

The Final Harvest

Cancerslug

lonely dead stuck bleeding pig
lonely ditch i choose to dig
inside
and it burns in the face of the one whos mother cried
lonely tumer inside my head
it wont be long untill i am dead
inside
and it burns in the faces of the ones who told me lies
disappointments are mounting each day
strong oppinions with nothing to say
sharpened blades i will raise to the void
until my mind gives away to the need to destroy
every loss that there is will you feel
machine or beast, all i know is i am real
a life of pain as the catalyst for this thing i am, waking death
now like instinct i harvest the land
death within me, your life in my hands
all of this worlds filth is drenched in your blood
as it rains down around me
come on down
your blood
rain over me, covering all i see
as you die

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