

# Bride, Too Tired

The agonies will come after you been lit up  
The All Stars amped out bender got corrupt  
Behind the eight ball nothing but flimm flamm  
You been hawged and your souls been damned

Shot out to the curb with no place to go  
Drink plenty of water and best walk slow  
Started as ice cream then a joy ride  
You can't stop coasting cause vanity is high

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Hate them with a perfect hatred  
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Plexin and panic oppression and pride  
Fear and a snare hell has eyes  
Gnaw on the bones Fata Morgana  
How'd you get so far from the garden?

Duckets out the window ends on the street  
And you medicate intravenously  
Profit is worshiped smells like stale ghost  
Forgiveness is unnatural with legal loopholes

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Out there bad count the dead  
Died with their mouth wide open  
Started with a gateway you've been had  
At Jesus Second Coming

When there's no one left to pardon your sins  
The wicked are estranged from the womb  
Will you still be standing in your disease?  
Are you ready to face the Doom?

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