

# Birthday Dethday

Dethklok

Many years ago today something grew  
inside of your mother...  
That thing was you

You

You You You You

Did she scream did she cry  
Only those that are born are the ones that  
Get to die

One more year closer to dying  
Rotting organs ripping grinding  
Biological discordance  
Birthday equals self abhorrence

Years keep passing aging always  
Mutate into vapid slugs  
Doctor gives a new perscription  
Bullet in a fucking gun

One more year closer to dying  
Plastic surgeons fuel the lying  
You forget why you came in here  
Your mind rots with every New Year

RSVP PLEASE  
For the deth of thee  
You have little time  
And you're running out of life

Happy Birthday  
You're gonna die

Now you're old and full of hatred  
Take a pill to masturbatred  
Children point to you and scream  
Because they will become that thing

One more year of further suffering  
There's no point of fucking bluffing  
Open up your DETHDAY present  
It's a box of fucking nothing

RSVP PLEASE  
For the DETH of thee  
You have little time  
And you're running out of life

Die die  
Dethday  
Birthday  
Dethday  
Die die  
Dethday  
Birthday

Dethday

RSVP PLEASE

For the DETH of thee

You have little time

And you're running out of life

Happy Birthday

You're gonna die