

Better Than Suicide

Psyclon Nine

This cancer eats the filth away
Ran from slits so deep so dirty
Fed the vile the childrens bane

Yes this pestilence this lovers dream
The flesh this plague assimilates
The end of all: this slate wiped clean

Eclipsing devotion with shallow disguise
They prey on the fruit of the one they despise
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Disorder guilds the human filth
Wrecked from fair perversity
The wicked frails at touch the ill

The children frisk in killing fields
Dark rivers of corrosion flow
And meet the shores of throes un-healed

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