

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
d
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