

Jakprogresso - Jars de Vourdalak

Intro:

Look dusty and worn, yo you can see all these live on stage, he moved to New York and paid his fucking high rent, yo, yo

Verse:

You could live normal if death's done right, journal entry one write, hands got caught red one night

Walkin' out the woods from a fresh dumpsite, my courderoys got wet cum white (eww), stains from spread blood types

I write dark shit, put fear in a sense, stabbed 'til my fist disappears in your chest

The murder sounds swell, dropped my formula in the town well, the machine ghost flow out shƎpull

Mouth water, from how the louse smƎpull, bird floor stink like sour wells

I spit the water, then bathe poor kids in, the faceform switches in the dawn of the day born different

Giving life light by eight sworn witches, faith more thin, crate mortician eight horn brimlit

**Scalpin' dead pale flesh open up desire, male witch trial I'm posted up in fire
Heads on sticks it shows from postin' up in flyer, ceremonial bread soakin' up in cider**

Outro:

This man is tragical. I can feel it, all around us now...