

## Superjoint Ritual "Death Threat"

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One, two  
One, two, three, four

I flipped a switch, I know it wouldn't take long  
You could time me like a whore  
If I had six, you'd swear I had a thousand  
You can mop me up in the morning

Cold, then fire, then cold, it's relentless

The headache of old, is the last of the importance  
I'll have [Incomprehensible] then another  
Its too late to stop the glut  
I'll go till my eyes roll shut, I'm fucked

Cold, then fire, then cold, it's relentless

Desperate buck, a spinning room  
Awake lost, across the street  
Pathetic luck, split lips  
A broken wrist, a death threat

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Desperate buck, a spinning room  
Awake lost, across the street  
Pathetic luck, split lips  
A broken wrist, a death threat  
A death threat, a death threat  
A death threat, a death threat, now

One, two, three, four

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