

Bride, Why Won't He Break

Indulging in the calamities
Nun's faces down in the mud near the ridge
Are their backs as strong as their faith?
The soldiers march on a human bridge

Gorge with lust until they're fat with pride
Elevate through the darkness out of the mind
Bruise the back with your sharp tongue
Push down on his head and crush his lungs

Laugh out loud 'til he goes deaf
Tear at the heart within his chest
His robe of flesh he won't deny
Use ignorance to crush the apple of his eye

Part the garments, smell the clothes
The scent of death lingers in your nose
The anger is ripe until the veins explode
Hold him down, lay on the stone