

# Shh, It'll Be Our Little Secret

Death By Stereo

Neck deep in bullshit all the lies that you spit  
They worship you! They worship you!  
Another day another dollar  
Will you forgive me father?  
Will you forgive me father?

Go pack your bags, let's take a guild trip  
A special kind of place where we erase the lies  
We're flying high above the rest  
Pay a little fee and the worries off my chest

With every penny and every cent  
The truth just keeps on getting bent  
Now, now, confess your sins and bail me out  
No court in the world's got this kind of clout

They worship the ground you walk on,  
I worship the ground that awaits you

Too many bones just keep on piling up high in the dark  
Skeletons in the closet, you're not looking smart  
I should take you're cock and shove it straight through your heart

Go pack your bags, let's take a guild trip  
A special kind of place where we erase the lies  
We're flying high above the rest  
Pay a little fee and the worries off my chest

They worship the ground you walk on,  
I worship the ground that awaits you  
And as you molest and destroy  
Look for me in hell, you'll be my boy

FUCKING DIE

NO! NO! You'll fucking bleed  
NO! NO! Just wait and see  
NO! NO! This will not be

NO! NO! You'll fucking bleed  
NO! NO! Just wait and see  
NO! NO! This will not be

NO!