

The Great Depression

Aesthetic Perfection

Hey you mother fucking son of a bitch,
How dare you speak about it like you know,
Without strife or strain,
Each leg keeps moving,
Always deviating from the path.

So it's,
Left right,
Left right,
Left right,
Back,
Don't forget your head where you left it,
Now it's too late,
Too late,
It's so easy to complain,
Once you've found a sympathetic ear.

Chorus

Hey,
Wait,
Is this the answer?
These scars are nothing but a lie,
Lay,
Waste,
Bleeding hearts will always run dry,
The worst great depression is my life.

So you feel your life is buried in shit?
Well I've got some bad news for you,
Why don't we share some lines?
Slaughtered like swine,
California dreams of suicide,
You're all P-A-T-H-E-T-I-C,
That is how it is and how it stays,
I like to take the drugs,
'cause love is merely chemical,
Throw it all away and suck it down.

Chorus