

## Vicious Art "Tombstone Grind"

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Once again I slip in her swallowed blood  
I'm feeding not eating  
Without common sense in her swallowed blood  
I'm walking on air  
To feel somewhat calm in her godless shrine  
This grave less entrapment  
I bow down to what she calls tombstone grind

Lack of faith lack no more  
Tombstone faith tombstone whore  
I should have cried the tombstone war  
Brimstone tears I'm a tombstone whore

Pinching out the scare in my reckless arm  
I break out the circles  
Out of being dead there will come no harm  
I break out the pain  
Out of being lost in her cold embrace  
I welcome my hunger  
Once again the tears in her stone cold face

Lack of faith lack no more  
Tombstone faith tombstone whore  
I should have cried the tombstone war  
Brimstone tears I'm a tombstone whore

I paid good money for this the carvings are done  
Will she accept my affection  
Now that I'm done

Dancing to the warmth of her inscription  
I lick her epitaph as I start to fall  
I should have cried the tombstone war  
Brimstone tears I'm a tombstone whore

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