

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