

D.M.F.

Full Devil Jacket

I'm hanging out in grave-yards
The smell of flowers in the air
All my best friends are corpses
 But they don't seem to care
There's rotting skin hangin from my head
 I won't listen to what's been said
 A muddy coffin for my bed
 I'm livin life wishin I was dead
 I'm f*cking dead
 Turnin into a dead motherf*cker
 The sun has fallen form the sky
 And it's curied in the grownd
 The devils are dancin
 Emptiness is everywhere to be found
 I f*ckin found
 Turnin into a dead motherf*cker
 Turnin into a dead motherf*cker
 Turnin into a dead motherf*cker
 Turnin into a dead motherf*cker

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