

# Annihilator, World Salad

Annihilator  
Bag Of Tricks  
World Salad  
(Live)

Closets of my mind destroyed, as I enter outward from a void  
Corpses white have strapped me down, I rise above then fall  
Tactical hallucination, cockroaches infest the wall

Psychic pain on ice, I hurt  
Devoid strength my life, inert  
Anger fills they're shocked me back  
White corpses turn to black  
I run on psychic gasoline, my fuel shall burn you all

Word salad, no ballad  
Word salad, no ballad

diabolic plot, a toy, my brain the corpses to destroy  
Prick my arm, injection fed, it's poison, I'm no fool  
Tetanus shot, be sure it's not, I wish I were at school  
Closets of my mind destroyed, but I enter inward, black void  
Hatred turned to apathy, led down this black abyss  
Good night, farewell you pig from hell, this world I shall not miss

Word salad, no ballad  
Word salad

Woken up from death, nausea  
Catatonic stupor, anoxia  
Remaining still I hold onto a sense of permanence  
Negativistic fear of pain, algophobic life sentence  
Moral, physical decay, hatred withered away  
Scourge of god he makes me pay, I shall not live or die  
Vegetative judgement passed, my only thought to cry