

Dead Man

Remo Drive

Shame rolls its tongue up my back and kisses my neck
It wants to get me in bed but I know who it is I'm dealing with
Shame plays the long game - it wants me to break down
It sings a siren song for me, but I don't fall so helplessly now
It was pitchy anyhow

Well if I'm already a dead man
I may as well get naked and dance in the crosshairs
Well if I'm already a dead man
Why not just go ahead and paint a target on my chest

Fate has a chisel and is etching my name into some granite
The man without a new has asked Piripero for my casket
So naturally I wonder - why is it I hide?
In here I prolong suffering when there's no way I'm leaving with my life
So simmer down and dry your eyes

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