

Birthd**ay** Deth**day**

Dethklok

Many years ago today something grew
inside of your mother...
That thing was you YOU YOU YOU YOU YOU Did she scream did she cry
Only those that are born are the ones that
Get to die One more year closer to dying
Rotting organs ripping grinding
Biological discordance
Birthday equals self abhorrence Years keep passing aging always
Mutate into vapid slugs
Doctor gives a new perscription
Bullet in a fucking gun One more year closer to dying
Plastic surgeons fuel the lying
You forget why you came in here
Your mind rots with every New Year RSVP PLEASE
For the DETH of thee
You have little time
And you're running out of life Happy Birthday
You're gonna die Now you're old and full of hatred
Take a pill to masturbated
Children point to you and scream
Because they will become that thing One more year of further suffering
There's no point of fucking bluffing
Open up your DETHDAY present
It's a box of fucking nothing RSVP PLEASE
For the DETH of thee
You have little time
And you're running out of life DIE DIE
DETHDAY
BIRTHDAY
DETHDAY
DIE DIE
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DETHDAY RSVP PLEASE
For the DETH of thee
You have little time
And you're running out of life Happy Birthday
You're gonna die

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