

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