

## Pig "Serial Killer Thriller"

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This is the dirt that grows the misery that you suck  
upon  
Oh come to bedlam you will find a fist to fuck upon  
This soul is itchin' to receive the taste upon your spoon  
My guilt will marry me and lies are gonna be my groom

\*Oh silence I can hear you  
Swinging slowly on the gentle rope

\*\*Serial killer thriller

Sinsation

Serial killer thriller

Sinsation

Serial killer thriller

Sinsation

Serial killer thriller

Just for you

And from your bitter string I suck upon all your bitter  
lies

And wait with baited bitter breath upon your bridal knife

I cannot take this thing you force into my face again

I cannot hate this thing you force into my face again

A choir of flies rehearse their hymns upon my open  
eyes

Your devil crawls to me to give my somewhere I can  
hide

\*&\*\*Repeat

\*&\*\*Repeat

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