

Nekromantix, Flowers Are Slow

There's a seed on Satan's lawn,
In the heat it grows so strong,
Eternal Anguish,
On this lawn where we belong,

Be cautious watch your step,
And don't awake the wrath and hate,
Don't fall behind,
Keep it up and tag along,

There's no chance for escape,
From this the dark lord's estate,
You better swallow your pride,
And accept your fate,

The poisoned soil of pain,
Keeps you confined in his domain,
Don't ever trust a snake's advise,
Bite the apple let the nightmares materialize!

See them suffer, hear them shriek,
Roses might be pretty, but they're also weak,
The smell is sweet, but leaves a bitter taste,
Flowers are slow, weeds make haste,

There's a seed on Satan's lawn,
More powerful than any thorn,
It grows, apace,
and feeds on grief and mourn

There's no way you can hide,
In this field of beezlebug,
You better get past your suburbia,
and join the club!