

Luxt, Noxxul

Leave it bleeding with all your lies.
The dirty little souls keep repeating the same old fucked,
up limits of such deep bullshit.
All poor-me with wide wet eyes.
You must have lives to spare in wasted time to sit and beg.
Just like the dog you are.
All I've got is spit for charity exactly what I see within your stare.

Under a spirit to search and whack about,
my inner sanctum's what i can bring to be.
So in creation, not by default, that same old vicious womb-web spun can't be.

Anything compared to what we choose to bring about in will to push the bone.
This far so will it break we'll see, but till it does oh Christ, keep fucking me!

I drink in life so deep to get fucked up.
To feel the boundaries crack beneath my fist.
Just when my energy is spent, I'm thrusting deeper ripping to the wrist.

All this revolving, spinning in my eyes, no time for sadness interrupting flow.
There's so much to learn to taste to know only through our fuck-ups are we wise.

So sit at home and watch the world behind your box of sweetened processed death.
And hide away your soul from risk and pain. Never join the living, join the flesh.
The biggest lie is what you think you know, but never can you find a single fact.
Study religion far to find the truth but in the truth you find religion lacks.
So ever faithful to what I can't quite explain but there lies what I call belief.
So drink the balance in of energy and kick the motherfuckers in the teeth.