

Sitting there pecking at the picture of perfection
Waking at the time fine brain matter

Looking at the blood with the brimming of a dead head
Wondering if the sunshine will ever catch your eye

Picking at the dead skin
How does gonorrhoea feel?
Once you read keep us fed
Falling off a horse's hind

Diggin' me sunshine where's the other bigger sin
Deep inside the house before the roof caved in

Getting in psy trance watching till you half sin
Piece a lie made it hymn and killing him
Pedadoy's flocking by, testified he's chickened out
After all is said and done we live to shit to kill to come

Pain his trust his tragedy
Why is everything so needy
Oh no says half to pain nor chance
Today a laughter shake

Pain his trust t'his tragedy
Pain his trust t'his tragedy
Pain his trust t'his tragedy
Why is everything so needy

Testing their pecking young blood piecing along perfection
Would you let time better, fine brain matter

Testing their pecking young blood piecing along perfection
Waging if the time better, fine brain matter

"Any medical student could've seen that the eyes were torn from
the body by nothing other than human fingers!"