

Bloodpit

"The Juvenile Hell"

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The Juvenile Hell

I expect to taste a refined flavor
Something from the finest dishes on earth
I've got no menu. The servant evades me
So I don't have to pay the bill

Carnal component breed
Wine, God, my guide
Jaws, my glass
A frog in my mouth eats the fly on my plate
God, this is the juvenile hell

People bending all around. A garden for dolls
The superficial group is here right when the music
starts
I want out. Can't handle this nonstop beat
This paralysis kills me fast and you just twitch

Carnal component breed
Gone are the bounds
Modern human being
Cheap production's rampant
God, this is the juvenile hell

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