

## Disfigurement "Copromantia"

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Do you really want to know your future,  
Which is lying in the Darkness?  
Do you really want to hear  
The prophetic voice of Doom?

Many kinds of fortune-telling  
Are deceptive dotage  
I possess by holy power  
Of the true divination.

I can tell you the truth.  
It is so easy, but hard  
All your secrets inside  
Deep inside intestine.  
Wrinkle your ass with smile  
You hope to see this stinking shit  
Is leaving your flesh.  
Defecate or be defecated.  
Wrinkle your ass to know

I can tell you the truth.  
It is so easy, but hard  
All your secrets is here  
You can test, you can touch

Are you ready for the copromantia?  
Is your shit enough for this rite?  
Don't you look to me so stupid.  
Your shit is in your hands!  
So put your shit on  
A showel, be careful.  
Tell me how it smell.  
It is smell like you,  
Because you are piece of shit too.  
Don't you forget about this.  
Grow dark inside  
Your watch -- oh yes!  
It is time to make it fly -- higher.  
The flying shit is so beatiful.  
It is shin in the moonless sky.

You must run into the place

Where your shit falls.  
Gaze to a flat cake  
Again and again  
What do you see?  
You see nothing,  
But shapeless shit  
Do you expect for more?

Copromantia is proved  
That your body consist of shit -- don't you?  
Shit is run in your veins,  
Shit is hold your spine -- yes!  
It is smell like you,  
Because you are piece of shit too.  
Don't forget!  
Defecated Copromant.  
Now you know your destiny.  
That lake excrement in your hands.

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