

# God Hates A Coward

Tomahawk

I've sewn my seeds with a metric grosse  
No footsteps go beyond it  
I'll eat the death where the rooster crows  
Flesh rodeo, yee-har

It's just to push in your teardrops, make you a cyclops  
Breakin' the branches off your family tree  
Keep you up like a fluffer girl, ain't that enough of the  
Look in the sewer for my pedigree

Your truly cause repeats its pulse and makes your tears  
If you needed too  
Make me blow my brains out, pointin' the gun  
Put my neck in a noose

But I'm hangin' tough  
Day, my, day, my, day, my, day, my  
Day, my, day, my, day, my, day, my

Listen closer to your mother  
You can hear ocean roar  
Sittin' quiet in the corner  
Put another record on

God hates a coward, sonny  
Got a date with your VCR  
Watch another action movie  
Dream of me

On the only piano, wrote the fuckin' concerto  
Shoot pool with your eyeballs, rack 'em up  
Make a meal of your asshole, gnaw on your fat soul  
Dipping your heart in my vinegar

Like a million disappeared, just how long did you think they would live  
Prepare yourself, come on defend and everyone defend  
[Incomprehensible] and give me something to kill  
I'll never finish my plate or I'll burn it up

Day, my, day, my, day, my, day, my  
Day, my, day, my, day, my, day, my