

Uranium 235 "Right Sir Blight"

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What's right keeps ripping the life from me
But a heart keeps ticking inside
Eyes keep driving the nails in through
And keeps my mind occupied, it's all right

Right sir blight

Slipping into the dark of things
My sick world's never been sound
Lacerations, degenerating now

Right sir blight

Staring into a solemn fate
Into a forest of blight
Don't preach you're a saint till you're crucified

Right sir blight

What's right keeps ripping the life from me
But a heart keeps ticking inside
Don't preach you're a saint till you're crucified

Right sir blight

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