

## Victor Vs. The Victim

Boys Night Out

This is the sound of tooth against bone  
Against cheering crowds and broken homes.  
This is the sound of tooth against bone  
Against cheering crowds and broken homes.  
This is the end of my rope,  
So bite down...tell me how this concrete tastes  
And tell me for the last time that you're sorry  
So i can laugh out loud as i watch you struggle;  
Broken, bloody and barely breathing.  
The truth is, there's been an autumn in me  
And it's been that way since may.  
Yeah, i've hoped forever  
Diminishing myself with my unconscious.  
This is the sound of tooth against bone  
Against cheering crowds and broken homes.  
Yeah, this is the sound of tooth against bone  
Against cheering crowds and broken homes.  
This is the end of the line  
And my shoes, ripped and ruined from running,  
Have finally found their final resting place  
At the base of your skull...and once again  
Someone's left to clean up your mess.