

Let's feed up!
It's your grievance, glittering like gold, barking to each other like dogs.
C'mon show me your growl!
This battle called love
it's just a trick for your gall.
And I don't mind if your grip is tight,
your rage is my new birth...
show me your razor,
so show me your razor.

We're dancing on a sheet of glass, we're staring at each other like snakes before the bite, my tongue is your gold and your body is my cage made of pleasure and decay, your body is my cage made of pleasure and decay.

So you wanna show me your best intentions,
just get out of my sight,
your revenge is a grievance,
it's just another slash on my arms
and I don't mind if your grip is tight,
your rage is my new birth,
show me your razor,
so show me your razor.

And they gonna find our bodies on a floor,
a razor in your hand and your hand into my blood.
Narcissus is repeating the same old mistakes.
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Feeling better now?
Do you like cage made of ..., pleasure and decay
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