

# Whore

## Theologian

You, do you know that bad girls go to hell?  
Up to your neck in shit, like a plague worse spread.  
There's no getting over it.  
You better bite your tongue,  
Cover up your tracks.  
You know you're down to get fucked.  
I know what you are.  
You're like a dark cloud, that follows me around.  
Like a virus with no cure.  
You're like an angry crowd,  
I'm running in the streets.  
You're a cheep little whore.  
Putting words in their mouths,  
Till they choke to death.  
There's no getting over it.  
You're more deceiving than most,  
You tiptoe around like another ghost.  
I know what you are.  
You're like a dark cloud, that follows me around.  
Like a virus with no cure.

You're like an angry crowd,  
I'm running in the streets.  
You're a cheep little whore.  
Don't make me think any less of you now,  
I won't believe a dirty word from your mouth.  
Don't make me think any less of you now.  
I won't believe a dirty word from your mouth.  
(I can't understand what the fuck he's screaming.)  
You're like a dark cloud, that follows me around.  
Like a virus with no cure.  
You're like an angry crowd,  
I'm running in the streets.  
You're a cheep little whore.  
You're like a dark cloud, that follows me around.  
Like a virus with no cure.  
You're like an angry crowd,  
I'm running in the streets.  
You're a cheep little whore.

You're a cheep little whore,  
You're a cheep little whore.  
Yeah, hahaha, you're a cheep little whore

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