Mushroom Head "Harvest The Garden"

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It's time we harvest the garden
It's time we feed these pyres their meat
It's time we rise with new vengeance
It's time we end this hypocracy
Sooner or everything's ending
Until we're all together, deceased
Live your lobotomy, reclaim your brain
Or you have suicided your dreams

Imperfections are what tear us apart
Breaking down your needs,
Closing your eyes to the sadness that we see
Closing our eyes to the sadness,
Cleansing our soul to this tragic

The way you want, the kill, the hunt
So f--k the c-nt and everything that
Comes along with it
You motherf--kers better run and hide
And try to buy your way out of this s--t, yeah!
Such a tragedy

Closing our eyes to the sadness, Slowly drifting, down to madness And I can swear I've been there, before

To cleanse your weakness

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