

Fever = Drugs, Money = Blood
Is it bad to love?
I got no faith in these dogs or my chance of survival, ho-hum
I got no cure for these kids or their cancerous rivalry
So dumb they go and go again
I got no need for these clothes when you get my blood boiling
My friend, I got no way to feel bad while your tree of life grows in it, it
Grows in it
We get so high, we get so low
We were dinosaurs in the end
We were dinosaurs in the end
We were carnivore to pretend
That we'd opt out of survival
In lieu of some revival pretense
Got this belly of salt and a mouth full of glass teeth
I'm a fix, I'm a junkie, I'm a pirate
I'm a love maker, falling
We get so high, we get so low