Messages

Superjoint Ritual

MessagesThe bastards in the yard, they circle the house and cars
They'll make a check today, yet spend it on themselves
A hostage of cocaine, bumps off buck knives
A skinny and rancid whores, a child at the porn store
It's coming, wait for them to kill the innocent man
The kid next door, a finalization, we're the battered herd
It's coming, wait for them to kill the most in usThe riveting shock, for half a block
My synapsis is full from years, years, years, years
Hermaphrodite in the window of cause
A borrowed theme song, a twisted tideThrow me to the dogs today
I could care less now
Throw me to the dogs today
I could care less now

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