

## Cold Slither II

### A Wilhelm Scream

cobra...  
cobra...  
cobra...  
dead weight  
cobra...  
cobra...  
cobra...

the world gets dropped, left covered in rust  
we'll rule it with an iron fist  
behind a drum beat again  
it's all over you motherfuckers  
the moral to story is shit to a rug  
two fingers up if judgement comes  
and one keg stand  
for Satan

weak hearted sorry fakers,  
in times of danger  
they just fold up and run  
if you are, you are  
dead weight

cobra...  
cobra...  
cobra...  
dead weight  
cobra...  
cobra...  
cobra...

infection spread like iron to rust  
the cure for the disease  
like chain links surrounded me  
sometimes they are

weak hearted sorry fakers,  
in times of danger  
they just fold up and run  
if you are, you are  
dead weight

and we might just show the world  
the hopeless anger  
in us  
every other day is just more time to kill we want to wake  
to find the sound  
in aching waves from our hearts  
nevertheless, we're just staring at a wall  
manners, missed conscience!  
where are you now  
left staring at a wall

before that sound  
forces us to stop, drop, and run,  
hear me now  
or watch the bodies pile

weak hearted sorry fakers,  
in times of danger  
they just fold up and run  
if you are, you are  
dead weight

when all the monumentous  
lecherous imitations you pull off  
start wearing off  
to show what you are  
if you are, you are  
dead weight