

English Breakfast

Swollen Members

My main vantage point is I use live ammunition
I've survived the restrictions that make my mic flow such addiction
Friction leads to fire, crews could get burned
How much ink I just injected is none of your concern
Unless your on terms of understanding with the meager
Eager to be mute so you can inherit the heater
I can tell you're not graced in the study of conflict
The grace for words of doom to pick my verse to be convict
I've seen other schools of thought teach a class
I stand the grounds in colours of glass and Sunday Mass
So I ask who plays the lead role of darkness in my cast?

Taste my torture, sweet words of the warlock
A filthy minded mongrel, make sure the door's locked
I adore addiction, blood shed and depression
Flesh and skin cover my skull, shine with aggression
Emerald eyes and golden strains
A painful voice, pale skin and acid rain showers
Powerful stream of tears to trickle
I walk softly with a hammer and a sickle
A sick individual, high voltage assault
it with the battering ram, throwing heat with the catapult
Now add a jolt of electricity, extreme wattage
A psycho in the forest with an axe that ransacks your cottage
It's all fucked up in this bitch
The weird and the wonderful, the circus tent's been pitched
Now wake up in the night in a cold sweat and scream
Swollen Members, English Breakfast with Vadim