

## Cut Off The Head

## To The Grave

Slaves to the saw  
Bloodshed on red carpets  
Roll em out, every sick dog marked a target  
Shove all your help  
Shovelling shit on my shoulders  
And cracking their belts

Cancer cut from the meat  
Tumour torn from their teeth  
I've taken bigger shits than their band  
You'll learn to snitch, learn to burn every bridge  
Open every decade old slit on the wrist  
Hold out your hands

Here's some advice, stop  
Not much left after they've taken their cuts  
Give up  
Cunts that can't hack it and kids that won't make the

Sliced necks  
Kill all your friends  
Do anything to get a head  
What the fuck is the message again?  
All pretend, no substance  
Cut them down to size  
Ties are severed, severed, severed  
They said over my dead body  
I said my fucking pleasure  
Deathcore is dead

Cut off the head  
Too sick to save  
Don't speak its name  
Rip out the page, rip out the page

Slaves to the grave  
Oh yes, we're making a killing  
Got em all hooked, dragged into the sheds for the milking  
Get the message yet?  
Take a fucking hint  
The truth, hard to stomach  
Cut your shoot  
This is your bit  
Yuck

Killing for the sake of killing  
I'll save you some time, I've checked  
There's nothing new in the lyrics  
You're all just maggots swarming on my meat  
Defecate on your dinner plates  
Already morbid obese  
Still, they ordered a feast

Advice? Stop  
Puppets have tangled their strings  
Dying in nooses they made  
Too many flies on the wall, might need to fumigate

Sliced necks  
Kill all your friends  
Do anything to set a trend  
What the fuck is the message again?  
All weakness, no justice  
Cut them down to size  
Ties are severed, severed, severed  
They said "over my dead body"  
I said my fucking pleasure  
Deathcore is dead

They're teaching violence to their offspring  
Carve a meat chart right into their fucking soft skin  
Just to help them never forget the side they picked  
Given a birds-eye view through chain-link  
Armed & active, it's target practice  
Look what the rat dragged in

Dying, weak  
In the bin