

# Parasites

## Jazz Parasites

The parasites are excited when you're dead  
Eyes bulging, entering your head  
And all your thoughts, they rot God and Satan they gamble when you're dead  
Beams of light, one sprite, the other's bourbon instead  
And all your thoughts, they rot It was hot and time was stickin' to my skin  
We're all a punchline to a joke that they won't let us in on  
And all your thoughts, they rot

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