

# Abscess, Rusted Blood

Busted Bones and Brains from the Savage Drive  
1,2,3,4, You ain't getting out of Here Alive  
Shakedown Mind, Strip Your Bones of their Flesh  
Standing in the Shadow of the Doorway of Death  
Sitting here in My Igloo of Blood, Rust, Sweat and Gin  
I can't see where my Life Ends and Death Begins  
Just let me be in my skin pricked crazy Catus Farm  
Busting the Rock of Reason  
Giving a Call to Psychedeathic Arms  
Rusted Feelings Set Deep in my Hard Pulsing Brain  
Violent Sonic Vibrations feel no Mortal Pain  
You Can try to tear it Down  
But it just Snaps back in Your Face  
Watch me Fly as I leave this Bullet Spitting Place