Witch Hunt

Wesley Dysart

Dead girl's dance they burn and twirl
Witch hunt
Witch cunt burn this girl
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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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