

# Hackneyed "Bone Grinder"

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By my blood  
The whole day made me bored  
My marplot was my neighbor  
His red flesh was largely pored  
Bones visible after an hour  
It is the sound  
The sound of grind  
That makes me hound  
Which crashes my mind  
Sound which crashes my mind  
The next one was a shaven pate  
His meat delicate and lush  
I got disgusted by his hate  
His little brain was only mush

It is the sound  
The sound of grind  
That makes me hound  
Which crashes my mind  
Sound which crashes my mind  
I still hear the screams at night  
The dark sight of might  
Now is the time that busts my mind  
Makes me deaf, makes me blind  
No escape from acid screams  
If hope fails - Death Prevails  
Death Prevails

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