

# PIG, Serial Killer Thriller

This is the dirt that grows the misery that you suck upon  
Oh, come to bedlam, you will find a fist to fuck upon  
This soul is itchin' to receive the taste upon your spoon  
My guilt will marry me and lies are gonna be my groom

O silence, I can hear you  
Swinging slowly on the gentle rope

Serial killer thriller  
Sinsation  
Serial killer thriller  
Sinsation  
Serial killer thriller  
Sinsation  
Serial killer thriller  
Just for you

And from your bitter string, I suck upon all your bitter lies  
And wait with baited, bitter breath upon your bridal knife  
I cannot take this thing you force into my face again  
I cannot hate this thing you force into my face again  
A choir of flies rehearse their hymns upon my open eyes  
Your devil crawls to me to give me somewhere I can hide

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