

Dog Fashion Disco, Corpse Is Corpse

A corpse is a corpse.
Of course it is.
Predetermined destiny,
Uncommon bond.
Don't be afraid to take my hand.
Walk with the dead beaten broken man.
A cult of me, a stain and feast the open brain.
The pleasures I indulge will pave a pathway to hell,
From an offset imbalance of membrane and cell.

And though you try and try and try to pull me down,
It's all been lies it's lies begat the lies again.
I'm not afraid, afraid of dying anymore.
Only I can set me free.
So turn and blame but don't you f**kin look at me.

It's over, it's over.

We've secretly replaced your pathetic existence with more pain
And anguish and suffering than one soul could possibly stomach.
So fasten your noose and enjoy your ride,
'Cos life is hell and then you die.

And though you try and try and try to pull me down,
It's all been lies it's lies begat the lies again.
I'm not afraid, afraid of dying anymore.
Only I can set me free.
So turn and blame but don't you f**kin look at me.

Decompose you maggot.
Now you'll shut the f**k up