

# 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

Songwriters

ANSELMO, PHILIP HANSEN/BOWER, JIMMY/FAZZIO, JOE

Published by  
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents  
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>