

Wumpscut, Embryodead (cockroach modified)

You're in a mess cause this is the end
God he cannot bless not leading your hand
In your mother's womb you feel warm and safe
But that's a fallacy cause this is your grave
Do you want to feel how hard it can be
Vegetating flesh was always the fee
For living with this pain and in agony
Until the devil comes and fetches will glee

Embryodead you will go mad let's ease your pain
Embryodead you are condemned
Don't attempt to exist in this world full of hate

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Child do not ask me to decide cause it's me who can tell you
How hard it is to live cause it's me who can tell you
How hard it is to give without any reason without any sense