

Burn Down The Mall

Heart Attack Man

The dim, dripping cave
Held intact by posters on the wall
Outdated and fading away
The mannequins fill this place like a shopping mall
The dead body in the dumpster
Gets up just to stretch its legs and freshen up for
Another night of acting like some jaded fucking freak of nature
That somehow gave birth to itself
You're so unique, it fucking kills me

Wet wooden floor is like a shell of damp cardboard boxes
Haphazardly tossed into the alleyway
Squished underneath you
The mannequins are walking in place
As the playlist keeps repeating over and over again
Twist the top of my head off like a bottle cap
And fill it up with a fist full of balled up dollar bills
I'd kill to be just like you