

Oceansize, Siberian Bullshit

Shove this under the door
keep, Under the bed
Or somewhere safe and Stare
back forth and back and forth
But do not confer
Face the wall and think about what you said

We were drinking hard for the friends we keep
But he left me several hours ago
And I'm not ashamed to say I needed to see the back of him
I needed to see in a straight line
Cos all he wanted to do was rhyme (mime? crime?)

I could see
When he looked at me
That he was ready to kill
I could see
When he looked at me
That he was ready to kill

You think I'm a heretic
But I'm a divine disciple of the lord
I live and I will die by the sword

(screamed)
You think I'm a heretic
But I'm a divine disciple of the lord
I live and I will die

But are you ready to kill?
But are you ready to kill?

Roses and wine be as red as the river
Poison and bullshit remain unforgiven
Blister and puncture indiscriminately
Not in this life will you smell your own shit

But are you ready to kill?