

## 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