

Come a little bit closer.
So I can see what you taste like.
A pale face. A vision of suicide.
Dead ends and a St.Jude figurine.

Bury me in a shallow grave.
So the dogs can dig me out.
If I die tonight, well that suits me fine.
'Cause I'd be better off covered in lye.

This one is abysmal
This one is a oneway ticket down.
Some there ain't nothing to lose, but I lost that too
so what am I gonna do?

I sold my soul for a reasonable stake.
The devil done paved the way.
And I'll claim the prize 'til the day I go,
when all hell comes to carry me home.

A beckoning shape. A crow to lead me on.
Lower me down below.

This one is abysmal.
This one is a oneway ticket down.
Some there ain't nothing to lose -
but I lost that too - so what are you gonna do?

The peripheral know the cold centre of hate,
it burns clean and it kills the pain.
It'll cut you open and spit in your eyes.

a foul spectacle to behold.

A beckoning shape, a crow to lead me on.
Lower me down the hatch and swallow me whole.

Here I go...