Dead Beat

Philthy Rich

Pick your poison as dead beats do
Leave a wake in the hearts that hurt you
Pick your poison as dead beats do
Blood pulsing through your woundsA thousand warnings are ringing true
Burning their homes, writing in stone
The name of demons inside of youYou left your mark on this world
You left your scar on this world
You left your scar, you left your mark
Wound them

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