Death Threat

Superjoint Ritual

I flipped a switch, I know it wouldn't take long, you could
Time me like whore. If I had six, you'd swear I had a
Thousand, you can mop me up in the morning[Chorus]
Cold, then fire, then cold, it's relentless
The headache of old, is the last of the importance, I'll have
And their then another, its to late to stop the glut.
I'll go till my eyes roll shut, I'm fucked.[Chorus]Desperate buck, a spinning room, awake lost, across the street
Pathetic luck, split lips, a broken wrist, a death threat

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