

## Various Artists "Infested - Choking Victim"

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If there was a god  
I'm sure he would be hated  
For making bugs, this hell that he created  
Sit on a coat, put on a hat  
I am infested, it happened just like that  
I'm sure i hate'em there aint no maybes  
Bodylice and crabs, headlice and scabies  
You take your pick  
They make me sick  
But i sratch until I bleed so there be scabs  
for me to pick  
It doesn't matter i scratch my body raw  
Sometimes it feels like sex when I'm scratching  
with my paws  
Sometimes it feels better, when it gets wetter  
Lubed up with puss and blood,  
But latter I'm upsetter  
? ? when the rash becomes inflamed  
I simply lost control, the scabis can't be blamed  
Oh yes they can, I'll go complain  
To the drop in center clinic  
They'll hook me up with some lindaine

Oh yes lindaine the stuff for the occasion  
This lotion gives you cancer with too many  
applications  
X3

One bug, two bugs, three bugs, four  
These bugs just fuck and eat, soon they'll be  
Hundreds more  
To infest my head, infest my bed  
These bugs wont stop infestin till i kill  
them all dead  
Then the eggs, they'll fuckin catch  
If i dont delouse again, in 7 days they'll hatch  
And at this time I would truly go insane  
My nervous systems shot by the  
Use of the lindaine

