

Superjoint Ritual, Messages

Messages...

The bastards in the yard
They circle the house and car
They'll make a check today
Yet spend it on themselves
A hostage of cocaine
Bumps off buck knives
With skinny and rancid whores
Or a child at the porn store
It's coming
Wait for them to kill
the innocent man
The kid next door
It's a finalization
We're the battered herd
It's coming
Wait for them to kill
the most in us
The riveting shock
For half a block
My synopsis is full
of years and years
and years and years
A hermaphrodite hanging
in the window of cause
A borrowed theme song
A twisted tide
Throw me to the dogs today
I could care less now