

#Blessed

Say Anything

The black plague came to define the rat.
They're feeding on your feed and you're reminded of that.
Like a higher education can hide the sick fact that the zeitgeist is far warmer to sons of slave owners.
You're a mutation and I'm thrilled to observe how you yank at a mineral mass to wield this Excalibur.
So tonight, when you provide my only form of exercise, I'll be drinking to you.
Hell yeah.
You're a killer.
You're a god.
You're burdened with all my admiration.
I'll burn out with you.
If your education lacks, if your expectations sag, you're going to know I need you more.
You're going to know I've got your back.
Don't you claim the feeling's dead.
I've got an axe that swings upon my head.
I want to feel your breath upon my legs.
I want to swell until my eyes seep red.
I thought I lost my spark; I lost my head.
I want to kill that dream the world is fed.
They can't claim the feeling's dead.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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