

Serpent "Corpse City"

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Can't tell the difference between dark or light signs
and smells of the
invisible night blood and rust in the palm of my hand I
focus corpse city
wasteland in the blackness of my slivery soul things
they're burried and
things I stole the rain is soft dark crystal tears I've been
waiting for too
many years dogs fight for pride they die for pride
insane storm rides the

skyline eye of storm string and divine roof top horizon
of deat hand dirt
we've murdered and killed the earth dogs fight for
pride they die for pride
dogs fight for pride the loser's corpse is pushed aside
the concrete anguish
inside scream I breathe stinking subway steam a bitter
heart fills my my days
am I condemned to feel this way.

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