

## Your Head Will Be Rotting on a Spike

Black Light Burns

Your head will be rotting on a spike  
I don't complain much but I might  
Your life's on a loop just like before  
You stuff your face and still want more  
My head may be rotting on a spike  
I don't complain much but I might

Given the time it's not the time to make an enemy  
And you will stop seeing  
Give us some time and try to wind up all the ends you find  
There's no end to be seen  
Now that you're blind they're not so kind, not so accepting now  
That you are not breeding  
Bring all you have and all you had, give all you got  
Or stop

Our heads they are rotting on their spikes  
We can't complain, we lost our sight  
As useless as we were before  
We stuff our face, but we are sure  
We are sore

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