## Dragon

Metallica

You don't actually care Love for you is no beginning You're not really there Hallucination

I thought you were listening Hallucination I thought you were listening Hallucination

I understand you think you're above it The adolescent sense of the sky The feeling of billowing heartbeats The fingertips run through your hair

They run through your hair Hallucination Hallucination

Oh you think you're so special That there's no law meant for you You come and go like the goddess you are We're mere mortals below Fingertips run through your hair We are mere mortals below

Are meant to be peons Are meant to be servants Are meant to be dismissible objects One fucks with One fucks with

Poor pitiful creature

The winner in heartbreak The winner in caring The winner in every miniscule method of wearing Your heart on your sleeve A red star of idiocy

An idiot's idiocy My, my caring for you Caring for you Do you think we're a book Some kind of a table You can rest your feet on when you're able Red star of idiocy An idiot's idiocy My caring for you Poor pitiful creature

To notice the pining The self deprivation The self flagellation of you Dear worshippers

We do like you regal

We do like you haughty We do love to look upon your perfect body

The hair on your shoulders The smell of your armpit The taste of your vulva and everything on it We all really love you And you have no meaning You don't even see us You were never caring

You go do what you do You do it for you No one exists with you You're way above caring Leave a trail upon the wake That no one ever tries to take Because waiting for you Thinking of you Is another way of dying Is another way of dying

I'm clawing your chest 'Til your collarbone bleeds Piercing your nipples 'til I bite them off I scratch your face and bite your shoulders Way above caring Way above caring And your Kotex jukebox Your Kotex jukebox

I'm doomed, I'm swearing Waiting for you In your high heels and nightie Your leather dress squeaking Latex now sweating, waiting for you In your tincture Your opium white bathrobe Your white tiles run red now Are we both dead now?

The liquid exchange of our heart The liquid exchange of our heart Are we both dead now?

You're way above caring Your heart on your sleeve A red star of idiocy An idiot's idiocy My caring My caring for you My caring for you You're way beyond caring Your heart on your sleeve A red star of idiocy An idiot's idiocy

My caring for you Oblivious to caring Oblivious to caring Oblivious to caring Leave a trail upon the wake That no one ever tries to take

Because waiting for you Because thinking of you Is another way of dying You're way above caring Oblivious to caring Oblivious to caring You poor pitiful creature The mistake of feeling The one who rejects you is the winner, It's true The winner in heartbreak The winner in caring The winner in every miniscule method of wearing Your heart on your sleeve A red star of idiocy An idiot's idiocy Your heart on your fuckin' sleeve My caring for you We were meant to be peons We're meant to be peons Mere mortals below Meant to be servants Meant to be dismissible objects one fucks with Oh, oh, oh you're so special No law meant for you You come and go like the goddess you are The fingertips run through your hair A billowing heart beats Feeling Feeling What a glorious feeling To be so rejected So rejected An idiot's idiocy My caring for you You think I'm a book or a table You can rest your fuckin' feet on When you're able The taste of your vulva, everything on it The hair on your shoulders The smell of your armpit We do love you, to look upon your perfect body We love you regal We love you haughty Oblivious to caring Oblivious to caring Caring Oh my dear Oh my dear Oh my dear Oblivious to caring Are we really dead now? Are we both dead now?