

Superjoint Ritual "Creepy Crawl"

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Countless hours, turning into, countless days
A doubtful outlook...

Digging from my grave, that's my home actually
Sick and angry for no reason at all
Falling into Manson's thrall...

Charlie's stare will draw you in
A god reborn? A total clown?
Now the truth...a five-six joke?
Or was he the one?
I can't change the exposed truth
God is gone, and never was, never will, never has been

Thoughts prevoke, a disgusting sight

If this is real? Or a chemical life?

Digging from my grave, that's my home actually
Sick and angry for no reason at all
Falling into Manson's thrall...

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