

Beast Of Honor

Auf Der Maur

I'm a taste test
At the beast fest
Got your crest on my breast
Take one look, at your cook
Feed yourself, I'm on a hookAt this feast of ours
I'm borne on your backThe feast tastes
You could say
Paints my taste on his faceI've no disguise at this feast of ours
Ours, devourFall into the arms of a souvenir of healing
What do we feel, oh oh oh
Fall into the arms of a souvenir of healing
What do we feel, oh oh ohI am a harm healer
Such a weak feeder
What a gut teaser on a hook
I'm on a hook yeah, I'm on a hook
Smell that cook, uhuhNo more, ditch dealer
I'm your
Dream diggerAt this feast of ours
I'm the beast of honor
HonorFall into the arms of a souvenir of healing
What do we feel, oh oh ohFall into the arms of a souvenir of healing
What do we feel, oh oh oh
Fall into the arms of a souvenir of healing
What do we feel, oh oh ohOh, oh, ohAt this feast of ours, ours

Songwriters

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