

# Acid Bath, The Morticians Flame

Hunter of tears, relative to pain  
half of this world is dark with the stain  
the stain of unknowing the dead flowe buds,  
on smiling lips is innocent blood  
the corpse of your god can only rot  
and grow cold now promise  
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 smile 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 mouth and point it at you