

# 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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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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