

They used you to clean up tears after a thrice show.
Fucking belt buckles everywhere.
Never digesting anything is a hell of a diet plan.
Here come the suit-bitches.
I watched them hollow out horses... Run.
They gored me once with a diverse portfolio.
Put a dollar in the box.
It's across for show and down to go.
I'm going to throw gristle at my guts.
It's like the sink of finding a lump.
I've got your black plague right here.
How long before the pain-junkies storm the gates?
God. It danced on us like black lung before our hearts gave out.
Put a dollar in the box.
It grew on us. It grew up like a sister.
While every time, celebrating your neck.
It's across for show and down to go.
Pray its malignant. Prey its malignant.