

Dark Side of the Doomed

Headstones

Thread a little needle through a lonely life
Do a little shooting from your own supply
Blood's in the barrel and you can almost taste
Thumb's on the plunger and you're starting to shake
She got hate, she got love
She got hate, she got love

She got a face tattoo of a beautiful smile
On her back she got the scales of a crocodile
And a neck tattoo saying don't be late
On her fist she's got the words saying love and hate
She got hate, she got love
We got hate, we got love

All those people dying dead in the streets
And they're nothing but statistics and policy
Died 2 blocks from the injection site
On her hat were the words saying no surprise
We got hate, we got love
We got hate, we got love

Ain't a state of grace ain't no guarantee
Any given day it could've been you or me
It's cold calculation and there's no empathy
I don't know how I made it from A to B
A to B
A to B

Another cop says to a doctor
There is nothing here we can do
They are self-inflicted and cross-addicted
They are the dark side of the doomed
Of the doomed
Of the doomed
Of the doomed
Of the doomed