Dying Culture (Second Movement)

:Wumpscut:

Dying culture
don't abuse me
you'll need me soon
Fighting for you
I'll tear up you bodies
taste the sweet smell of blood
Slow death I cause
and nightmares I bring
Dying culture
no more money counts
only a fear of senseless praying
Dying culture
your blood's on my hands
Dying culture
was there an ending
what was on your mind
Your own breed collapsed
suffered from cancer
Taste the sweet smell of plague
Dying culture
it's the last time i squire the poison of truth
into your swelled body
Dying culture
your blood's on my hands
No one will stop me
the blossom of death
so feel my cape covering mankind
Dying culture
your blood's on my hands
Fuck you
dying culture
Your blood's on my hands

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