

Cold Slither

A Wilhelm Scream

Cobra...
cobra...
cobra...
dead weight
cobra...
cobra...
cobra...

the world gets dropped, left covered in rust
we'll rule it with an iron fist
behind a drum beat again
it's all over you motherfuckers
the moral to story is shit to a rug
two fingers up if judgement comes
and one keg stand
for satan

weak hearted sorry fakers,
in times of danger
they just fold up and run
if you are, you are
dead weight

cobra...
cobra...
cobra...
dead weight
cobra...
cobra...
cobra...

infection spread like iron to rust
the cure for the disease
like chain links surrounded me
sometimes they are

weak hearted sorry fakers,
in times of danger
they just fold up and run
if you are, you are
dead weight

and we might just show the world
the hopeless anger
in us
every other day is just more time to kill we want to wake
to find the sound
in aching waves from our hearts
nevertheless, we're just staring at a wall
manners, missed conscience!
where are you now
left staring at a wall

before that sound
forces us to stop, drop, and run,
hear me now
or watch the bodies pile

weak hearted sorry fakers,
in times of danger
they just fold up and run
if you are, you are
dead weight

when all the monumentous
lecherous imitations you pull off
start wearing off
to show what you are
if you are, you are
dead weight