

Eaten By Worms

Nothing

Have a laugh
Were friends until the bitter end
So fry our heads Chasing breathes
Plastic sheets, puddles of sweat
Leave what you left Pupils spun
Blessed be the setting sun
It's load of fun It's unavoidable
It's unattainable
It's uncontrollable
But you know?
But you know

Songwriters

DOMENIC PALERMO, BRANDON D. SETTA Published by

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