

## A corpse is a corpse

Dog Fashion Disco

A corpse is a corpse, of course it is  
Predetermined destiny, uncommon bond  
Don't be afraid to take my hand  
Walk with the dead beaten broken man

A cult of me a stain and feast the open brain  
Pleasures I indulge will pave a pathway to hell  
From an offset imbalance of membrane and cell

And though you try and try and try to pull me down  
It's all been lies, it's lies, begat the lies again  
I'm not afraid, afraid of dying anymore

Only I can set me free  
So turn and blame  
But don't you fuckin look at me

It's over, it's over

we've secretly replaced your pathetic existence with more pain  
Anguish and suffering than one soul could possibly stomach  
So fasten your noose and enjoy your ride  
'Cause life is hell and then you die

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So turn and blame  
But don't you fucking look at me

Decompose you maggot  
Decompose you maggot  
Now you'll shut the fuck up  
Now you'll shut the fuck up

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