

He was abandoned to the father  
left on the alter of the gutters  
stripped and left without the matriarch  
left alone to attend  
their fucking death march  
keep digging with the needle  
'til the flesh is left cold  
blacken his eyes so he can be controlled  
he was the gun  
serrated grin and the lover  
now bow your head and  
pray unto his cancer motherfucker

no hate, no love, no chance at life  
the heart will worm it's way inside

he was the last to be forsaken  
the misery  
the first amongst the fallen  
judgment  
he peers into thee through blackness, through fear,  
through hate and debris  
the god of silver tongue and heathen  
sits upon the throne of contamination  
he was the gun  
serrated grin and the lover  
now bow your head and  
pray unto his cancer motherfucker

keep digging with the needle  
'til the flesh is left cold  
blacken his eyes out so he can be controlled  
he was the gun  
serrated grin and the lover  
now bow your head and  
pray unto his cancer motherfucker

no hate, no love, no chance at life  
the heart will worm it's way inside