

# Plagues

Ghostemane

One day I'ma end up in a urn on a mantle  
Roll my remains in a blunt, light it up smoke  
I put a hex on my ex she won't Lee me lone  
Cause I made a move and never comin back home but I ain't shit but a wretche  
d individual  
Pentacle made of stone by the window  
Considered one to love the devil by the sheeple  
But they don't really know shit let em bleed on they mothafuckin knees let e  
m bleed

Aye  
Fuck Anton Lavey  
You're the reason edgy mothafuckers are a thing  
Anyone who bought your bible is a damn fake  
Rest in piss I hope your followers hang

On a rope  
Aye  
Lookin for the antidote  
Wanna break away I'm a slave to the physical  
Plane

Fuck xans in my white vans can I get another tab

Or the psilocybe  
I'm sick of life committing psychedelic suicide

All I ever wanted was a way to find the inner light  
Re-enlightenment the way of a thelemite

Finn

Praying for my luck to change but its not looking good for me  
(Show me the light I will go)

I wake  
Another day and I  
Can't help but wonder why  
Some seem to have it all while others suffer like myself  
I can't keep counting down the days until I find what it means to be at one  
with myself  
I can't keep counting  
Down the days

I am so tainted by temptation  
All I wanted was to breathe  
So far away from the toxins in the air of this place  
I can't keep counting down the days until I find what it means to be at one  
with myself  
I can't keep counting  
Down the days

Close your eyes so tightly  
So no liquid can escape  
And point your chin at the sun  
Keep the blackness at bay

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