

Do You Fear (For Your Child?)

My Life With the Thrill Kill Kult

Waylaid by the hand that leads, scale the heights of intimacy
Forewarned, unarmed, one intoxicating whiff, and you're snared
One intoxicating whiff and you're snared
Clutching at barbsDose up to delirium, cross circles of death for good
Deflect contests, one intoxicating whiff, and you're snaredMock me, I'm convulsing, I'm clutching at barbs
Crass pity goes the deepest, it magnifies the dross
The dross, the drossA grip enforced barely healing, I'm clutching at barbs
Leave me to snatch and paw, then lick up my wounds

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