

The Cumshots "Dumb Reaper"

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You reap what you sow, believe me I know
I'm the sorriest peasant around,
The crops are expanding, ever demanding
As my seeds are spread to the ground
So what is the problem, complaining 'bout something
What others would kill to become
A promise of purity, honor and chastity
Disgraced so they mount up to none

Prepare myself when the onslaught comes
Shutting off what I never had
Am I bad
Prepare myself when the onslaught comes
Everything's so much clearer
When the lights are bad

Supply and demand, an easy stand
When you've given up on everything
Clung to the numbness, expanding the numbers
Waiting for something to ring
Embracing denial, breathe air for a while
Nothing means everything now
Accepting the meangless course of our being here
Makes (sh)it easier somehow

Prepare myself when the onslaught comes
Shutting off what I never had
Am I bad
Prepare myself when the onslaught comes
Everything's so much clearer
When the lights are (bad)

Embracing denial, breathe air for a while
Nothing means everything now
Accepting the meangless course of our being here
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