

Gordian Knot

Full of Hell

Lower class. Born to breed.
Knuckles drag. ovular bleed.
climb the wall, cyclic pain.
hit the floor, sapling maim.
Another empty jar and a fist of blood.
diadem crushed under a sea of mud.
You live in line. You fuck. You die.
In the folded repetition of a thousand moments.
Under the warmest blanket of being.
climb the wall cyclic pain.
hit the floor sapling maim.
Another product of an inbred system.
heightened to it's peak by backwards dictum.

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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