Vagrant Stomp

Orange Goblin

Imagination is the curse of every liar
Alleviation as we crawl on through the mire
And everyone will say you're crazy
Spending all your time being oh so lazy
Corruption is the plane to take you higherMedication is the key to hallucination
The only saving grace we have is amputation
And who decides what we call sinning
Losing everything just to show we're winning
The rising of the poor is the salutation
Black hearts, on fire
With terminal spirit disease
False hope, expires
Bringing the world to its knees
Strychnine desire
Open the wound to release
Black hearts, on fire
With terminal spirit diseaseBlack hearts, on fire
With terminal spirit disease
False hope, expires
Bringing the world to its knees
Strychnine desire
Open the wound to release
Black hearts, on fire
With terminal spirit disease
Twisted visions
Burning deep in the back of my head
Tainted dosage
I don't remember what the doctor said
Numbing feeling
Stripping the flesh from my old shattered bones
Sleepless dreaming
Never before have I felt so alone
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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