

Withering Surface "Feed The Wolves"

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A delicate course served well
From the menu I wouldn't tell

As the intimate whispers dwell
And the grease flows
Now turn your back, please

Feed now, a blink, an inch of self esteem
Applause rounds off, within minutes you swoon

As you feed the wolves your eyes blitz of loss
As you feed the wolves I barely understand

The third course starts to smell
From the ,emu it makes no sense

As you feed the wolves your eyes blitz of loss
As you feed the wolves I barely understand
As you feed the wolves I barely understand
Now you fed the woles and I scratch my feverish flesh

As the intimate whispers dwell
And the grease flows
Now turn your back, please
As the intimate whispers dwell
And the grease flows
Now turn your back, please

The last course infects me well
From the menu I now can tell

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