Devastator

The Blood Brothers

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Neon black tanks grope the skyline.
Neon black cocks rot into poison wine.
Neon black flowers on the mass grave.
Neon black corpses, stacked, eclipse the horizon.
Neon black whip, war gang hiss;
while Devastator sips from the crystal chalice.
Neon black lemonade drip drips from his grin crammed with cool charm,
culture and opulence.The bayonets clamor on all night, hemming scars into the hillside.
Devastator sleeps under satin sheets.
"Death campaigns are a fucking gold mine."
And all the swine at the cabaret lick their lips as they clap along.
Devastator, in a negligee, does a strip tease while he sings this song:
"Everybody needs a little Devastation!"Neon black dirt in the garden.
All the roses blossom into skulls this season.
Neon black branches hanging from the trees.
Every limb is empty, robbed of pleasant memories.The fields are throbbing fresh cut bruises.
Devastator violates with dirty fingers.
Neon black flames cook the calm air.
The party's over, what was your favorite gift?
Neon black future charging like a bull with a funeral bouqet ready to explode.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/