

Sold My Soul To Satan Waiting In Line At The Mall

\$uicideboy\$

Roll up and I'll light a fucking match to the gas, no gas mask
Make it splash and all of a sudden I'm getting ashes
Lasting more than I can fathom
Mass appeal is real it seems
Mass didn't appeal to me
Six six six
Wrists glisten cause of slits
Heads missing so I split
Driven apathy, actually traffic, no tragic car accidents happen
You're just a fucking blip
It only matters cause we're matter scattering around a hole tha
t gets blacker

Hold up before I blow up, give me one more time I can pour up
Got the wheels spinning but my blood's thinning
Oddy telling me that it's time to quit it
But I can't, I'll faint
Just one lil' taste real quick so I get straight
I'm so in debt with this shit, I can't pay
I'm so in love with this shit, I can't think
Mind gone blank
I just keep sinking, ducked out sleeping
These drugs my weakness
Seek this money, wrist keep bleeding
And it's seeming
That the death of me is gonna be these demons

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I got six phones, I got six homes, I got a grave six feet tall
What do I know? Failed chemistry
Hated religion, fuck it all