

Bright Lights Of Heaven

Dethcentrik

The only thing that makes white more bright,
is the color of fire as humans ignite!
People scream as they burn,
The frown on my face inverses its turn!
The beautiful smell incineration and death!As the searing flesh of one hooded freak peels off,
I sit nearby and gawk!
Disposable, useless, all wastes of air!
One by one they fall as I snare!What a waste of water,
Wastes of food,
No longer needing to waste for them occurs soon!
As fire hoses wash pieces of corpse down the street,
The dogs and I now have new meat!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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