

Venom

"Senile Decay"

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Tearing at it's boney face
It lifts it's wretched hand
And tells a tale of history
In hell lifes contraband
Putrid smells pour from it's lips
It's eyes begin to bleed
Lost elixir of life
Baby maggots feed

It's a creature loved by children
Oh if they could know the hell
Hair reclining life declining
Vomits at it's own sweet smell
Laughing at it's ripe melasma
Skin begins to rot and peel
Graveolent dry catamenia
Open wounds that never heal

Losing all it's sense of senses
Dyspnoea closing in
Waiting for it's day of judgement
End this phthisic state it's it
Is this an eternal torment
For one who tried to outlive time
Will we ever know the answer
Dysphony should be a crime

Senile decay you've seen a million seasons
Cast in hell by time for treason

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