

Cracking out from the window
We are here to sell our souls
We came to sell what's in our veins
We're so sick and tired
Lost our children seeking fame
Under our hearts
Right back where she belongs

For the moment we may be dead to all your hearts in hand
They're sold in everything we do and it's here to stay

Fuck, fuck, fuck the money
We came to get inside your head
We'll make you feel a feeling
When you're lying naked all alone in your bed

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We came to stop these so called artists from singing sinful songs
I'm here to tell you everything you're doing is wrong
We're staying up late nights, oh
We're getting in fist fights, yeah
We're spinning out new press so be careful what you call original

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When you're lying naked all alone in your bed (2x)

Stand up or sit down, I think I've had enough
So I get back around, build myself up
So where and who and what I want to be
But only I can make your spirit float in front of me

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