

Dead Infection, Tribe Of The Glutinous Tissue

Look into the life, tissue is working
Glutinous carrion creates a tribe
Lord of plasm build the kingdom
Spit out your soul on the bloody cross

Hard to digest, a while of silence
You're bleeding glutinous dose
Like a priest you're praying
Breathless, new dead life

Lord of plasm, lord of tribe
the sign of sweet suffering
Save your mind, hide yourself
in the dead place with a chance to survive

Piercing scream from your trachea
Suicidal cry of the rotten flesh
Deadly pain, buring veins
Glutinous ghost takes your soul

Tribe of the glutinous tissue
It's no fun being lord of plasm
Tribe of the glutinous tissue
It's no fun being hard to digest