

Fatal Deluxe

L.S. Dunes

Burn, focus, with a thirst unnatural
Whenever she gets high alone
Worship, shiver, let the world know what you are
If that's what she wants

It's a faceless crowd
A conscience lost
A dark secreting content salvage yard
Shallow grave
It's a toxic themed anniversary
Where everybody goes as their own ghost
A viral funeral post

You isolate and hibernate
You isolate and hibernate
(And it feels like dying)
You isolate and hibernate
You isolate and hibernate
(A conscience lost)
You isolate and hibernate
You isolate and hibernate
(It feels like dying)
You isolate and hibernate
You isolate and hibernate

Shiver, shiver, with a thirst unnatural
Whenever she gets high alone
Burn, worship, show what you were made of
If that's what she wants

In the shadow fields, a weightless tongue
Every other surface here is glass and ancient mass
With a faceless crowd, a conscience lost
Everybody poses their own ghost
A viral funeral post

You isolate and hibernate
You isolate and hibernate
(And it feels like dying)
You isolate and hibernate
You isolate and hibernate
(A conscience lost)
You isolate and hibernate
You isolate and hibernate
(It feels like dying)
You isolate and hibernate
You isolate and hibernate

How much is too much
How much is enough
How much is too much
(Showing up)
(Showing up)
(Sure enough)
How much is enough
(Sure enough)
(Showing up)

(Sure enough)
Showing off
Showing off
Showing up

Sure enough
Sure enough
Shut up