Death Angel "Famine"

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[music by pepa/galeon/cavestany, lyrics by galeon]

turning knot rotting in my gut got me feeling so corrupt

like a second hand politician i'm a study in malnutrition every star i see i'm wishing got a deathbed at 12th and mission

new kind of...

long ago once upon a time hundred miles an hour time flew by

now gravestones become friends practice voo doo superstition like an archangel from heaven got a deathbed at 12th and mission

in need of sleep we crawl the street american dream gone blood dirt money hustle and scheme american dream gone in need of sleep we crawl the street american dream gone blood dirt money hustle and scheme american dream gone

mentally unfed spiritually dead the flock's been misled new kind of wicked

turning knot rotting in my gut got me feeling so corrupt stomach's screaming deep inside another day got no place to hide

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