

I've killed myself I've been born again,
With razor fangs for these bitter men.
I'm filled with rancor for my fate,
I've clothed my soul in these rags of hate.
As I fall down on these bloody knees,
Perception shattered, now I see.
Intoxicated in hindsight, I'm going to get you on the flipside.
on the flipside.
on the flipside.
on the flipside.
on the flipside.
on the flipside.
on the flipside.
I'm going to get you on the flipside