

Spill Your Guts

Creature Feature

We're frail
So frail and weak
Our body's frail
We're all just meat
So easily scarred
So easily beat
It doesn't take much
For us to spring a leak
It doesn't take much
To perish in your sleep
We're soft
Soft and smooth
Just beef and sauce
Perfect for stew
So easily squashed
So easily bruised
It doesn't take much
To strip us to the bone
It doesn't take much
Work to make us croak

We're all marching in the same parade
Biding our time in this silly masquerade
We're all headed steadfast to the grave
With all the fuss, we'll soon be dust
And then you'll spill your guts!
Will you burn out?
Or will you fade away?
Will you die young?
Or within old age
We're all dying
To make it out unscathed
With all the fuss, we'll soon be dust
And soon you'll spill your guts!

We're doomed
From the start
We're all bruised
Did I mentioned scarred?
So easily strewn
So easily marked
It doesn't take much
To tear us apart
It doesn't take much
Force to stop our hearts
We're [?]
Prone to leak
[?] facades
Rought with decease
So easily clawed
So easily freed
It doesn't take much
Stress to make us crack
It doesn't take much
Strength to break our backs

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We're all headed [?] to the grave
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And then you'll spill your guts!
Will you burn out?
Or will you fade away?
Will you die young?
Or within old age
We're all dying
To make it out unscathed
Why all the fuss? we'll soon be dust
And soon you'll spill your guts!

A knife in the back from a friend
Or a bump on the head?
A ruptured appendix
Or maybe a virus instead
A clot in your veins
Or the voice of a snake in the grass
A chest full of blood clots
Or maybe a slip in the bath

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