Permanently

Superjoint Ritual

We're taking on, too much at once
Tables turning, the traps are set
We're sticking our big dick into the business
That hardly concerns us, he's ignorant

We're pissing off, our biggest rivals
With a shrug or a shoulder
If we're going into this half-cocked
We'll get cold cocked, clean clocked

To permanently kill yourself
To permanently kill your family
To permanently kill your God
To permanently kill the rest of the fucking population

Malaise, contagious cadaver undisposed of
Flowering bacterial, death display
Some will cry that this is the vengeance of death
Walk to the last breath, nothing will hesitate
Only death, no great rewards

To permanently kill yourself
To permanently kill your family
To permanently kill your God
To permanently kill the rest of the fucking population

Destined to lay, suspended like a fetus in the womb
Your death experience is common and sobering
To the radiating children of the dead God

Children of the dead God
Children of the dead God
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Children of the dead God
Children of the dead God

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