

## Cast Down The Plague

### Pissing Razors

Your vile smell makes me sick you repulse me  
How the f\*\*k you come off like that  
A trifling pissant who preys on the weak  
You reek of disease that plagues the innocent

You scratch and claw inside my head  
The thoughts of perfection enslaved  
When you look at yourself what do you see  
the useless flesh that you really be

Purging myself I'm slapping you like a beatch  
Pain from within no pity for you do I feel  
Engaging the war the suffering due unto you  
Insane I'am sleep well I might strike at night

Narrow minded f\*\*k  
Sorry piece of shit  
Dying with the plague  
it's what you deserve  
Dying with the plague  
it's what you deserve motherf\*\*ker!