

# Cyphilis

## "Spit Can"

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If time weren't so worthless I'd have you done  
And at the end of my life I've just begun  
I'm gonna spit... polish... and shine you bright  
Oh mother fucker take everything... in sight  
Hammer to place all the strips as one  
This alabaster face is the prodigal son  
Of a mouth, and eye, an internal sense  
Come and see what I've built inside this fence

[Chorus]

Five feet down  
They fuck me to the ground  
To become  
The numbers of the sum  
I can't win  
My hatred is a sin  
A tempered fuckin ban  
That helps me build my spit can

So what do you think of my little creation  
We think it's ready for the devastation  
The answer came in the words that were spoke  
And it seems like all my work is just a joke  
So I ripped... tore... and broke it down  
Without a single hint of a fucking frown  
As I set in the pieces I'll never again  
Let the world come down and be my friend

[Chorus]

Five feet down  
They fuck me to the ground  
To become  
The numbers of the sum  
I can't win  
My hatred is a sin  
A tempered fuckin ban  
That helps me build my spit can

Helps me build my spit can  
Helps me build my spit... can

