

Nastylicious, you have failed again
Guilt is just a word, greed is everything
Can you feel the thrill, taking whatever comes your way
Nastylicious, you have failed again
Guilt is just a word, greed is everything
Can you feel the thrill, taking whatever comes your way
Get it, get up that hill, growing inside the modern muse, smell
of decay

We won't ever be the same again, you and me
How it all came down to this, we cannot agree
And now I hear I'm saying that I care, but that's a lie
The lust is eating in on me, won't even try

She went in and out, it's a useless fate
Revoltng cynical, it is all too late
You're my inner force
I feel no remorse

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