

Archers Of Loaf, Hate Paste

Bit my lip
And it's the same thing.
Now I'm reduced to a pulp.
Your undisturbed and decorated
Decorations lie.

You're hounded by pulse
Stabbed by spit
And your brain fits
Despite your ears.

Another one has run in.
Rotten and gossiped,
You're all used up
With a burst up shell.

Why're you gonna try it
If you know you don't like it
How're you gonna give it up
If you ain't got it.

Why're you gonna use it
If you think that it's broke.
What are you gonna swell to show
The things that you're breaking down, down, down.

Down cold thresh flesh paste
Deliver hate paste.
Voices sick and swelling
You say you don't like it.
You say you don't like it.
But you just don't get it
You just don't get it.

You're hounded by pulse,
Stabbed by spit
And your brain shits
To clog your ears.

A casual mark
Made by a bird.
Look what you lost
With your fair hands.

Why're you gonna try it
If you know you don't like it.
How're you gonna give it up
If you ain't got it.

Why're you gonna use it
If you think that it's broke
Why're you gonna swell the show
The things that you're breaking down, down, down