

Old

Bumblefoot

Poor obsolete man - I'm a burden to you all
You're leavin' me out in the cold
My spine's collapsing - can't remember what I'm told
My entity gives way to mold

We're growing old - our functions go
We're moving slow - scraping the bone
We grow cold

Maxxing atrophy - turning back into an egg
My brittle frame covers in folds
My teeth are free from the oppression of the jaw
Got a Swiss cheese colon and an artery full of spitballs

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