

Psycroptic "Domestic Silence"

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Ask a cripple to devour the beauty, and sour the charm.
One can only expect to be
Harmed in your place, but you receive.
Study the underlying pucker disgrace. He's abusing the
bounty and she suffers just in case
She's done wrong. Do you read between her lines?
See a light shining dead in your eyes, with your fingers
trapped tightly, invading the
Raunch, do you smell the love nightly? Now? In the air
of anti-sympathy.
We interbreed and we overfeed, indeed I feel this is
not greed. Look into my eyes. Do
You see the scarlet maim?
We laugh with a reason, suffer to lack. Employing the
voices of maniacs.
I made a mistake it's hard to awake...The dead, from
sex.
And what we became left so much unsaid. A mirror to
wed the true thoroughbred.
I made a mistake it's hard to awake...The dead, from
sex.
Domestic silence for a rendezvous.
So fuck all the formalities and join my vulgar ministry.
Understand and appreciate what is right and almighty?
Your god is a fag and your devil's
A pussy, so don't expect any fucking apologies.
Ponder the countless opportunity missed? My minions
are plenty but I do not exist yet.
So remember this, I am all and I am priceless.
(Dirty, yucky part, we offer no lyrics for this shameful
disgrace of a verse)

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