

Bronx Casket Co., Little Dead Girl

lay her rest with violence and a cold encryption
empty casket send her to hell with no prescriptions
glue a mirror to the inside of her empty coffin
so she can stare at her dead face
and follow her new faith home
all the way straight to hell
dark skies, no flowers, no need for visiting hours
lowered in trash and let the goddamn earth
come and search for treasure
cause who's going to love you now that no one can penetrate you
no one can hear you cum
so follow your new faith home
all the way
all the way back to hell
because as far as we can tell
there isn't any way
she has to pay
i'm sorry but it's true
you can't save anyone
from her first love to her bastard son
for all of the things that she's done
dear god i can't wait to finally meet you
you selfish cunt, you've got some explaining to do
cause we only wish we knew
anyway
she has to pay
i'm sorry but it's true
cause you can't save anyone
from her first love to her bastard son
for all of the things that she's done
dear god i can't wait to finally meet you
i'm stuck out of place in california