

Cadaver, Heartworm

The crawling heart reeks
Like fungus from the soul
The prowling worm seeks
Its grace and its grief

Heart is sworn
And the worm, it licks
Tongue like thorns
And the spit burns holes

Heartworm
Heartworm

The fever aches
Grows with the tainted self
The sweat flows
And paints the inner hell

Heart is sworn
And the worm, it licks
Tongue like thorns
Heart is sworn
And the worm, it licks
Tongue like thorns
The spit burns holes

The fever aches
Grows with the tainted self
The sweat flows
And paints the inner hell

Heart is sworn
And the worm, it licks
Tongue like thorns
Heart is sworn
And the worm, it licks
Tongue like thorns
The spit burns holes