

Foetus, Cold Day In Hell

{J.G. Thirwell)

If Moses had heard about this one there would've been another commandment:
"Thou shalt not slaver on thine cadaver whilst all thine fat is in the fire"
This isn't the melody that lingers on, it's the malady that malingers on
There's the Devil to pay - he can keep the change - I can't stand the thought
of another cold day...

I AIN'T GOT A CHINAMAN'S CHANCE IN LIMBO

Mass breathing, mass seething, mass bleeding, mass seeding, mass debating
Mass existence is the cause of my problems, gotta choose between suicide
and genocide

I've been impaled by the sins of World Ware Two

Can't sleep for the skins of six million jews

I'd join the Ku Klux Klan just to get the uniform - or a good night's sleep

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE

The jig is up - My fate is sealed

I'm stood at the gallows again

The inscription on my tombstone reads "WISH YOU WERE HERE"

The tearing of my FLESH - The thud of my CARCASS

The rhythmic crunch of bone

Crucifixion is my addiction...

I SPENT A MONTH OF SUNDAYS IN A COLD DAY IN HELL

When it's one man against the world, I shouldn't have so much time to complain

I found there was a hole in my spiritual parachute after I jumped from the
astral plain

No escape from four stone slimy walls I built up while trying to knock them
down

DEATH warrant DEATH wwatch DEATH rattle DEATH'S door - ain't I died enough
before?

Deliver me from this treachery... Deliver me from this AGONY

Stop trying to make a man of me... I ain't got the raw materials, see?

I'm a killer with a label and a blueprint of Babel and all of my DEATH cards
are on the table

I met my maker and I don't like what I see... Medusa is fondling me

Blut und Boten are strictly verboten, it's a classic case of mort subite

But what I thought was the quickest solution turned out to be satanic destiny

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE

The jig is up - my fate is sealed

I'm stood on the gallows again

The inscription on my tombstone reads "WISH YOU WERE HERE"

I DIED EVERY NIGHT FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

The tearing of my FLESH - the thud of my CARCASS

THE RHYTHMIC CRUNCH OF BONE

Crucifixion is my addiction...

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