

Centuries of Damn

Death Grips

Fuck the sun, fuck its kind
Daylight sucks, waste of mine
I fuck my mind, narrow my mind
I bide my time like fuck in place
One day, I'll wave sun to ice
Watch its kind get thrown like rice
My cackle stretch out like thunder
So fucking loud, it's vulgar I pull my face out the dirt slow
These days I only wake up third of the way, narco
Held to deep rapid eye move, hold
These days I recede, rapid I reload
Gun my chances closed road, no road left to travel I know what this calls for
Where's my scalpel?
Operation cut
Like I'm bored sew my inner war up like corn, rows
My internal war blows like freezing fog in Oslo
Frozen I can't get soft, baptized in hoarfrost
Like carbon monoxide garage
Freeze your blink with sandman's flush
I hate you so much
I hate your laws
I hate your need a cause
I hate your faux touch
I hate every last one of you
I ponder digesting razors just to be done with you
I love you so much I'm triple the motherfucker
Mondo fisted, full of backwards
From banana town manor
My slang step like legless lizard
I fuck around, fashion a rocket
Shoot to Mercury for the winter
Extended vacation till I decompose on my splinters I pull my face out the dirt slow
These days I only wake up third of the way, narco
Held to deep rapid eye move, hold
These days I recede, rapid I reload
Gun my chances closed road, no road left to travel To centuries of damn
I've never been so yawn
Can't believe I'm still standing
Can't believe life take this long

I stagger off to find my lighter
I don't return until the day Sad A validates
Mankind's destiny in a worm By the way, I don't pet bleachers
Courtside to nose-bleeders
Like I shoot shit with gimps
No response, lose me once
Incoming second attempt
To be real, I just shoot 'em up (just shoot 'em up)
Them clueless strut nailed to crucifix Lilith shoved up her cunt (shoved up her cunt) Fuck I pull my face out the
dirt slow
These days I only wake up third of the way, narco
Held to deep rapid eye move, hold
These days I recede, rapid I reload
Gun my chances closed road, no road left to travel
I pull my face out the dirt slow
These days I only wake up third of the way, narco
Held to deep rapid eye move, hold
These days I recede, rapid I reload
Gun my chances closed road, no road left to travel

Songwriters

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