

Tomahawk, God Hates A Coward

I'll sow my seeds with a metric grosse
No footsteps go beyond it
I'll eat the dirt
Where the rooster crows
Fresh rodeos, behold it

Check your pulse in your teardrops
Make you a cyclops
Breakin' the branches off your family tree
Keep you up like a fluffer, yeah
Ain't that enough without
Look in the sewer for my pedigree

Your truly cause repeats its pulse
And makes your tears, if you needed too
Make me blow out my brain or I'll point it at you
While I'm thinking of you
But I'm hangin' tough!

Day, by, day, by, day, by, day, by
Day, by, day, by, day, by, day, by

Listen closely to your mother
You can hear an ocean roar
Sittin' quiet in the corner
Put another record on
God hates a coward, sonny
Got a date with your VCR
Watch another action movie
Dream of me

On the only piano
Wrote the fuckin' concerto
Shoot pool with your eyeballs, rack 'em up
Make a meal of your asshole
Gnaw on your fat soul
Dipping your heart in my vinegar

Like a million disappeared
Just how long did you think they would live
Prepare yourself, coming to defend
And if you ever want to be
???
Coming to kill, I'll never finish my plate
Or I'll burn it up

Day, by, day, by, day, by, day, by
Day, by, day, by, day, by, day, by