

# Serpens Deorum

Cage

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  
Or if you blast police  
Doesnt matter if we fast or feast  
We're still shitting out this masterpiece

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