

Waste Of Paint

Peace

This feels like your last chance
To ever make the leap
Or hold on here forever
Or fall into the sea.
It feels like your mother
Has gone to set you free
You're loving every minute
It's chemical, a pesticide, a cannonball
You're lost in time.

You're such an animal
A filthy, a filthy animal

You're electric honey, you blow my brain
Face to face, we're all the same
You and me, we're a waste of a paint
You're electric honey, electric

Baby put your fists down
Throw away your sword
Never beg or bother
to open up the door,
Pieces come together (something's in the way)
Slowly feeling better (die another day)
You've never been a quitter (everything's okay)
Living for whatever (it's the end or)

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