

Breed the Cancer

The Red Chord

Festering stench in the air - rotten.
The black and filth all around - breeds.
The masses breed this cloud that is slowly blackening our lungs
.
The ashes cinchur and slowly destroy, turning the pink flesh to
rot.
The rot, stench and filth slowly bring decay.
Resurrect yourself.
You have become a slave to nicotine.
Yellow stains on pink flesh, every time you spark it up.
You are but a slave.
You are forever a slave.