

Shh, It'll Be Our Little Secret

Death By Stereo

Yeah, neck deep in bullshit
From all the lies that you spit
They worship you, they worship you
Another day, another dollar
Will you forgive me, father?
Will you forgive me, father? Go pack your bags
Let's take a guild trip, a special kind of place
Where we erase the lies we're flying high above the rest
You pay a little fee in the worries off my chest With every penny and every cent
The truth just keeps on getting bent
Now, now, confess your sins and bail me out
No court in the world's got this kind of clout They worship the ground you walk on
I worship the ground that awaits you Too many bones just keep on piling up
High in the dark, skeletons in the closet
You're not looking too smart
I should take your cock
Shove straight through your heart Go pack your bags
Let's take a guild trip a special kind of place
Where we erase the lies we're flying high above the rest
You pay a little fee in the worries off my chest With every penny and every cent
The truth just keeps on getting bent
Now, now, confess your sins and bail me out
No court in the world's got this kind of clout They worship the ground you walk on
I worship the ground that awaits you
And as you molest and destroy
Look for me in hell, you'll be my boy Fucking die No, no, you'll fucking bleed
No, no, just wait and see
No, no, this will not be
No, no, you'll fucking bleed
No, no, just wait and see
No, no, this will not be, no

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