

Generichrist "Funeral March Of The Maggots"

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Kill yourself.....

Rip out your heart,destroy your soul
it only hurts if you grow old

And they will cry for you
saying they would
have died for you
but in the bitter truth
you will be forgotten soon
and the one you love
will be another's whore
your children will obey another
what the fuck is it for

Possessed for life
your final stand
you have bled
all that you can
a rotting soul
just twenty-five
but long ago
is when you died

Slice your wrists
pray for blood
worship death
die so young

Rot In hell
Deny the son
hang yourself
chosen one

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