

## Fermented Sloths

### "Infertilizer"

Visit "[Infertilizer](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

She seized her energy 'fore fading out  
She lit her cigarettes and made 'em count  
She breeds a reputation for a disease  
Purple tips, spreads her hips  
Fault magazines

Wannabe infertilizer  
Throw your stink into the fire  
Thrift store queen in full attire  
Wanna be in fertilizer?

And if she caught a butterfly, he'd pawn it off  
Just to find his hands inside another man's jar  
She might feed a raw man's greed if Hell persists  
And though it may, she may say she needed his shit

Wannabe infertilizer  
Throw your stink into the fire  
Thrift store queen in full attire  
Wanna be in fertilizer?

Wannaba infertilizer  
Throw instinct into the fire  
She's the season, you're the martyr  
Wanna be in fertilizer?

Visit [Fermented Sloths](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.