

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  
Pedadog'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!"