

Garden of the Numb

Fat White Family

I'd kill you was I given half a chance
Yes, I'd like to watch you burning while you dance
You make every atom in me want to cry
You twist every word of truth into a lie
You're the unmistakable reason for all pain
Just the very thought of you drives me insane But I'm fulfilled
Because eventually time will kill
The very space you occupy
Right there at the top of the hill
In this cold inbred excuse for a world
I see you on the corner with your friends
I can only hope it won't be long for them
You sycophantic weasel-minded whores
You would sell your mother's cunt to open doors
You're the irrepressible reason for my shame
You make all god's colours look exactly the same
But I'm fulfilled
Because eventually time will kill
The very space you occupy
Right there at the top of the hill
In this cold inbred excuse for a world I'm lost in the garden of the numb
Lost in the garden of the numb
Lost in the garden of the numb

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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