

No More

DeathbyRomy

We can plan a murder or start a religion
Anything you want 'cause I don't see you living enough
No, oh no
You paint pretty pictures 'cause you say you love me
All your words look fiction when you say I'm lovely
No, no, no more
No, no, no more

You said that we all sleep on you
Think that you've got shit to prove
Aren't we lucky that we get to know you
Talk, talk your talk that's all you do
Can't you see, its so see-through?
Mr. Cellophane I'm over you
No more, no more
No more, no more

No, Jesus don't wear thorns
He's got gold chains that he adorns on his neck
Pull them closer, cut the check, oh
Is the weight weighing on your chest
Too much for the crown you try to
Hold up on a broken head
No, no, no more
You're better off dead

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