

Black Santa

Melvins

Cold distant fires behead
Laugh on the what it was you live
Dream of the wounded one he dreamed
Master the loaded box be seen

Now is the time is in on hey
Mine is forget to end my lie

The trappings are sometimes near
Run until you're on the sodding bill
Fight with the pen inside that brain
Happy are they just looking in

Now is the time is in on hey
Mine is forget to end my lie