

## Too Tall Grizzly

### "Debauchery"

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We can never be anything more  
Than a sorry excuse for a fledgling plague  
But if we keep it up this way  
We'll have em' writhing, have em' running, keep em' all  
afraid

The coming plague of lusts  
Leaves me hard-pressed to whet my tongue,  
The flood of my ravenous past is leaving me high and  
dry

I make no guarantees, this would be hit or miss  
But honestly nothing rivals this bastards bliss

We've all pledged our ties  
To the insistent wracking of implication  
And let the locust set our bones  
And rattle the few left in the poisoned mold

A deadman's post-mortem swansong  
A masochistic creation of wealth  
Born and bred with the illest intention  
Vaccinated at the point of conception

I make no guarantees, this would be hit or miss  
But honestly nothing rivals this bastards bliss

Sing it like you got no shame,  
We're heaven sent we're heaven made

I dipped my toes in the drowning hole  
Force-fed from the mouth of blight  
We can break these patterns  
Of debaucherous nights

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