

Dead Infection

"Tribe Of Glutinous Tissue"

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[music: Maly / lyrics: Cyjan]

Look into the life, tissue is working,
Glutinous carrion creates a tribe,
Lord of plasm build the kingdom,
Spit out your soul on the bloody cross.

Hard to digest, a while of silence,
You're bleeding glutinous dose,
Like a priest you're praying,
Breathless, new dead life.

Lord of plasm, lord of tribe,
The sign of sweet suffering.
Save your mind, hide yourself,
In the dead place with a chance to survive.

[lead: Tocha]

[lead: Maly]

[lead: Tocha]

[lead: Maly]

Piercing scream from your trachea,
Suicidal cry of the rotten flesh,
Deadly pain, buring veins,
Glutinous ghost takes your soul.

Tribe of the glutinous tissue,
It's no fun being lord of plasm,
Tribe of the glutinous tissue,
It's no fun being hard to digest.

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