# Parasites

## Jazz Parasites

The parasites are excited when you're dead
Eyes bulging, entering your head
And all your thoughts, they rotGod and Satan they gamble when you're dead
Beams of light, one sprite, the other's bourbon instead
And all your thoughts, they rotIt 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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