God We Look Good (Going Down In Flames)

The Exies

Carry the God, going down in flames
A perfect design for shifting the blame
And I am the one, the one who's in trouble
And this is the pill, the pill that we swallow

The death of us all, the cash, the kill
They're selling us off to make the deal
Are you ready to go? Are you ready to know?
Then brace yourself, I'll tell you

Love, it's ready for the taking
And the guns, I love the noise they're making
And the words, scare the God-fearing
But the drugs, the drugs, they keep us all selling out

The bullets will fly, I'm caught in the game
I'm packaged, repackaged, so what's in a name?
It's more than I thought but worse than I feared
To go first in anger and then with tears

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I'm dead like a doll, I've had my fill

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