

Death Du Jour "Weakmeat Vortex"

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When spoken wells the blood off the veins
Spilling, streaming, pouring to parch.
Indeceased, dreaming
Sever and decapitate limbs,
Way back is known

No sweaty bed,
No decaying coffin,
No fear,
No death,
No names,
No words,
No fear
Where may I astray

Cured off the pain and life
Emotions calm,
Vacant of anger and regret without gazes of hope

Wasting facilitation
Wasting vexation.
Triumph is nothing
Being, won't decay
Suffer, away.

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