

Scramble up the eggs  
Can smell the bacon  
In the blue lights  
Pass me the screwdriver  
Change the colour  
Into new wine  
Stains on the floor  
Bloody Mary  
Claimed she never was a whore  
There's murder on that dance floor  
All that murder that you asked for  
Go for it  
Toke a bit  
Put that belt around your neck  
And choke a bit  
These words compare to coke and spliffs  
That made you loose your focus quick  
Sit down and listen close  
Before you get lost in the hopeless shit  
I'm spitting just for the joke of it