

Crikey! My Kneecaps! "Bison Carcass"

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The foulness burns your eyes at the sight of this
reddened ground
The life is torn from it's bearer, ripping it's soul
Not so different from you, a lifeles rotting core [x2]
Stuffed up with habits and lies, fucked out of reason
A carcass in ruin, ruin
And you expect your god to deal with your waste, yor
god doesn't share your wine
You expect your god to deal with your waste, your god
sings with the flies
In his rotting core six feet down below [x2]
As this bison carcass, he created this disease
As this bison carcass, he destroys the immune
So live your life drapes down, six deep feet down below
[x2]
Six feet below

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