

Insecthead

Dismantled

(Oh, God)

My stomach's on backwards
And my blood's turned to powder
Can you help me out? (Oh, God)

My skull is changing shape
And when I look in the mirror
All I see is an insecthead (Oh, God)

They're in the ceiling tiles
This whole god damned place is bugged
Gonna find these motherfuckers (Oh, God)

I'm outside your front door
And if your shit is unlocked
I'm gonna come inside, come inside

I want your blood on my teeth
Your dirt on my face
Smear all the walls with your best pose yet

I want your blood on my teeth
Your dirt on my face
Smear all the walls with your best pose yet

I think I'm gonna

Fuck my way out of this mess
Fuck my way out of this mess
Fuck my way out of this mess
Can you help me?
Can you help me?

Fuck my way out of this mess
Fuck my way out of this mess
Fuck my way out of this mess
Can you help me?
Can you help me out?...

(Oh, God)

I'm running through the forest
With your skin in the wind
Like the flags on Independence Day (Oh, God)

It's getting darker and deeper
The only light that guides me
Are the flashbacks of you on your knees (Oh, God)

When are you gonna put a bullet in my head?
I know they all can't wait
To have my head on a silver plate (Oh, God)

Can't you see that I'm laughing?
This life is one sick joke
And we all hang from the highest branches

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Fuck my way out of this mess
Can you help me?
Can you help me out?...