

Pissing Razors, Cast Down the Plague

The Game makes me sick you repulse me
How the fuck you come off like that
A trifling pissant who preys on the weak
You reak of disease that plagues the innocent

You scratch and claw inside my head
The thoughts of perfection enslaved
When you look at yourself what do you see
the useless flesh that you really be

Purging myself I'm slapping you like a beach
Pain from within no pity for you do I feel
Engaging the war the suffering due unto you
Insane I'am sleep well I might strike at night

Narrow minded fuck
Sorry piece of shit
Dying with the plague
it's what you deserve
Dying with the plague
it's what you deserve motherfucker!