

Messages

Superjoint Ritual

Messages...

The bastards in the yard, they circle the house and car
They'll make a check today, yet spend it on themselves
A hostage of cocaine, bump off buck knives
With skinny and rancid whores, or a child at the porn store
It's coming...wait for them to kill the innocent man
The kid next door, it's the finalization, we're the battered her
rd
It's coming...wait for them to kill the most in us

The riveting shock, for half a block
My synopsis is full of years and years and years and years

A hermaphrodite hanging in the window of cause
A borrowed theme song, a twisted tide

Throw me to the dogs today
I could care less now