

# Orgasm of Death

The Growlers

Did I not show you a way out  
Beneath the veil you saw my vision wrapped in doubt  
You're not my son and not my muse  
As you remind me though I never thought this true

Vices squeeze us till we're blue me and you  
That's of no concern to me that don't cause me misery  
It's time times what I can't control, same as you  
Fear of going back to find all the nothingness we left behind

Superstition is a hoax  
Even though we both cannot seem to practice what we know  
Stepping over every crack  
Waiting for sweet life to break our bloodied backs

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Let's not show our faces till the end  
Till our dreaming slows till nothings left  
When we meet the orgasm of death