

Angelspit "Grind"

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I'm a nice boy a nice girl next door with a weapon
I am not human anymore
I traded my attitude and I traded my spine
placid weak as piss wanna fuck in my car?
start begging or you can scream big shot the choice is
yours
office carnage painted in black and fright (I'm a
rabid rat in a salary sacrificed conversable
paint my boss in tar and set him a light

burn like a the books in the town square
I don't care

GRIND head down tails up define your purpose
SLAVE til you bleed and you are raw to the bone
GRIND head down tails up define your status
SLAVE til your wallet is full and your soul is gone

I'm satan's secretary I've covered my pen with chilli
I am gunna jam it up your colon
turn me into a psycho time bomb in a 3 piece
kis-cuz-sea with a nasty surprise in piss in your coffee
don't call the help desk 'coz they've got some big
problems
get up off your knees God can't save you 'coz she's
shopping
you can suck my cock 'coz 'm tired of sucking yours
ticking boxes, sting you up with your heels clicking

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breakfast becomes morning tea becomes lunch
becomes
light snack becomes dinner time becomes dessert
becomes
midnight snack becomes 5 am piss/dump
one more day waisted one more day closer to death

sheep like you need a slaughter house to go to

just another micro-penis in a sports car

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