

Annihilator

"World Salad"

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(Live)

Closets of my mind destroyed, as I enter outward from
a void

Corpses white have strapped me down, I rise above
then fall

Tactual hallucination, cockroaches infest the wall

Psychic pain on ice, I hurt

Devoid strength my life, inert

Anger fills they're shocked me back

White corpses turn to black

I run on psychic gasoline, my fuel shall burn you all

Word salad, no ballad

Word salad, no ballad

diabolic plot, a toy, my brain the corpses to destroy

Prick my arm, injection fed, it's poison, I'm no fool

Tetanus shot, be sure it's not, I wish I were at school

Closets of my mind destroyed, but I enter inward, black
void

Hatred turned to apathy, led down this black abyss

Good night, farewell you pig from hell, this world I shall
not miss

Word salad, no ballad

Word salad

Woken up from death, nausea

Catatonic stupor, anoxia

Remaining still I hold onto a sense of permanence

Negativistic fear of pain, algophobic life sentence

Moral, physical decay, hatred withered away

Scourge of god he makes me pay, I shall not live or die

Vegetative judgement passed, my only thought to cry

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