

# Wumpscut, Dying Culture (second movement)

Dying culture  
don't abuse me  
you'll need me soon  
Fighting for you  
I'll tear up you bodies  
taste the sweet smell of blood  
Slow death I cause  
and nightmares I bring  
Dying culture  
no more money counts  
only a fear of senseless praying  
Dying culture  
your blood's on my hands  
Dying culture  
was there an ending  
what was on your mind  
Your own breed collapsed  
suffered from cancer  
Taste the sweet smell of plague  
Dying culture  
it's the last time i squire the poison of truth  
into your swelled body  
Dying culture  
your blood's on my hands  
No one will stop me  
the blossom of death  
so feel my cape covering mankind  
Dying culture  
your blood's on my hands  
F\*\*k you  
dying culture  
Your blood's on my hands