

# Jack Off Jill, Cinnamon Spider

A witch will burn  
When she's thrown into the fire  
Not her she'll peel and writhe  
But never expire  
She crawls on webs of lies  
I die up inside her  
To take what's mine  
That bitch, the cinnamon spider

I won't try  
And I everytime I tell that lie, I live without guilt  
And I won't cry  
And I hope you love your life  
And live with your guilt

Consumed by hate and guilt  
She'll never retire  
Too old to fix  
Too dead to ever acquire  
Slit wrists- talk shit  
But she will never inspire a plan to save herself  
The cinnamon spider

I won't try  
And everytime I tell that lie, I live without guilt  
And I won't cry  
And I hope you love your life  
And live with your guilt

Bit heads off those who fail and try to imply her  
Forlorn dispised  
I am the cinnamon spider

I won't try  
And everytime I tell that lie, I live without guilt  
And I won't cry  
And I hope you love your life  
And live with your guilt  
And I am fine  
And I'll learn to take what's mine  
And live without guilt  
Oh yeah