

# Pigface, Little Sisters

cowardice muscles turn to torture  
the waking time is low  
inbetween the cut from top to bottom of control  
a many taste vents screaming blindface at the real disease  
form collapsing red sky revealed, caught up in the breeze  
they grow, I know, anxious cracked the dawn in circles in the floor  
it's there appeared in seconds only slipping murder web  
sleeping under glass decisions where the only light ways crack  
a many little sisters breed in force field unity  
genetic arms unfold braving night for lunacy  
they grow, I know, anxious cracked the dawn in circles in the floor  
hey stop i'll take her place, enter due hole  
and circles celebrated slavery for sake  
uncoils the run of blood of gravity and hate  
they grow, I know anxious cracked the dawn in circles in the floor  
they grow, I know anxious cracked the dawn in circles in the floor