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Cage "Ballad Of Worms"

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I'm feeling down, touch me I'm feeling down, touch me I'm feeling down, touch me I'm feeling down, touch me

What kind of God is this? Gave me the hottest bitch Then took the life from her chest and left a pile of shit Sloppy with a fork, so Chris gotta feed her To numb to cum, sometimes she piss while I eat her

I tell her, keep her head up even though I gotta hold it up for her And she seizure when she try and get up I know I'm perking her but can't stop what's hurting her No sleep with her screaming all night, I'm thinking of murking her

Her parents paid for the coffin and left state After signing the contract, do not resuscitate Yellin' for mommy I dip in the morphine to calm me I'm known in town as the creep that's into zombies

I can't get that sound you make out of my head I can't even figure out what's making it I can't get that sound you make out of my head I can't even figure out what's making it

Stare in her eyes to look past horror Morphine tolerated, I'm out coppin' horse tranq for her Like I won't have to go through hell again Her skin is like saran wrap, barely hangin' from her skeleton

With each one of her ribs defined my crib's designed To keep the light out cause she can't lift the blinds Drifting behind, I'll be outta friends soon Nobody visits the guy that keeps the body in his bedroom

She's barely alive and taking life from me With no appetite but the meningitis is still hungry Wants to make love But I had to substitute it with holding hands while we take drugs

I can't get that sound you make out of my head I can't even figure out what's making it I can't get that sound you make out of my head I can't even figure out what's making it

She's cold as a corpse and still holding the source Up in the air like, one day the cover is yours Took the IV out her wrist tried to give me a kiss Before I tasted her lips, she dislocated her hips

Started shaking couldn't feed her no medication To scared to beat on her chest in fear It'd cave in Death waved again and each time leaves her In a coma, for a week, to wake up to more seizures

But this time ain't like the rest I can see right through her chest

And see her heart ain't got no fuckin' beats left Then a voluptuous ghost falls from a host Looking like she did in high school then fades when I get close

I can't get that sound you make out of my head I can't even figure out what's making it I can't get that sound you make out of my head I can't even figure out what's making it

I'm feeling down, touch me I'm feeling down, touch me I'm feeling down, touch me I'm feeling down, touch me

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