

And Then, There Were Frogz! "The Hunt Has Been Fixed"

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She sifts through the cornfields... backwards, yes,
backwards.
We quietly brandish our arsenal, pitchforks are
pointing directly at her now
She peers through the curtains and showers us with
sunshine
At last glance, the brightness drips down from her
hollowed mouth
Reminds us of The Most Dangerous Game, written in
1924!
Reminds her of Predator 2, released on VHS in 1991!
Either way, some shit went down, you know it.
Wouldn't be afraid to show it but censors hate it.
Grotesque (gross) as it may seem, vivisected trauma
queen
(beady-eyed egg machine)
So when she opens up her eyes, most of her body won't
be there
She cracks her mouth to form a smile, a side effect of
wear and tear
Searching this thick skin for protrusions and lesions,
A carborator filled with feed and influenza,
A prickly prick to prick the pricks when she decides to
fall into them
Dangerous highway phlegm, incubated pullorum
She tucks her head in, sensing fowl play is near...
THE - HUNT - HAS - BEEN - FIXED
She was goosed right from the start,
But only now she knows about the hunt being fixed.
We've waited for the season to come,
So let's shoot us down some goddamn birds.
Constructed feathers in mechanical flight,
Straight from the beak of sharpest intent to flee with
the rest of the V
Chickenhead would never think to take us for granted
in the first place,
After all, what goes will come inside her swollen
cluckhole.
(inside her fucking hole, inside her clucking hole)

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