

# 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 spider I 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 guilt Consumed 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 spider I 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 guilt bite heads off those who fail  
and try to imply her  
forlorn despised  
I am the cinnamon spider I 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 guilt and I am fine  
and I'll learn to take what's mine  
and live without guilt  
Oh yeah

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