

Killed by Ants

The Briefs

That boy was killed by ants
They bit him hard
There was nothing left
On a desert in Africa
They tried to beat him with a spatula
That boy was killed by ants
They bit him hard
There was nothing left
On the desert he was all they had
A little bit of what he once was
Who'd think the family would sell the lies?
Make a featuring film 'bout the poor boy's life
Called "Killed By Ants"

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That lady was killed by slugs
They crawled out of her eyes
Guess her grave was dug
Her daughter was so cool
She liked to lay with her thoughts
She must of fell asleep
They decided to rush
That lady was killed by slugs
They crawled out of her ears
Guess her grave was dug
All alone they ate her insides
What a sad way for her to die
Her husband made a call to the New York Times
Wrote a best selling a novel 'bout her sordid life
Called "Killed By Slugs"

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Oh what a nasty way to die
Man, there's not much left of you
Oh well, all your friends and family sigh
And dry your eyes
How'd all this happen?
Oh, maybe its the perfect time
You are perfectly deceased
You'll leave a legacy for all to read
Well ain't that something?

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