

# Psyclon Nine, Better Than Suicide

This cancer eats the filth away  
Ran from slits so deep so dirty  
Fed the vile the childrens bane

Yes this pestilence this lovers dream  
The flesh this plague assimilates  
The end of all: this slate wiped clean

Eclipsing devotion with shallow disguise  
They prey on the fruit of the one they despise  
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Disorder guilds the human filth  
Wrecked from fair perversity  
The wicked frails at touch the ill

The children frisk in killing fields  
Dark rivers of corrosion flow  
And meet the shores of throes un-healed

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