

Birthday Dethday

Dethklok

Many years ago today something grew
inside of your mother...
That thing was you
YOU
YOU YOU YOU YOU
Did she scream did she cry
Only those that are born are the ones that
Get to die
One more year closer to dying
Rotting organs ripping grinding
Biological discordance
Birthday equals self abhorrence
Years keep passing aging always
Mutate into vapid slugs
Doctor gives a new perscription
Bullet in a fucking gun
One more year closer to dying
Plastic surgeons fuel the lying
You forget why you came in here
Your mind rots with every New Year
RSVP PLEASE
For the DETH of thee
You have little time
And you're running out of life
Happy Birthday

You're gonna die
Now you're old and full of hatred
Take a pill to masturbated
Children point to you and scream
Because they will become that thing
One more year of further suffering
There's no point of fucking bluffing
Open up your DETHDAY present
It's a box of fucking nothing
RSVP PLEASE
For the DETH of thee
You have little time
And you're running out of life

DIE DIE
DETHDAY
BIRTHDAY
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RSVP PLEASE
For the DETH of thee
You have little time
And you're running out of life
Happy Birthday
You're gonna die

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