

# 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

Lyrics provided by

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