

Trap Them "Citizenihilist"

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Get them propped and boxed, and fixed on forced
remarks... on haggard glimpse, on a primal blitz, and
meet me at the hole where the bodies are dumped in a
glistening front yard. smell what I smell, taste what I
taste.

Live the life of bygone bricks in teh stomachs of scenic
waste. 'tis the minute of ours...

And bury us with our grenades underneath the steps of
the running corpses.

They can erect their walks of fame while we suicide
bomb every last pacified name.

Bring me disease. and storm the cells bring me the
virus. and unleash hell bring on the fucking plague in
the heart of the decade reign, I want to ruin my life and
die how I die... with my hair on fire and the dust of my
skin in the blink of a billion renegade eyes. fuck my
health, and fuck our health. let's get desperate. now

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