

Tranzas

"Citizenihilist"

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Get them propped and boxed, and fixed on forced remarks... on haggard glimpse, on a primal blitz, and meet me at the hole where the bodies are dumped in a glistening front yard. smell what I smell, taste what I taste.

Live the life of bygone bricks in teh stomachs of scenic waste. 'tis the minute of ours...

And bury us with our grenades underneath the steps of the running corpses.

They can erect their walks of fame while we suicide bomb every last pacified name.

Bring me disease. and storm the cells bring me the virus. and unleash hell bring on the fucking plague in the heart of the decade reign, I want to ruin my life and die how I die... with my hair on fire and the dust of my skin in the blink of a billion renegade eyes. fuck my health, and fuck our health. let's get desperate. now

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