

# Monster

Flotsam and Jetsam

Running them off the highway  
Running them off the rail  
Running their babies into cold black water  
Just me and my stash and my scale

Filling the tank over flowing  
Filling a dirty syringe  
Filling another cemetery  
Hope drinking blood don't make you cringe no

Seeing is still not believing  
Seeing that you're still here  
Seeing you fall from the eighth floor window  
Your reputation to smear

Shooting in every direction  
Shooting stars inside our heads  
Shooting before you see the whites of their eyes  
I bet you never thought you'd see me dead no

I'm turning into a monster  
I'll turn the heat up high  
I'll turn away from this mess I'm burning  
The smell of skin on fire  
I'm turning into a monster  
I'll turn the heat up high  
I'll turn away from this mess I'm burning  
The smell of skin on fire  
I'm turning into a monster yeah

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A monster