

# Ghost Neck

## High on Fire

Feeding the needs of a desperate survival  
Criminally active, not by choice  
Overdosing on the mutual garbage  
Skeleton the end unfolds  
Empty raptured withered human  
Cloaked dejection your demise  
Shackled laid upon this dead prisoner  
Screaming the waste, a deadly voice

Choke conjection and confusion  
Surprised you're standing on your feet  
Diabolic accusations  
Pharisees are not to teach  
Buy contempt and your conviction  
Crushing others with disease  
Horns are showing through the halo  
Heroin is such a feast

Morning fever speaking in a vice  
Dead deceiver  
Sinking in the ice  
Madman's sorrow

I've seen things  
You're nothing  
Believe me

Speaking in a voice  
Morning fever  
Sinking in the ice

I've seen things  
You're nothing  
Believe me

Running the circus like a leper  
Licking your wounds, an injured hound  
Fucked up, doomed and desecrated  
Reside six feet underground  
Mauled and incapacitated  
Lame and dumb are at your feet  
Never mind the true conception  
Madman's sorrow is what you eat

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