

Black Magic

Miniature Tigers

If you want a war
I will give you a war
I'm sorry but the proper phrase is bummin' me out
Be still like a T-Rex
She can sense movement
She'll be havin' us for dinner

I speak for everyone
We're sick of it
We've had enough
So please take care of it
Her black magic is tearing up my friends

It's really creepy when you call me sweetheart
Maybe 'cause your horns are pokin' out from your skull
Let's go
Stand toe to toe
She's fuckin' with your head
She's got her hands on our throats

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We've had enough
So please take care of it
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Oh Oh
Oh Oh
Oh Oh
Oh Oh
May lightning bolts find you
May they char the skin you're in
At least for now

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