

Skrew, Cold Angel Press

Quarter of an inch past life's death
Flash of a smile with lies on it's breath
Cold sharp steel with ander on flesh
Know the touch of the cold angel press

Gouged out tongue, don't speak but scream
A language of pain, sleep now dream
Starving crippled dog hang on now breathe
Life just lived tomorrow to be forgot
Flesh to earth inanimate to rot
Memories, memories nothing to repress
Know the touch of the cold angel press

Life's too cheap
Make me bleed
Stupidity's the seed

From the seeds of hot white pain
Come questions only the gods can explain
Thoughts and visions of animal insanity
Personal hells of all humanity
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