

Who's Sharon Tate
Think about her when it's very late
In the dark where I marinate
With a gun I stare and wait
You leave me soaking
I'm covered in you so open
You're wounded I feel so potent
When my enemies are broken
She said let us snap their necks to this
Demon in her got her extra pissed
Said she'd rather have sex than kiss
Why the fuck would you call an exorcist?
Help me recite this
Her face painted up like Emeritus
The second that you invite us in you sat Satan Beside us

The Ode of your fortune has been foretold!
If so you will find out tonight just how fucking cold!
Behold are you worth your weight in gold
If so you can call out to him tonight and sell your soul!

Amphetamine
I'm a losing horse filled with Ketamine
In a truck filled with Acetylene
Parked that shit near the mezzanine
Then I walked in a Chick-Fil-A
As I depart this shit souffle
You might want to get your kids away
There is bound to be another Tim McVeigh
At first I wrote this just trying to troll the hopeless
Until I noticed the hatred was building
So you should quote this
Doesnt Matter if you blast a priest
Of if you blast police
Doesnt matter if we fast or feast
We're still shitting out this masterpiece

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