Word Salad (Vocals Randy Rampage)

Annihilator

Closets of my mind destroyed, as I enter outward from a void
Corpses white have strapped me down, I rise above then fall
Tactual hallucination, cockroaches infest the wallPsychic pain on ice, I hurt
Devoid strength my life, inert
Anger fills they're shocked me back
White corpses turn to black
I run on psychic gasoline, my fuel shall burn you allWord salad, no ballad
Word salad, no balladDiabolic plot, a toy, my brain the corpses to destroy
Prick my arm, injection fed, it's poison, I'm no fool
Tetanus shot, be sure it's not, I wish I were at school
Closets of my mind destroyed, but I enter inward, black void
Hatred turned to apathy, led down this black abyss
Good night, farewell you pig from hell, this world I shall not missWord salad, no ballad
Word saladWoken up from death, nausea
Catatonic stupor, anoxia
Remaining still I hold onto a sense of permanence
Negativistic fear of pain, algophobic life sentence
Moral, physical decay, hatred withered away
Scourge of god he makes me pay, I shall not live or die
Vegetative judgment passed, my only thought to cry

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