

Jack Off Jill, Witch Hunt

dead girls dance they burn and twirl
witch cunt
witch hunt burn this girl
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I'm running out of air
theres a carnival in the graveyard tonight
with the clouds that fall with poison
And they fall on my skin making tiny holes
erasing my legacy
Nothings hurts
Nothings right
I am nothing
Turning to the left
I get on a ride
and the ride's dark..
and neon drive nazi cars..
and I am no longer afraid
because I've held on so tight
that I've crushed them.. I've crushed them
it covers me
and I try to find comfort in the darkness
where I am no longer your misanthropic majesty
with only one match..and one chance to burn,
only one..
I'M BURNING
I'M FUCKING BURNING
witch hunt
witch cunt burn this girl