

Magic Misery

Bladee

Less than dead, bless myself
Rest, I am at rest

Throne made of stone, crown made of bones
Drained of blood, of blood
Skull crushed
Mystical, beautiful
Tragically alone
Wonderful

On top an enormous black stone, wet with dew, me and you
Would be too good to be true
But I've fallen through the cracks of the floor in a decorated
hallway
And I'm sorry

Magic misery, tragic romance
Magic misery, so-so soulless
Magic misery, the dying spark of a star
Fuck you all
Magic misery, endless, hopeless
Magic misery, so-so, so dead
Magic misery, sulfuric, sick of it all
Endless frost

My wrist looks like a chainsaw, it's hitting like a baseball
I'm hanging with the A-listers, exister
I am the one that makes calls, I'm paying with the face card
I'll be there when the fake disperse, insister
I'm evil with the tazer, hire assassinations
The botox lizard facelifter, paint pictures
Disaster
Faint, obscure

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