

## **Swollen Members "Sinfull Bliss"**

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(Mad Child)

Enter the depth of the mindstate of a sick man  
blood lust, slow suction like quick sand  
sharpened gilloutine that cuts clean, you cant hang  
an iron plate in my head, strike with rattlesnake fangs  
im ill, especially when guts start to spill  
quick fix, addicted to steep bills and cheap thrills  
never underestimate my grasp, a reach that can  
surpass  
outlast, making you gasp for air, and i dont care about  
the friction  
ill kick sand in your face and then walk like an egyption  
out there amidst pyramids, depict non-fiction  
writin our rhymes with dell and hyroglyphic transcription  
imagine madchild rating a beauty pageant  
daddys doing damage, plus im making cabbage  
macho man Randy Savage of rap, violent vanity  
one step ahead, 'cause im aware of my insanity

(chours)

underground forever, sinful bliss  
form your love made from us, thats infamous  
no doubt, but with a strange new twist  
let your whole mind frame rearrange to this  
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(Prevail)

man you get what you deserve for the way you  
mascerade  
but with p ones like it dancing torpedo parade  
coronary charts reamain well within the range  
how many heavy dosages before we blow your brain  
you recognize my size and the wickets in the sofa  
theres a high percentage that you get bent by the  
butcher  
just a note to my peers, who solemnly believe  
that escape infection on the dawn of a paracetical eve  
theres a parallel state where floors, even walls breathe  
this insallation will instantly make your heart seize

i spit a heat of rhyme inferno that will burn your chassy  
as they say where im from, your done when your eyes  
are glassy  
wear the glass to the death of the village idiot  
where i consider it, no need for a death certificate  
just a proof of post rigamortum, that rancid smell of  
boredom  
known as oral seclorum

(chours)

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(Mad Child)

bone cracking excitement, spine tingling temper  
seven dead bodies found stuffed in a camper  
wonderful whurl hatched from hell as an infant  
plush lust for liveforce left a permanent imprint  
sinful bliss, this disturbing behavior  
mad's mental enslavement, a savages savior  
wave your hands in the hair like i know that you just  
dont care about the psycho that gets strapped in his  
room  
gazing out the window, i cant see though the grid  
i got strapped to my chair 'cause i flipped my lid  
breathing walls, flashback to spiders and skulls  
lights dim, grim reeper decided to call  
but i had to take a message 'cause it wasnt my time  
the light at the end of the tunnell has yet to shine

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