

Acid Bath "The Morticians Flame"

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Hunter of tears, yeah and relative pain
half of this world is dark with the stain
the stain of unknowing, of dead flower buds yeah,
on smiling lips is innocent blood
oh yeah!
the corpse of your god can only rot and grow cold,
now promise me you'll kill me before I get old
I hear you on the telephone yeah,
moaning my doom,
a cold woman will kill me in a darkened room
just enough, a heart attack,
seal up my black body bag,
take me home and hate me love,

bite the hand of our lost love,
take your time and take your life,
amputate with his dull knife,
heaven's meat is on the stick,
stir my pain with an ice pick,
pick, pick, pick,
pick, pick, pick,
pick, pick, pick
the chainsaw smile of the mortician shines
I still got all my fingers
but somewhere I lost my mind
I can smell abortion on you I can see thru
I take the gun out of my mouth and point it at you
Oh yeah!

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