All of Our Lives Will Get Tried

Superjoint Ritual

Sweet spoon pussy, working your tongue
In a circular motion
Tie it off, cause it will bleed

There is no sound in here
A dim bulb swinging slowly

As I'm looking down, it's my life that gets tested
As I said before, it's me hanging inside the whipping cell
The brightness surrounds us in spite of Hell
All our lives will get tried

Sugar cut eighty-eight percent, doggy style pin prick
Seventies bush, eighties bald

There is no sound in here
A dim bulb swinging slowly

There went my precious self
Last chance to see where prayer will lead you...

As I'm looking down, it's my life that gets tested
As I said before, it's me hanging inside the whipping cell
The brightness surrounds us in spite of Hell
All our lives will get tried

Test it, study it
Think about it when you're lying in a ditch

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