

## **Dead@27**

### **"God's Handy Work"**

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Trapped in an uncontrollable situation  
Like an out of body revelation  
All is nothing now, All is nothing now  
All is nothing now until you cry somehow

Trapped in an uncontrollable situation  
Like a human infestation  
All is nothing now  
All is nothing now  
All is nothing now Until you cry somehow,  
cry somehow, cry somehow

Can you taste her poisoned lips  
Can you feel her sharpened tips  
Can you smell her perfume drips  
As it rips, as it rips,  
as it rips, as it rips,  
as it rips in your shore

Trapped in a one way god creation  
Like a militant reformation  
Eyes glazed with condensation  
Words equipped with abbreviation  
Enter the palace of gods creation

Can you taste her poisoned lips  
Can you feel her sharp finger tips  
Can you smell her perfume drips  
As it rips, as rips, as it rips as it rips  
As it rips from you core

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