

A Wilhelm Scream "Cold Slither II"

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cobra:

cobra:

cobra:

dead weight

cobra:

cobra:

cobra:

the world gets dropped,

left covered in rust

we'll rule it with an iron fist

behind a drum beat

again

it's all over you motherfuckers

the moral to story is shit to a rug

two fingers up if judgement comes

and one keg stand

for satan

weak hearted sorry fakers,

in times of danger

they just fold up and run

if you are, you are

dead weight

cobra:

cobra:

cobra:

dead weight

cobra:

cobra:

cobra:

infection spread like iron to rust

the cure for the disease

like chain links surround me

sometimes they are

weak hearted sorry fakers,

in times of danger

they just fold up and run

if you are, you are

dead weight

and we might just show the world
the hopeless anger
in us
every other day is just more time to kill we want to wake
to find the sound
in aching waves from our hearts
nevertheless, we're just staring at a wall
manners, missed conscience!
where are you now
left staring at a wall

before that sound
forces us to stop, drop, and run,
hear me now
or watch the bodies pile

weak hearted sorry fakers,
in times of danger
they just fold up and run
if you are, you are
dead weight

when all the monumental
lecherous imitations you pull off
start wearing off
to show what you are
if you are, you are
dead weight

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