

Birthday Dethday

Dethklok

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Many years ago today something grew
inside of your mother...
That thing was youYOUYOU YOU YOU YOU
Did she scream did she cry
Only those that are born are the ones that
Get to dieOne more year closer to dying
Rotting organs ripping grinding
Biological discordance
Birthday equals self abhorrenceYears keep passing aging always
Mutate into vapid slugs
Doctor gives a new perscription
Bullet in a fucking gunOne more year closer to dying
Plastic surgeons fuel the lying
You forget why you came in here
Your mind rots with every New YearRSVP PLEASE
For the DETH of thee
You have little time
And you're running out of lifeHappy Birthday
You're gonna dieNow you're old and full of hatred
Take a pill to masturbatred
Children point to you and scream
Because they will become that thingOne more year of further suffering
There's no point of fucking bluffing
Open up your DETHDAY present
It's a box of fucking nothingRSVP PLEASE
For the DETH of thee
You have little time
And you're running out of lifeDIE DIE
DETHDAY
BIRTHDAY
DETHDAY
DIE DIE
DETHDAY

BIRTHDAY
DETHDAYRSVP PLEASE
For the DETH of thee
You have little time
And you're running out of lifeHappy Birthday
You're gonna die

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