

Praise The Children

Autopsy

Praise the children
For they bring me great joy
With their flaps of skin
Hanging from lifeless faces Praise the children
With their toothless jaws
Satisfying my darkest thirst
With their little fingers broken
Snapped like twigs Praise the children
For they fill me with love
With their legs cut off
Crawling with crimson snail tracks
Screaming all the way Praise the children
With their icepick-punctured eyeballs
Gelatinous goo dripping down
Innocent lips sewn shut

Songwriters

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