

The Red Death

"Aftertaste Of The Emaciated"

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Vomit soaked dreams of perfection
Stain the procelain bowl
Of sorrow feeding upon our imperfections
Throwing back into our faces the putrid values
It was gifted
Skin deep and unnatural
We weep mourning
The glancing blows
Of a lance designed to mold
Urns carrying the cure to a diseased body
As told by the godly dictators of the image factory
The aftertaste of the emaciated
Omit soaked dreams of perfection
Stain the procelain bowl
Of sorrow feeding upon our imperfections
Throwing back into our faces the putrid values
It was gifted
Of sorrow feeding upon our imperfections
The bile of the rail thin subjected on us
Vomit soaked dreams of perfection
Stain the procelain bowl
Of sorrow feeding upon our imperfections
Throwing back into our faces the putrid values
It was gifted
We are more than the flesh we keep
We are more than the desire of perfeciton s
Kin deep and unnatural
Vomit soaked dreams skin deep and unnatural
We weep mourning the glancing blow
Of a lance designed to mold
We are more that the flesh we keep
We are more than the desires of perfection

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