

Bugging for Mercy

Hackneyed

You turn me on, I turn you off
You scream out loud, I come above
I spread my wings, you feel it itch
You make me burn now; be my bitch

The parasites are coming
The parasites are coming home

They're - coming your way,
They are coming your way
And they'll stay - stay
Staying to play till you are
Dead and rotted away

The parasites are coming
The parasites are coming home

Nothing to you. You feel it scrabble into
Inside your body, right through
And there is nothing to do

Begging of me. You've something to feed
Some craving need. Need to eat

I'LL BRING YOU DOWN!

The parasites are coming
The parasites are coming home