

Remain leary of us
We will haunt you
We are outside of your window
We shed, we hear you sleep
Recycled pain
Your voice remains
Another day of pain

Mhmm... This is a tasty burger

This is not an illusion
You'll never forget
We keep, chewing your flesh
Before you get fried
Your poisoned flesh
Is hard to swallow
With satisfaction
We chop away at your flesh
We dismember your limbs
And your disgusted by it

This is not an illusion

We are not the gods of anything
We will never die, this will never play out
This decision will never play out
Your voice will no longer
Gouge out my eyes
Your only not a virgin against your demise
You'll pay for the debt you owe

Trust this
Will be served on you
No life, will be spared from us
Our food is corrupted flesh
Marked with blood

Our food is corrupted flesh
Marked or caused will blood

Your bones taste good with spice
Oh dear

Person burger
Spicy person burger
Person burger
Spicy person burger