

# Angelspit, Grind

I'm a nice boy a nice girl next door with a weapon  
I am not human anymore  
I traded my attitude and I traded my spine  
placid weak as piss wanna fuck in my car?  
start begging or you can scream big shot the choice is yours  
office carnage painted in black and fright (I'm a  
rabid rat in a salary sacrificed convertible  
paint my boss in tar and set him a light  
GRIND head down tails up define your purpose  
SLAVE til you bleed and you are raw to the bone  
GRIND head down tails up define your status  
SLAVE til your wallet is full and your soul is gone  
I'm satan's secretary I've covered my pen with chilli  
I am gunna jam it up your colon  
turn me into a psycho time bomb in a 3 piece  
kis-cuz-sea with a nasty surprise in piss in your coffee  
don't call the help desk 'coz they've got some big problems  
get up off your knees God can't save you 'coz she's shopping  
you can suck my cock 'coz i'm tired of sucking yours  
ticking boxes, sting you up with your heels clicking

burn like a the books in the town square  
I don't care  
GRIND head down tails up define your purpose  
SLAVE til you bleed and you are raw to the bone  
GRIND head down tails up define your status  
SLAVE til your wallet is full and your soul is gone  
sheep like you need a slaughter house to go to  
just another micro-penis in a sports car  
breakfast becomes morning tea becomes lunch becomes  
light snack becomes dinner time becomes dessert becomes  
midnight snack becomes 5 am piss/dump  
one more day waisted one more day closer to death  
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