Lonely dead stuck bleeding pig Lonely ditch I choose to dig Inside And it burns in the face of the one whos mother cried Lonely tumer inside my head It wont be long untill I am dead Inside And it burns in the faces of the ones who told me lies Disappointments are mounting each day Strong oppinions with nothing to say Sharpened blades I will raise to the void Until my mind gives away to the need to destroy Every loss that there is will you feel Machine or beast, all I know is I am real A life of pain as the catalyst for this thing I am, waking deat Now like instinct I harvest the land Death within me, your life in my hands All of this worlds filth is drentched in your blood As it rains down around me Come on down Your blood Rain over me, covering all I see As you die