

# 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 hook At this feast of ours  
I'm borne on your back The feast tastes  
You could say  
Paints my taste on his face I've no disguise at this feast of ours  
Ours, devour Fall 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 oh I 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, uhuh No more, ditch dealer  
I'm your  
Dream digger At this feast of ours  
I'm the beast of honor  
Honor Fall 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 oh Fall 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 oh Oh, oh, oh At this feast of ours, ours

Songwriters

MELISSA AUF DER MAUR Published by

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