

Rest In Piss

Frost*

Kick aside the slaughtered lamb
Spit in the face of the
Intruder Curse his smitten
Rancind face smash the bond
Break these chains
Cover yourself in pure filth
Lunge through the blackened
Fog Inverted, floating,
Screaming, dead Cross the bones, grip the cross
Choke on the waves of hope
Drown in these depressive waters
Rest in piss