

Raise the Dead

Mac Lethal

Hey yo and that's the reason people own pets
Unconditional love can mean no stress
I'm so stressed
And I'm not perfect
I admit that I'm not perfect
I'm just really good at making these decisions that ain't worth it
Stuck in a bloodshot purgatory
You heard the story
I stopped working for drugs when drugs stopped working for me
That ain't a monkey on my back it's a gorilla pimp
As long as I got family around me still a wimp
I'm a decorated soldier in a subatomic culture
Only read my horoscope when it's good (when it's good)
My nephew is autistic
But he's such a precious person that I wouldn't make him normal if I could
Misunderstood
Surround myself with good friends every day I smoke grape
From the first August morning to the the last snowflake
I'm a product of time something divine
I went and drank a whole entire bottle of wine and I was fine Let's go!

I'm alive cause there's nothing else to do
I drank a little whiskey and I realized all the pain is cause of you
I'm alive cause of all the words you said
I buried all the painful memories but you you you had to raise the dead
You had to raise the dead
You had to raise the dead
You had to raise the dead

It's the reason people do drugs
The energy they have is all used up
I'm used up and I'm nervous
I admit it fucking nervous
And it has got me telling family my phone's been out of service (right)
Watch my blue carcass as it floats
Suck the venom out the puncture wound on my throat
You better cut the cancer out, my heart lover
You're standing in the dark gutter dancing with the star fuckers
I'm a decorated soldier in a porn crazy culture
Only read my horoscope when it's good
The weather is getting treacherous and colder
Held the planet till the pressure of it left me with a separated shoulder where I stood
I'm a blacksmith of the therapeutic tracklist
Bloodstained wine glasses
Dilapidated wood
The girl is someone's daughter but if you ain't gonna love her
Probably shouldn't even bother if you think you could

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Flatspot wheels like I can't roll on
Rope burns hurt but God damn hold on

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I'm gonna raise the dead
Gonna raise the dead

See I'm a decorated soldier in a subatomic culture
Only read my horoscope when it's good (when it's good)
My cousin is a lesbian but not a thing is wrong with her
I want to make her happier
But I don't think I could
I hope for good news every day is slow-paced
Let's have a BBQ and drinks tonight and stay at home base
But if you're an alcoholic it's alright
We're gonna toast a bottle full of Sprite to your quality of life

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