

Acid Bath, The Mortician Flame

Hunter of tears, relative pain
Half of this world is dark with the stain
The stain of unknowing the dead flower buds
On smiling lips is innocent blood
The corpse of your God can only rot and grow cold
Now promise me you'll kill me before I get old
I heard you on the telephone moaning my doom
A cold woman will kill me in a darkened room
The chain-saw of the mortician shines
I still got all my fingers but somewhere I lost my mind
I can smell abortion on you I can see thru
I take the gun out of my moth and point it at you