

# Acid Drinkers, Ziomas

Armour you ass time is right to fight  
Slam your lips, talkin' is a bad habit.  
We learned to take before we learned to give  
But we can see evil even though we're blind.  
My fat heart begs for fresh blood  
Space between skull and brain is growin'  
I'm gettin' lost without hope,  
I don't like my present at all.  
Ground is bursting under my feet  
How daya feel, how daya feel ?  
Sky is fallin' on my head  
How daya feel, how daya feel ?  
[Chorus:] Infinite terror