

Shh, It'll Be Our Little Secret

Death By Stereo

Neck deep in bullshit all the lies that you spit
They worship you! They worship you!
Another day another dollar
Will you forgive me father?
Will you forgive me father?

Go pack your bags, let's take a guild trip
A special kind of place where we erase the lies
We're flying high above the rest
Pay a little fee and the worries off my chest

With every penny and every cent
The truth just keeps on getting bent
Now, now, confess your sins and bail me out
No court in the world's got this kind of clout

They worship the ground you walk on,
I worship the ground that awaits you

Too many bones just keep on piling up high in the dark
Skeletons in the closet, you're not looking smart
I should take you're cock and shove it straight through your heart

Go pack your bags, let's take a guild trip
A special kind of place where we erase the lies
We're flying high above the rest
Pay a little fee and the worries off my chest

They worship the ground you walk on,
I worship the ground that awaits you
And as you molest and destroy
Look for me in hell, you'll be my boy

FUCKING DIE

NO! NO! You'll fucking bleed
NO! NO! Just wait and see
NO! NO! This will not be

NO! NO! You'll fucking bleed
NO! NO! Just wait and see
NO! NO! This will not be

NO!