

Rats In The Cradle

MyGrain

The monstrous reflection, the warning sign desolates
Preposterous thinking and following action
Eternal deathlike quiescence, entropic tears of mother earth
From liquid soil I slumber in turmoil, sway the cradle of dust

Parasites of paradise, the sublime treacherous desires
The reckoning day in sanguinary decay
Washed away in disastrous waves of machinery's awe
Crunching away the golden lifeline, the red alert subsistence

Lie down, feed on the edge of the world
Like rats in the cradle
Drift on, heed crimson rivers of desolation
Waste of gluttony, destruction/Waste of gluttonous construction

The scorching inception of estatic please
Crumbling substance, layer by layer
Disciples of black light, clones of diminished might
Bite after bite you are the sickness, choking on the futile resistance

Deadweight world, blood-saturated thirst
Pulsating instinct, swarming in the garden of worms
Of disgust, I'm shattered into dust, ice sculpture of everfrost
Degradead receptors succumb

Praise, raise the glass to drink for sickness
We're rats in the cradle of maggots

Sleepwalking masses, slaves to inherited madness
Can't smell the rot of your own existence
Blasphemous ceremony of corroded harmony