

Talking To God (On a Microphone Made Of Steel)

Mistress

Black paint is peeling from the inside of a face
Worn as a mask to cover the naked mind

It's all lies and subterfuge, smoke and mirrors
Life for sale, 1 owner, badly soiled and stained

Fuck it up the arse, I don't want it
Take it back I'm done with it
How damn wrong can your whole goddamn life be?
You call it gift but I call it dirt
You hear me, God? Go fuck yourself
You might be God but it don't mean shit to me

The last remnants of a dream
That's been bound and gagged then fucking died
Lose your head and it can really blow your mind

Locust plague haemorrhage, hands of blood and piss
I'll be motherfucker, king in the latrine

So place your bets, I'll take your bets
No time for tears and no regrets
Just hate yourself for what you don't have the balls to be
When it's all unravelling
So dionysian, ecstatic
Talking to God with a microphone made of steel

No regrets, no regrets
Naked and bleeding but no regrets
Live now only for the day when you can sleep forever
No more giving your love away like so much cheap wine
The air screams, no tears
The air bleeds, no tears
And no coming back

Part of the deal, you knew the possibilities
Aware, of sound mind and fucked
You wanted all this porcelain
You always knew it could be cracked
And now it's finally smashed
It's finally broken beyond repair
Spilt milk runs red one tick to hell please
Haha!