

# Comecon, Slope

answer me  
the world looks black  
fabricate  
a world of facts  
victim due

bleed for me  
entertainment  
weaponry

nothing seen  
less we know  
the freaks themselves  
run the show

the reaper laughs with a million faces  
he speaks in tongues in every paper  
slow panic understatement  
soon to be but still awaiting

invertebrate demons  
ignorant and loud  
in the back of my head  
when i'am in a crowd  
a crime's brnn commited  
I have to be punished  
petrified reasons  
silent but famished

I need some rest  
lie down for a while  
in the tower of sleep  
by the river of bromide

the reaper laughs with a million faces  
he speaks in tongues in every paper  
slow panic understatement  
soon to be but still awaiting

ants seek  
sanctuary  
in my anus  
and my nose  
answer me  
your world of facts  
is coming much too  
close

slow panic understatement  
speaks in tongues in every thought  
the reaper laughs with a million faces  
and soon he will tell you the joke