

# Piss Up a Rope

Vanna

Hang my head, no hope.

Piss up a fucking rope.

Cityscapes as I escape.

My real city lies behind my face.

Blood vessels as I decay.

Oh what a beautiful place. Oh what a beautiful place.

I'm losing everything.

I'm losing everything.

I'm losing everything.

Where is my fucking mind?

I'm hearing voices

I'm hearing voices

I'm hearing voices

Echoing inside my hollow head.

My brain is dead.

Living behind my eyes with no space to roam.

Locked in by lies, so my head becomes my home.

My head becomes my home.

But this house doesn't feel like a home.

It's made of rust and rotting bone.

So I'm selling every thought inside.

Fuck it, I'm gonna leave it behind.

Nothing adds up. it's never enough.

So call it quits and stop giving a fuck.

Watch me as my walls cave in,

And my head gives way again.

Hang my head, no hope.

Piss up a fucking rope.

Hang my head, hang my head, no hope.

Living behind my eyes with no space to roam.

Locked in by lies, so my head becomes my home.

With no space to roam.

My head, my head becomes my home.

I build up these walls like a home.

Swing through, make broken bones.

Wrecking ball, crumble and fall.

Piss up a fucking rope.

Fuck it, I'm gonna leave it behind.