

# OVER YOUR DEAD BODY

Hot Milk

You're the Jesus of nowhere  
Mistaken grandeur  
A fuckin' twat that stabbed my back and screwed me over  
Do us a favour and disappear  
You think you walk on water but it's piss all over your shoes  
See you next Tuesday, I'm on a rampage  
A hungry hypocrite that played me like a board game  
Liar, liar, you're on fire, roll you up and make me higher  
I'm broken, blue and bruised 'cause I'm waking from the nightmares of you  
(You know how the story goes, true colours they always show)

Always said that you'd die for me  
But I won't lose sleep over your dead body  
Drag me out of my misery  
But I won't lose sleep over your dead body  
Dead, dead! Dead, dead!  
Over your dead body  
Dead, dead! Dead, dead!  
Over your dead body

What a cheapskate using your mates  
Does acting like a fake not hurt  
Your conscience like a toothache  
I guess you don't care, a living nightmare  
You think in Piccadilly's gutter, you'll find fountains of youth?  
Unholy, you're problematic, all this shit, so operatic  
Oh no, this might be overdramatic but I think that I've had it  
So it's time to go manic 'cause you

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Over your dead body!

You're the messiah of lies!  
Read from the bible of the anti-christ!  
Dead-dead, dead-dead, dead-dead  
I know you're better off  
Dead-dead, dead-dead, dead-dead  
I know you're better off dead

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