

The Morticians Flame

Acid Bath

Hunter of tears, relative to pain
half of this world is dark with the stain
the stain of unknowing the dead flowe buds,
on smiling lips is innocent blood
the corpse of your god can only rot
and grow cold now promise
you'll kill me before I get old
I heard you on the telephone moaning
my doom a cold woman will kill me in a darkened room
the chain-saw smile of the mortician shines
I still got all my fingers
but somewhere I lost my mind
I can smell abortion on you I can see thru
I take the gun out of my mouth and point it at you

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