

Birthday Dethday

Dethklok

Many years ago today something grew
inside of your mother...
That thing was you

You

You You You You

Did she scream did she cry
Only those that are born are the ones that
Get to die

One more year closer to dying
Rotting organs ripping grinding
Biological discordance
Birthday equals self abhorrence

Years keep passing aging always
Mutate into vapid slugs
Doctor gives a new perscription
Bullet in a fucking gun

One more year closer to dying
Plastic surgeons fuel the lying
You forget why you came in here
Your mind rots with every New Year

RSVP PLEASE
For the deth of thee
You have little time
And you're running out of life

Happy Birthday
You're gonna die

Now you're old and full of hatred
Take a pill to masturbatred
Children point to you and scream
Because they will become that thing

One more year of further suffering
There's no point of fucking bluffing
Open up your DETHDAY present
It's a box of fucking nothing

RSVP PLEASE
For the DETH of thee
You have little time
And you're running out of life

Die die
Dethday
Birthday
Dethday
Die die
Dethday
Birthday

Dethday

RSVP PLEASE

For the DETH of thee

You have little time

And you're running out of life

Happy Birthday

You're gonna die