

Sick James

"Annihilist"

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Kinda new to the scene not so much to the workings,
darkness, swallowed up
The life of me without apology; so now I'm heartless...

Cancer-Dancer; Crazy as a Mujahideen... Fucked in a
graveyard? I bet you
Know the answer... I know that's just a bit obscene...
these words are
Birthed of memory, they culminate the life of me... and
vicariously... that
Makes me a necromancer. Romance is but a fancy
word for magic. Foreplay
With soul, finish in the dirt... And where a curse would
heal... This kiss
Will kill...

Rebel to anything, especially the mainstream; I really
get my kicks that
Way...

I'm surrounded by drones and robots; programmed
minds that work slowly but
Sure enough, spoon-fed minds; the spoons feed but
sewage... Do what we're
Told like good little puppets... Lest, gaze at the villain
for playing the
Nonconformist...

Rebel to anything, especially the mainstream; I really
get my kicks that
Way...

Everything falls apart, I'm not a number... Forgotten
memories are the
Seekings of our beings, I have seen the scenes of from
flesh to machines;

Save your face, enjoy it while you have one...

In my right mind, heaven; In the left side,
Armageddon...

Apparition on a mission

White as night, life of fight, got a mother fucking heart,
that is daughter
Fucking cold, as a frozen block of water... Popular
Culture? Get with the
Media, suck their fucking tits as you grasp what they
feedin ya... hip hop's
Been dead, these gangsta's are wankers... rock stars
are not stars; Be your
Own god

Call it what you want, when I admit that which you won't.

Iâ'm not a maniac... Iâ'm just a fucking psychopath and
an iconoclastic bandit
Whoâ's been demanded to be severed from the
strings which swing off godâ's
Handsâ...the same one created by manâ...who
created this plan just to rule the
Land; just to take your landâ...itâ's all about grab and
brag, power and
Control, I guess you didnâ't know even Christ has a
price on his soulâ...the
Highest bidder is the killer

Killer, killing... I'm adept at gravefilling. Got a shift that
Iâ'll never
Leave... I'm like a timesheet, I punch in... Grinding! I
punch out, and Iâ'm
Flossing... all heavily like, well not really.

Who the fuck do you know... Sheeps to shepards... I'm a
wolf... Contend with
With me, I'll slay your persona... the devil wouldn't
wanna... my aura's calm
As rain, but I STRIKE LIKE LIGHTNING!

â... Soul like an opera, my words are libretto. They stab
like stiletto. More
Go than bloodflow: Fresh wound, clean blow...

Who the fuck do you know...

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