

# Witch Hunt

## Wesley Dysart

Dead girl's dance they burn and twirl  
Witch hunt  
Witch cunt burn this girl  
Dead girl's dance they burn and twirl  
Witch hunt  
Witch cunt burn this girl  
Dead girl's dance they burn...-  
I'm running out of air  
Theres a carnival in the graveyard tonight  
With the clouds that fall with poison  
And they fall on my skin making tiny holes  
Erasing my legacy  
Nothing hurts  
Nothings right  
I am nothing  
Turning to the left

I get on a ride  
And the ride's dark..  
And drive nazi cars..  
And I am no longer afraid  
Because I've held on so tight  
That I've crushed them...  
I've crushed them  
It covers me  
And I try to find comfort in the darkness  
Where I am no longer your misanthropic majesty  
With only one match...And one chance to burn...  
Only one..  
I'M BURNING  
I'M FUCKING BURNING  
Dead Girl's Dance They burn they twirl  
Witch hunt  
Witch cunt burn this girl

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