

Beast of Honor

Auf Der Maur

I'm a taste test, at the beast fest,
Got your crest on my breast
Take one look at your cook
Feed yourself, I'm on a hook
(At this feast of ours)
The feast taste, you could say
Paints my taste on his face
(I'm in disguise, at this feast of ours, hours of devours)
Fall into the arms
Of a souvenir of healing
What a weak feeder, oh oh oh
Fall into the arms
Of a souvenir of healing
What a weak feeder, oh oh oh
I'm a harm healer
Such a weak feeder
What a gut teaser on a hook
I'm on a hook, I'm on a hook
Smell that cook
No more ditch dealer
I'm your dream digger
At this feast of ours,
I'm the beast of honor, Honor
Fall into the arms
Of a souvenir of healing
What a weak feeder, oh oh oh
I'm in disguise,
At this feast of ours