

A corpse is a corpse

Dog Fashion Disco

A corpse is a corpse, of course it is
Predetermined destiny, uncommon bond
Don't be afraid to take my hand
Walk with the dead beaten broken man

A cult of me a stain and feast the open brain
Pleasures I indulge will pave a pathway to hell
From an offset imbalance of membrane and cell

And though you try and try and try to pull me down
It's all been lies, it's lies, begat the lies again
I'm not afraid, afraid of dying anymore

Only I can set me free
So turn and blame
But don't you fuckin look at me

It's over, it's over

we've secretly replaced your pathetic existence with more pain
Anguish and suffering than one soul could possibly stomach
So fasten your noose and enjoy your ride
'Cause life is hell and then you die

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It's all been lies, it's lies, begat the lies again
I'm not afraid, afraid of dying anymore

Only I can set me free
So turn and blame
But don't you fucking look at me

Decompose you maggot
Decompose you maggot
Now you'll shut the fuck up
Now you'll shut the fuck up

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Now you'll shut the fuck up
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