

Rapture

Ghostemane

I'm sodomizin' your bitch till the dawn break
Hands around her neck till she red faced
Buddha on my throat cause I meditate
You fuckin' waste of space, don't you procreate

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Soon as the moon hit it's peak
Bound your hands and feet
Placin' my hand on your face
Utterin' Latin speech
Pullin' a dagger up outta my waist I place it in between your teeth
Soon as Vega hits the Zenith I pull it and you bleed
I don't respond to no beef
I would rather croak
I'm too enlightened to speak
Yes I am too woke
Pentagram on my ski
But just to provoke
You to question and seek
What you think you know

Don't pop
Fuck dope
Drunk at the Citadel
Sip the blood of Christ
Drive
Now I got a D-U-I
Old soul
Really though
Never leave my house I don't
Wanna go
Anywhere cause in a full room I'm alone
No I don't
Feel like I'm from here at all
Think a meteor with my cells hit Earth here long ago
Makin' me a thing from a world where we don't give a fuck
About what anyone else doin' I would rather not know

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