

Shabutie, Disciple's Anthem

This round caught the boiling points
Severed hands, dismembered body parts
I'll face the answer when I corner age thirteen
Flowers to remember the dead
I'll taste you to stain all of us to bury my hands
I'll scream from the top of the world
And hope you'll hear me

Leave me sour, leave me sour fulfilled
(Stiff aroused)
Leave me sour, leave me sour fulfilled
(Stiff aroused)

Farewell Nikki (x8)

Could have sworn that you'd run
A beautiful girl
Whose smiles could cut me
Could have sworn that you'd fall
A beautiful girl
Whose smiles could cut me

Shabutie, Shabutie, Shabutie
Yeah well I'm a disciple

Shabutie, Shabutie, Shabutie
Yeah well I'm a disciple

Could have sworn that you'd fall
A beautiful girl
Whose smiles could cut me
Could have sworn that you'd fall
A beautiful girl
Whose smiles could cut me

Shabutie, Shabutie, Shabutie
Yeah well I'm a disciple

Shabutie, Shabutie, Shabutie
Yeah well I'm a disciple