

Termites Hollow

Grade

every word she said lured me into surrounding my fingers around her throat now I roll along with her severed head
her design is fit only for a creature as foul as every word she said was like feeding paint chips to an infant
her coil was comforting with black blood and a frozen touch hopefully the hordes of worms will take the rest of
her away as I roll along with her severed head

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>