

Heard you finally found peace
I can rattle that
If you've got a dark side
I can channel that
They don't make a policy to cover all the damage that
I do when the rose blooms to a battle axe

Blacking out all the light
Like a ripe cyclone
Never looking for a fight
They just all tag along
Creeping everybody out like a Skarsgård
Leave conflict crispy like a Charizard

Turning everybody's secrets into satire
Spraying all this napalm on your campfire
Turning all your rainbows into fight scenes
I'm the reason that we can't have nice things
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Why you gotta gaslight what's left of me
Hank Hill with a propane accessory
Hope you kept locks on the box where the diamond is
I'm don't make friends, just rebel alliances

I don't need to get hype
I'm a ripe cyclone
Setting traps in the night
Kinda like Home Alone
I can help if your heart needs a pharmacy
Cause I don't ever miss when I aim for the artery

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