

Death Threat

Superjoint Ritual

One, two
One, two, three, four

I flipped a switch, I know it wouldn't take long
You could time me like a whore
If I had six, you'd swear I had a thousand
You can mop me up in the morning

Cold, then fire, then cold, it's relentless

The headache of old, is the last of the importance
I'll have [Incomprehensible] then another
Its too late to stop the glut
I'll go till my eyes roll shut, I'm fucked

Cold, then fire, then cold, it's relentless

Desperate buck, a spinning room
Awake lost, across the street
Pathetic luck, split lips
A broken wrist, a death threat

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Desperate buck, a spinning room
Awake lost, across the street
Pathetic luck, split lips
A broken wrist, a death threat
A death threat, a death threat
A death threat, a death threat, now

One, two, three, four