Black Light Burns "Your Head Will Be Rotting On A Spike"

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Your head will be rotting on a spike

I don't complain much but I might

Your life's on a loop just like before

You stuff your face and still want more

My head may be rotting on a spike

I don't complain much but I might

Given the time it's not the time to make an enemy

And you will stop seeing

Give us some time and try to wind up all the ends you

find

There's no end to be seen

Now that you're blind they're not so kind, not so

accepting now

That you are not breeding

Bring all you have and all you had, give all you got

Or stop

Our heads they are rotting on their spikes

We can't complain, we lost our sight

As useless as we were before

We stuff our face, but we are sure

We are sore

Given the time it's not the time to make an enemy

And you will stop seeing

Give us some time and try to wind up all the ends you

find

There's no end to be seen

Now that you're blind they're not so kind, not so

accepting now

That you are not breeding

Bring all you have and all you had, give all you got

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