

Cinnamon Spider

Jack Off Jill

A witch will burn
when she's thrown into the fire
Not her she'll peel and writhe
but never expire
She crawls on webs of lies
I die up inside her
to take what's mine
that bitch the cinnamon spiderI won't try
and every time I tell that lie
I live without guilt
and I won't cry
and I hope you love your life
and live with your guiltConsumed by hate and guilt
She'll never retire
too old to fix
too dead to ever acquire
slit wrists - talk shit
But she will never inspire
a plan to save herself
the cinnamon spiderI won't try
and every time I tell that lie
I live without guilt
and I won't cry
and I hope you love your life
and live with your guiltbite heads off those who fail
and try to imply her
forlorn despised
I am the cinnamon spiderI won't try
and every time I tell that lie
I live without guilt
and I won't cry
and I hope you love your life
and live with your guiltand I am fine
and I'll learn to take what's mine
and live without guilt
Oh yeah

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