

Autopsy "Hole In The Head"

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Repulsive parasites feeding on your mind
Shrieking demons
Within your skull they fly
See the colors so bright and brilliant
The hunger starts
It's brain matter you want

Voices so twisted command you
Don't try to resist it
Give in to the belief
That bliss is within reach
So destroy the wicked in your eyes
And feast

Fuel the creatures in you head
(The answer is in the slaughtered dead)

State of mind unbalancing
Distorted sick reality
Must achieve immortality

It's god again
He speaks
About the tasks you must complete
Tripping hard
Your brain is shorted out
You must believe
Cranial chaos
Blurs of violence
Keep the cravings fed
Are they coming in or out
This hole inside your head

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