

Howlie

Tomahawk

Fat, dumb and poor
Who will scrape you off the floor?
Lean, sharp, clean [?] try to scream
[?] the scene

Thirteenth step
Thirteenth step
What the fuck's next?
Thirteenth step
[?] soaked and half dead
Houses as you wanna show [?] red
I know you're lining our time for us in bed
[?] mind

Let's do it like depraved teens still fucking
Sewer systems still sucking, grimy old vault cold cases
And pregnant faces, when your ox gets gored
Then the story changes

Doomsday fatigue
We all jerked off to the same thing
What's your plan? How do we put food to pan?
Howlie, get off the island
Get off my land
Get off my land

Back to your regular scheduled programming

Where's my soul?
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