

Do Not Resuscitate

Cattle Decapitation

This pain so inconceivable, the amount of blood
On the floor is unbelievable
Destined to die
I play the game of hope while my intestines
Swing like jump rope
Splashing the plasma, circling vultures inhaling miasma
Forget the life I hated, shan't be resuscitated
Inflated and bloating pieces in pools of disease and floating
This sea of muck like standing water
Waiting for my slaughter
Putrescence now suffocating the last breath of life I'm hating
Life is a nightmare
I live a lifemare
Begging for mercy
Do not resuscitate
The piles are steaming, the floor beneath
My feet apparently is bleeding
My wounds still seeping
Blood on flesh undressed, possessed
Having sex with the excess
My temple stuck to the floor, at one with the gore
This desire, inherent, suicidal and disparaged
Cannot be blamed
I suffered this bullshit life, threatened with helter skelter
Felt the damning hand of man and
Suffered underneath its shelter
Forget the life I hated, shan't be resuscitated
Ablated, serrated pieces of a life so over-rated
This heap of garbage called a body, like a landfill, rotting
Pure hate is now strangulating this last breath of life
I'm waiting for this life to end
I'm waiting for the end to begin
I'm waiting for you people to die
I'm waiting for the end of the line
Life is a nightmare
Begging for mercy
Do not resuscitate
I live a lifemare
Begging for release
Do not resuscitate

Songwriters

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