Shh, It'll Be Our Little Secret

Death By Stereo

Neck deep in bullshit all the lies that you spit They worship you! They worship you! Another day another dollar Will you forgive me father? Will you forgive me father?

Go pack your bags, let's take a guild trip A special kind of place where we erase the lies We're flying high above the rest Pay a litlle fee and the worries off my chest

With every penny and every cent The truth just keeps on getting bent Now, now, confess your sins and bail me out No court in the world's got this kind of clout

They worship the ground you walk on, I worship the ground that awaits you

Too many bones just keep on piling up high in the dark Skeletons in the closet, you're not looking smart I should take you're cock and shove it straight through your he art

Go pack your bags, let's take a guild trip A special kind of place where we erase the lies We're flying high above the rest Pay a litlle fee and the worries off my chest

They worship the ground you walk on, I worship the ground that awaits you And as you molest and destroy Look for me in hell, you'll be my boy

FUCKING DIE

NO! NO! You'll fucking bleed NO! NO! Just wait and see NO! NO! This will not be

NO! NO! You'll fucking bleed NO! NO! Just wait and see NO! NO! This will not be