

End "Fetesque"

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Infertile wet soil's where it begins. Composition. Mud
and skin. Blessed
scavengers foraging through the thing once fetal, but
not dead. The
messengers are maggots, meat on their lips. Roots
through throat, mouth and
eyes. Growth tears through the organic mass. Fauna is
fucking flora in the
open wide. The oubliette, separation, abandonment.
Those are true death.
Stalk against stake will be reaped. It bears the seed of
those to be freed.
So suck and swallow it, wash it down with green fluid.
That aftertast e is
life. So soft to the touch, in the afterbirth they fell in
upon themselves.
When absence takes the young away, don't just stop.
Use what's left to
rebuild from the ground up, and it will be. Inside those
proteins. A renewed
life being released with bile's ease from the
germinated seed. We reaped and
fed. Ingesting them and then loved and bred, remade
them in out image. Then
dug holes that hid all our secrets.

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