

Melissa Auf Der Maur

"Beast of Honor"

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I'm a taste test, at the beast fest
Got your crest on my breast
Take one look at your cook
Feed yourself, I'm on a hook

At this feast of ours

The feast taste, you could say
Paints my taste on his face

I'm in disguise at this feast of ours
Hours of devours

Fall into the arms
Of a souvenir of healing
What a weak feeder
Fall into the arms
Of a souvenir of healing
What a weak feeder

I'm a harm healer
Such a weak feeder
What a gut teaser on a hook
I'm on a hook yeah I'm on a hook
Smell that cook uh-huh
No more ditch dealer
I'm your dream digger

At this feast of ours
I'm the beast of honour
of honour

Fall into the arms
Of a souvenir of healing
What a weak feeder

I'm in disguise
At this feast of ours

