

## 8 Foot Sativa "Thumbs, Eyesockets, Love"

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I've got you in my sights you fucker  
Your days are numbered and we're down to single  
digits  
You've had your fun but the end is neigh  
I can't sit idly by and watch my heart be devoured  
So heres how it's gonna be  
Your head in my hands  
My thumbs versus the windows to your soulless  
existence  
And we all know who'll be champion

With every breath I can muster  
With every ounce of my love  
I will squeeze the very life from you  
Until all that remains is a sour taste and rainbowed  
skies  
Bruises to smiles  
So just remember  
I'm marking the days from my calender  
And d-day is almost here  
This one is for my love  
This one is for my life

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