

Worms Eat My Brain For Breakfast

late night drive home

I feel so misunderstood
Now that I've been laid to rest
In my grave, it must come to an end
Greasy, crawling maggots creep through my bed

She took what's mine
Then buttered me up
I watched her kindly drown me to death

Ella me habla lindo
Ella me lee como un libro
Me mata despacito
Tírame una flor