

Made Of Gold

Abandon All Ships

Fuck that when I die I'd rather go to hell
I speak the fucking truth
It's not hard to fucking tell
I'd tattoo it on my fucking face
Fuck you, I'll never fucking change.

When you've come to the end of the road
and all your stories have been told
21 let me show you what I've done
Your losing battle I've already won
our wounds become undone
and expose our hearts made of gold
21 let me show you what I've done
your losing batter
has just begun

I looked into my future
was blinded by the light
On the path now
Doesn't matter left or right
never had to choose
never had to say I might
well I might be fucking short
Never intimated by height
Baby leave those heels on
I'm almost at the top
Not my peak yet
so I'm never gonna stop
But maybe I'm too high
Maybe it's the pills I pop
I might fucking die
When I fucking drop.

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