Never to Sit or Stand Again

Superjoint Ritual

Call to the Darkness, the Wrath of the desert, skulls piled in
A row, why didn't you see? Carry me back, drag me by foot
Saving my life, slitting her throat, salting her wounds, never to
Sit or stand again, one time
One more mouthful fills it up, like a pig you're scared to swallow
INSIDE, CULTURE, (IS) SLIDING
The torture is endless,
its mental as well as physical designed to last a lifetime,
within tarot cards that you've been delt.
The wisdom of the usurpers, multiple stab wounds.
Crawling out from underground
Falling out, falling down, dimming lights, hollowed out bloodless
Manaquin reveals the truth,
even though plastic all emotion is shown.
Drive out, the demons of endless time, the ends of time
Never to sit or stand again.
Calling to something of ever unending, darker than infernal pitch,
holding us down with rusted cruel nails,
a nail though my cock holds me.
Hanging. Never yielding to the pressure forever something to the
Wolves. Kicking and fighting, forever to the last, mastered by occult.
From the past, die for me every second counts, die for me and learn
To live with out, die for me buried where you stand.
Die for me
The ritual of the damned, kill yourself.
The ultimate wave of battle, lay under the ground, attack from below.
Killing with eyes wide, yesterday was the day.
Brutality marks the end of simple times,
the American smoke screen.
The simplest task forgotten
There's no way to fight when there's nothing to fight for.
Bask in your life today, for tomorrow is the madman's turn, predictions
Will soon begin to unravel quite quickly
Never to sit or stand again.

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