

Riding the break of the death wave  
Cold wind in the sails  
Caught up in the foreplay  
Never playing it out  
You can't disappear so  
You bury your head in the ground  
But they'll all sit back when you go  
To climb out of that hole when your heart gets cold

Our eyes will roll til they get stuck facing backwards in our heads  
With a victim's boundless virtuosity  
You've gotta own your flaws to loose their jaws, I'm just driving in that wedge  
Cause I don't get caught with my pants around my feet

Don't do me any favors  
I can take care of me  
No, I don't owe anyone anything  
Things are built to be broken  
Thrown and piled away  
The end will justify the means  
Born with two wrong feet  
It's what you let it be

Do you murder me in your lucid dreams? Oh god, I hope you do  
And you'll plan it out in real life someday soon  
I found my niche in this pile of shit, I've got nothing left to prove  
But there's nothing else that I really wanna do  
So this is what I do

Do you murder me in your lucid dreams? Oh god, I hope you do  
And you'll plan it out in real life someday soon  
I found my niche in this pile of shit, I've got nothing left to prove  
But there's nothing else that I really wanna do  
So this is what I do