

## **Bath Acid**

### **"The Mortician's Flame"**

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Hunter of tears, relative pain  
Half of this world is dark with the stain  
The stain of unknowing, the dead flower buds  
On smiling lips is innocent blood, oh yeah  
The corpse of your god can only rot and grow old  
Now promise me you'll kill me before I get old  
I hear you on the telephone moaning my doom  
A cold woman will kill me in a darkened room, oh yeah  
Just enough a holy tag  
Seal the mind like body-bag  
Take me, hold me, make me love  
Bite the head off of a dove  
Take your time and take your life  
And you'll taste, there is no life  
The head we feed is on a stick  
Stir my pain with an ice-pick  
Pick Pick Pick! Pick Pick Pick! Pick Pick Pick!  
The chain-saw smile of the mortician shines  
I still got all my fingers but somewhere I lost my mind  
I can smell abortion on you, I can see through  
Take the gun out of my mouth and point it at you

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