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 comina 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