

Oxblood

Cane Hill

Welcome to the farm tonight
I run the joint, your room's outside
Play in the dirt, roll in the mud
No shirt, no shoes, just greed to cut

Welcome to the farm tonight
I run the joint, here's your new life
Eat the worm, swallow the flies
No shirt, no shoes, just appetites

Amputee
Amputee
Amputee
Oh fuck!

I'm black market Jesus
And I got the blood you need
But I need a promise to secrecy
Or you get nothing from me

You want Type A? (I got it)
You need Type B? (I got it)
Open your veins (I got it)
Dine with me

Welcome to the farm, tonight
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Play in the dirt, roll in the mud
No shirt, no shoes, just greed to cut

Welcome to the farm tonight
I run the joint, here's your new life
Eat the worm, swallow the flies
No shirt, no shoes, just amputee

I'm your dot com savior
I'm your dot com savior

Doctors playing God
But I play the game
The wild wild west of saving lives
Paid for everything

Doctors playing God
I play the game
Transfusion made a king out of me

Welcome to the farm tonight
I run the joint, your room's outside
Play in the dirt, roll in the mud
No shirt, no shoes, just greed to cut

Welcome to the farm tonight
I say, welcome to the farm tonight

Let's make a deal, friend
Let's make a deal, friend

Let's make a deal, friend
Let's make a deal