

Scaterd Few, Kill The Sarx

Flesh for ears flesh for eyes
Deteriorize the Godly disguise
Like Weird and Gilley wasting away
In the trance of their chameleon's Messiahcal gaze

The spirit is willing the flesh is still weak
Corpses lay rotting corpses still reek
Walk in the flesh and your members of sin
Determine your place your death in the end

Kill the sarx
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Hang him from your rafters