

Clit 45

"Destined To Rot"

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Inferiors, minions, beware
Of this depressive message proclaimed
Nothing but festering, stools, we are
Destined to rot

[Chorus x2]
We're destined to rot
Prescient dogma, no one can escape from
We're destined to rot
Tragedy of mind and flesh

The anatomy of the path we walk is so simple
Running in pathetic circles
To find our pathetic destinations
It all means nothing
Going for a cheap rush
Blinded, Depravity
Of human fools

[Repeat chorus x2]

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