

Born to Kill Live to Thrill

Fuck the Facts

Lost in the modern world
I deal with the loss I keep busy
Sorry
I inject him deep inside me
Having fun
Dance with death
Happy
Run yourself through my weak body
Take away my pain
Sorry
Dance with death
In weakness
Keep me safe
Make my mind combust
Dance with death
Trust in me
Pick the apples from the trees to taste-test for the rest