Cold Day in Hell

Foetus

{J.G. Thirwell)
If Moses had heard about this one there would've been another commandment:
"Thou shalt not slaver on thine cadaver whilst all thine fat is in the fire"
This isn't the melody that lingers on, it's the malady that malingers on
There's the Devil to pay - he can keep the change - I can't stand the thought
Of another cold day...
I AIN'T GOT A CHINAMAN'S CHANCE IN LIMBO
Mass breathing, mass seething, mass bleeding, mass seeding, mass debating
Mass existence is the cause of my problems, gotta choose between suicide
And genoicide
I've been impaled by the sins of World Ware Two
Can't sleep for the skins of six million jews
I'd join the Ku Klux Klan just to get the uniform - or a good night's sleep
ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE
The jig is up - My fate is sealed
I'm stood at the gallows again
The inscription on my tombstone reads "WISH YOU WERE HERE"
The tearing of my FLESH - The thud of my CARCASS
The rhythmic crunch of bone
Crucifixion is my addiction...
I SPENT A MONTH OF SUNDAYS IN A COLD DAY IN HELL
When it's one man against the world, I shouldn't have so much time to complain
I found there was a hole in my spiritual parachute after I jumped from the
Astral plain
No escape from four stone slimy walls I built up while trying to knock them
Down
DEATH warrant DEATH wwatch DEATH rattle DEATH'S door - ain't I died enough
Before?
Deliver me from this treachery... Deliver me from this AGONY
Stop trying to make a man of me... I ain't got the raw materials, see?
I'm a killer with a label and a blueprint of Babel and all of my DEATH cards
Are on the table
I met my maker and I don't like what I see... Medusa is fondling me
Blut und Boten are strictly verboten, it's a classic case of mort subite
But what I thought was the quickest solution turned out to be satanic destiny
ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE
The jig is up - my fate is sealed
I'm stood on the gallows again
The inscription on my tombstone reads "WISH YOU WERE HERE"

I DIED EVERY NIGHT FOR A THOUSAND YEARS
The tearing of my FLESH - the thud of my CARCASS
THE RHYTHMIC CRUNCH OF BONE
Crucifixion is my addiction...
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