

# Brain Dead

Madchild

I smash bars like it's crash up derby  
Fuck groupie sluts, dawg my ass so dirty  
Act 21 bitch, but I'm over 30  
I love doin' drugs, I don't go to bed early  
I quit doin' drugs, I can feel my brain meltin'  
Talking myself, but these talks ain't helpin'  
Watching a racial porn, I do not feel filthy  
Fuck anything that walks with 3 holes, I'm so guilty  
Lookin' in the mirror like "Help me"  
My reflection walked away, that bitch's selfish  
Relentless, bent on the helpless  
I'm heartless, not true, but I'm filled up with darkness  
Ripped up and stomped on, avoid me like swamp rats  
No contact, I ain't fucking short bitch I'm compact  
How could I be so popular and lonely?  
Don't even need to fuck, just someone that'll hold me  
Girl to hold my head and tell that I'm not a monster  
Now you know the answer, why I fuck at every concert

I just wanna punch out  
I just wanna lunge out  
Grab somebody by the throat  
Cut their fucking tongues out  
Put a potato on the barrel for the mufflin'  
Put it to my temple, I seduce you with my sufferin'  
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Rape me like a female ape with forced entry  
Grab my cock and tell me you love me but do it gently  
Put some cocaine on the table, yes please, tempt me  
Instead I drive at night all alone, I'm so empty  
I must be the most miserable alive  
Avoiding conversations till I wither up and die  
You see the snakes slither through the flies  
See the maggots in the skull start crawlin' out the eyes  
Euphoric horror to a dull and blackened background  
Swingin' with the Louisville Slugger, I won't back down  
Brain dead, my aim's bad, focus blurred and foggy  
Realize it's age, hit the sauna and start jogging  
Suicide king, call my next of kin  
But I feel excellent as long as I'm on Dexedrine  
The beast tastings, available on East Hastings  
Feel spacey, memories are racing

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