

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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