Throw Up

If it's blood that you need to make the pills go down, I will spill the blood If the flies that you eat are tasting twice as sweet, they came from rotting meat If the skin on your teeth is drawing thin like a leaf, and you are feeling weak You can thank me

[CHORUS:] You say what you gotta say, I know Feel the pain that you feel today, I know It's a puzzle that we figure out Take the hate and you spit it out Take what's left and you let it in, let it in

Now the scum from the creek is filling up your cheeks, and you can hardly speak While the bones in your brain grind themselves away, they will make you sane If the steps of your path reflect your building wrath, they will be your last And you can thank me

[CHORUS]

Got all the symptoms of decay You see disease and look away Begin the swarming from the caves Burning the fields of amber waves Raising the dead up from the grave Amass an army of rotting slaves