

# CLEAVER VALLEY

Semetary

Real trap shit

DJ Sorrow

Well, I'm coming down the road in my hearse  
Feel the hate come from the trees and the birds  
In Cleaver Valley, eyes are watching in the earth  
Your lil' God got no power in my woods  
Cleaver-  
God damn! DJ Sorrow, run that shit back!

Well, I'm coming down the road in my hearse  
Feel the hate come from the trees and the birds  
In Cleaver Valley, eyes are watching in the earth  
Your lil' God got no power in my woods

Cleaver Valley, Cleaver Valley  
Feel the hate come from the deer and the bees  
Cleaver Valley, Cleaver Valley  
Where the dead dance all among the trees

I got bone chimes, sticks upon my wall  
We gon' watch the world burn come the fall  
October country, where the river runneth red  
Fireside, singing hymns of the dead

Cleaver Valley, Cleaver Valley  
Feel the hate come from the deer and the bees  
Cleaver Valley, Cleaver Valley  
Where the dead dance all among the trees

Smokey Bear said you're all gonna burn  
Find us in the woods walking till it hurts  
You know my cutter is my only fucking friend  
I know he'll stay true to me till the end

Cleaver Valley, Cleaver Valley  
Feel the hate come from the deer and the bees  
Cleaver Valley, Cleaver Valley  
Where the dead dance all among the trees

What's real? I don't know anymore  
Haunted Mound, we come knocking at your door  
Dark figures come approaching in the mist  
Say goodbye to the hundred acre wrist  
(Sing it with me!)

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Feel the hate come from the deer and the bees  
Cleaver Valley, Cleaver Valley  
Where the dead dance all among the trees

DJ Sorrow