

Spirit Cooker

Dog Fashion Disco

Are you coming over tonight?
Are you coming over tonight?
Slap them, wounding, into my arms
Why don't you come on over tonight?

Eat the pain, calm the mind
We'll paint the walls with our insides
Eat the pain, calm the mind
We'll paint the walls with our insides

Are you coming over tonight?
You feel just like death to me
You pull all of the breath from me
You feel just like death to me, to me

Beyond all depravity, or fortune tellers' tragedy
Or fortune tellers' tragedy
Or fortune tellers' tragedy

With a sharp knife in your right
And cut deeply into the middle finger
Of your left and then
Let yourself go

Eat the pain, calm the mind
We'll paint the walls with our insides
Let yourself go, let yourself go

Until we cease to exist, until we cease to exist
Until we cease to exist, until we cease to exist

Birtherd within the bowels of Hell
True or not, I cannot tell
Secret sect, burned cult
Spirit cooker

Until we cease to exist
Until we cease to exist
Until we cease to exist
Until we cease to exist
Let yourself go
Let yourself go
Let yourself go
Let yourself go

You feel just like death to me
You pull all the breath from me
You feel just like death to me (death to me)
Beyond all depravity
Or fortune tellers' tragedy
You feel just like death to me