

## Never to Sit or Stand Again

### Superjoint Ritual

Call to the Darkness, the Wrath of the desert, skulls piled in  
A row, why didn't you see? Carry me back, drag me by foot  
Saving my life, slitting her throat, salting her wounds, never  
to  
Sit or stand again, one time  
One more mouthful fills it up, like a pig you're scared to swallow  
INSIDE, CULTURE, (IS) SLIDING  
The torture is endless,  
its mental as well as physical designed to last a lifetime,  
within tarot cards that you've been dealt.  
The wisdom of the usurpers, multiple stab wounds.  
Crawling out from underground  
Falling out, falling down, dimming lights, hollowed out bloodless  
Manaquin reveals the truth,  
even though plastic all emotion is shown.  
Drive out, the demons of endless time, the ends of time  
Never to sit or stand again.  
Calling to something of ever unending, darker than infernal pitch,  
holding us down with rusted cruel nails,  
a nail though my cock holds me.  
Hanging. Never yielding to the pressure forever something to the  
Wolves. Kicking and fighting, forever to the last, mastered by  
occult.  
From the past, die for me every second counts, die for me and learn  
To live without, die for me buried where you stand.  
Die for me  
The ritual of the damned, kill yourself.  
The ultimate wave of battle, lay under the ground, attack from  
below.  
Killing with eyes wide, yesterday was the day.  
Brutality marks the end of simple times,  
the American smoke screen.  
The simplest task forgotten  
There's no way to fight when there's nothing to fight for.  
Bask in your life today, for tomorrow is the madman's turn, predictions  
Will soon begin to unravel quite quickly  
Never to sit or stand again.