You've got a need to suffer Prepare to duck and cover It's coming to you Words are unnecessary When you are dead and buried Does it matter to you?

You've got a need to suffer
Set fire to your lover
It's coming to you
No sense of precedent that
Hate is the evidence that
It all points to you
You can't view the shoreline from the sea

Now I wondered through the day
This fucking look upon my face
Blessed are the ones who help me on my way
Now you're better off dead

You've got a need to suffer
Set fire to your brother
It's coming to you
No sense of precedent that
Hate is the evidence that
It all points to you
You can't tell famine from disease

Now I wondered through the day
This fucking look upon my face
Blessed are the ones who help me on my way
Now you're better off dead

You turn it off 'cause it turns you on We all burn up under the sun We're looking for you, I said We're looking for you You turn it off 'cause it turns me on We all burn up under the sun We're looking for you, I said We're fucking looking for you What is wrong again? What is wrong again?! It's our chance to make you suffer! We're looking for you

Now I wondered through the day
This fucking look upon my face
Blessed are the ones who help me on my way
Now you're better of dead, dead, dead