

One Man Army And The Undead Quartet

"Stitch"

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Brain drained Â– So fucked up to the core
Nothing but black holes and scars
Come and you will see me pay tribute to bullets
With lucid stars I decorate my friend
As death comes ripping there's no more pain

I am pushing my lungs for my love
I feel the panic of deadly purpose
Now my naked soul looks indeed rather cold
It's full fucking throttle, a savage gauntlet
Can you see the light at the horizon?

Wounds tear up my temple of doom
It's my own bedroom funeral
Chaos driven by orders and insanity
I sleep alone where nothing is everything
As I count those lambs on their way to slaughter

In the ditch I crawl upon dismemberment
And I feel the stench of this sickened paradise
Stitch! Stitch! Â– Mental world of slavery
Stitch! Stitch! Â– Kill, kill, kill or be killed!

Time to regroup Â– Push through the dragons teeth
Come, beast within Â– Though hungry wolf come forth
Suicide machine Â– Antisurvival tactics
Yeah, the bloodtrail to freedom I follow
Stitch me the fuck together

In the ditch I proceed to hold the line
Yeah, as I watch myself from distant worlds
Stitch! Stitch! Â– Clock is ticking slower and slower
Stitch! Stitch! Â– Ghost song explosion
Infected melody of tortured souls
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch! Stitch! Stitch me the fuck together

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