

# Night In Gales, Deadmouth Daisies

There's a whole lotta killin' goin' on  
And I'm sweath silver  
To get that deaddeal done  
With a rotten smile and some words made of bone  
I'm breathin' napalm  
To set the last damn tone  
Dye'em all black and rip the sense in between  
I'm twistin' nontongues  
And all I've ever been  
Heard someone laughin' six feet under again  
I'm rippin' raindrops  
With that scythe in my hands  
Morticians and madmen are watchin' me now  
I'm bleedin' ink  
Cut my throat somehow  
Down by the morgue I've seen them comin' around  
I'm trippin' tombs now  
To a hollow sound

Wonder why I'm feedin' them  
Words of deadmouth daisies  
When the only thing I get  
Is some deadmouth rabies

I guess it's all about the end  
Doomdrugged and death fucked  
It's all about the end