

43% Burnt

The Dillinger Escape Plan

I smell that whore.
Bring me back.
Bring me a brick.
Take my bottle and break it.
Pour it all out.
I pushed you too far.
Self absorb that pity.
I want to knock you off your horse.
I just feel it, everything is fine.
Spit on yourself, you're so beautiful.
Crack and chip off like the sun won't shine down.
Take your medicine like a champ, while that sting can last a million years.
Self absorb that utopia so bad, I just feel it.