

The Body Is A Temple For Heavier Metal

ROAR

The body's a temple for heavier metal and forever chemicals
A future-proofed ghost town
Curse words carved in the playground
White noise that resounds

It's an ancient oil painting of that brain in repose
They're the birds that build their nests in all of the Home Dep
ots
Living in here rent-free, talking like they know me

You are going to have to deal with all this
Okay, sure, I'll get right on that, promise

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Nihilist trust-fall into the paywall of endless potential

You'll lose the urge to self destruct, but
Fear not, we know that you're still punk as fuck

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