

Suffer

Sematary

H-H-H-Hauntaholics

Yaah

Real Haunted Mound

Grave Man

Aaahhh

Suffer my wrist, suffer my wrist
Suffer my wrist, yeah
Suffer my wrist
Your lil wrist suffering, begging like Jesus, yeah
Suffer my wrist, suffer my neck
Die for my wrist, yeah
Look at my wrist
Diamonds show blood like crucifixion
Blood of the lamb
Pour it out over my wrist, yeah
Suffer my wrist
I do not suffer no bitch, nah
Clips on clips
Skulls on my wrist, they scream, yeah
Suck my dick
Made that lil demon bitch kiss my wrist
(Hauntaholics)

Ride in a hearse so you can call me a damn Skull Rider
Already high, look like a dead body gettin' higher
My Dragula skates, bitch suckin' me look like Winona Ryder
Die for my wrist, spend it all up and burn in that hell fire forever
Grave Man, I pull up with reapers up in my Jeeper Creeper
Shawty got pretty blue eyes, I'mma carve out her damn peepers, yaah
I got a hot head and cleaver, I always got a damn fever, yeaah
My eyes turning so yellow when I'm drinking that Tussarina, yeaah
Finger licking, pistol whipping, stay true like True Religion, yeah
Took three Oxys, I don't feel like living, I live fast like Affliction
I'm nailed to the cross, straight through the veins, got my wrist busted
The end is nigh, the world crushes, I'm off Robitussin

Robitussin, we fucked up
I'm fucked up off 4 drugs
That sun's up and you better run
There's a body bag stuffed in the trunk
Could a corpse lying dead, cold, stiff and sedate
Even cry in the bed that it once lay awake?
I don't know, but there's a leaking, weeping, dark red stain
Scrub the sheets, cleaning, bleaching, peeling off the decay
How you gonna crawl away from a gunshot?
Skewered with an oak tree branch I just sawed off
Almost autumn, I'm just counting all the leaves fall
You'll be hidden, you'll be missing, on a poster, dead and gone
All these wings up on my jeans, I'm not tryna go to heaven
I'm just tryna be released, heart beating with a hammer

Suffering for my wrist though
In my Butcher House, blood on the walls
When I die, bury me in smoke
So in peace my soul will go
I'ma get a Breitling

I'm all alone, bitch, fuck it all
If I die, bury it in my tomb
So my wrist will be icy though
(Aaaaaaaaaaaaaagh)

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