes me hound
Which crashes my mind
Sound which crashes my mind
I still hear the screams at night
The dark sight of might
Now is the time that busts my mind
Makes me deaf, makes me blind
No escape from acid screams
If hope fails - Death Prevails
Death Prevails