

Psycho Animundi

Witch Mountain

Drastic, caustic, frozen, gastric
Muster, master, swindle, plastic
Needle groper, pinkeye poker
Blank-eyed bellicose composer
Flagellation, maturation
Cattle-prodded cud-drunk nation
Scratched contraction, kidney action
Mastication, rot retraction
Leaping over methane mounds
Rat on rat on rat on hound
People pieces part politely
Fetus leavings on your nighty
Under rays of hungry eyelids
Scraping downward, beaming, stylish
Corpulent, indolent, indigent, infantile Acrid, cantankerous, rolling in sentient bile
I am drowning my head
Just let me go, sinking like lead
I will sit still until I shed
This internal, infernal dread.
Classy, fornicating rodents
Grafting thumps on fishes foreheads
Portentous pustules popping discreetly
Meat streaked sheets do whisper sweetly What do you expect from me
Crushed by a horde of which I am a piece Sucking at the air until no once can breath All I want now is escape
somehow, is a break, breaking out by breaking down All I want now is to get out somehow, to transcend, to
transport, to trance out
Sometimes my heart wilts inside
It hangs there like a rotten blossom no insect would recognize Dejected, decrepit, deserted, decayed, it hangs
like old meat on a hook So I bludgeon, extinguish, blur, blunt, and glaze till I'm numb and I don't have to
look Sometimes I sink through the floor
And I bless the blackness that I'm waiting for It teases, calls and courts me, it claims it can transport me and
then It takes me in its arms and calls me friend
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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