

Gavin Friday "The Next Thing To Murder"

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Welcome to the happy end... your feelings they don't count boy! oh no! you've got no friends! ... sunset over hell... the worst is yet to come now... you can crawl, you can walk, you can run...

E who is, who was, is now to come... the next thing to murder. with voodoo tattooed in your head! your world is fake! all lost and sad. the greatest story ever told, the love of money, the want

Old! another day, another dollar. the price you pay is what they tell you. welcome... come on... to the happy end. your feelings they don't count boy. oh no! you've got no friends... sunset over

. the worst is yet to come now. you can crawl, you can walk, you can run. for he who is, who was, is now to come... so this is where we turn to friends because this is where it all ends. the bib

The book! jesus the friend! all the king's horses kill all the king's men. the next thing to murder. the next thing to murder... prepare ye... prepare ye...

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