

Arsonists Get All The Girls "Robando De Los Muertos"

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This cobble stone is now my home
The price of your head was enough
Even though it was a challenge
I still got you to give me all
I know I took it all
From the creases of your palm
This was your decision to deceive me
I claimed all you thieves stood by me
Steal, steal, steal
Sing with me in all of this glory
That you hold so dear to your heart
Walk upon graves that hold your wealth
They mean nothing (to you) but a cash cow
Searching for riches like a scavenger
Taking whatever you can get your hands on
Force fed demise before death
The dead is filthy
That's why I take from them
They stole from me
They will punish you as they punished me
Just a warning to those who choose to steal from the
dead
Is the path for fools?
I have become saturated off the bones of the dead
Gaining profit from the deaths of others
Has become second nature

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