

Poisonblack, Human-Compost

I'm surrounded by sub-entity
I knew it would happen
Figure in black would take me into the shades
Six-feet under and it's hard to breathe
I knew it would end here
Sheep in wolf's clothing entombed in waste
Today I wish I'd have a gun

Gasping for air I'm rotting all alone
Just how I wanted
With Karma's blades carving my flesh to bone
I am reaping everything I've sown
The filth I have planted
And digging south towards the great unknown
Oh yes I wish I'd have a gun

Been playing the bitter game with leeches sucking blood out from my veins
With hook in mouth I've gone astray
Been shovelling shit in vain;
From grave to grave burying myself
Just one last death before I go to hell

Here I lie my shovel next to me
Still squeezing the handle
There are many like it but this one's mine
Hole after hole it's suffered 'cause of me
Growing the anger
With contempt and loathing over all that is I
Somebody please give me a gun

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Human-compost I am
Human-compost I am
Human-compost I am
Human-compost I am
I am!

Somebody please give me a
Somebody please give me a gun

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