

Death By Stereo, Shh, It'll Be Our Little Secret

Neck deep in bullshit from all the lies that you spit
They worship you, they worship you
Another day another dollar
Will you forgive me father? Will you forgive me father?

Go pack your bags lets take a guilt trip
A special kind of place where we erase the lies
We're flying high above the rest
You pay a little fee and the worries off my chest
With every penny and every cent
The truth just keeps on getting bent
Now, now confess your sins and bail me out
No court in the world's got this kind of clout

They worship the ground you walk on
I worship the ground that awaits you

Too many bones just keep on piling up high in the dark
Skeletons in the closet
You're not looking to smart
I should take your cock and shove it straight through your heart

Go pack your bags lets take a guilt trip
A special kind of place where we erase the lies
We're flying high above the rest
You pay a little fee and the worries off my chest
With every penny and every cent
The truth just keeps on getting bent
Now, now confess your sins
And bail me out
No court in the world's got this kind of clout

They worship the ground you walk on
I worship the ground that awaits you
And as you molest and destroy
Look for me in hell, you'll be my boy

Fucking die!

NO! NO! You'll fucking bleed
NO! NO! Just wait and see
NO! NO! This will not be
NO! NO! You'll fucking bleed
NO! NO! Just wait and see
NO! NO! This will not be
NO!