

Run Level Zero, Fever Shriek

take my mutilated hand
let us go downwards
drugged and dragged into carnage
stand corrected
scarred of the marks of my deeds
wander onwards
the mission is stated
bring down the order

fed on fear revealed in death
fucked up creations
third-degree burns
collecting bodies
clashing souls
toxic fumes pieces of flesh
strange desires
the babble of voices
stench of decay
spreading disease, fever shrieks
indulge and feast upon the new heavenly order
mishap moist tender being
crawling
no one can be what you could be
darkness fitness all the same
thoughts merciful
willing to be liked
culture
green clothes
bags of unknown content
darkness, fitness all the same
twisted smiles itching hatred disbelief
cheeks eyes ears lips in my mouth