

Pure Fucking Adrenaline

Santa Cruz

I know I said no complications
A bunch of fucking life
With all the different nations
Of what you've done

Who's getting kind of heavy
With all these killing fields
When all the thoughts are weary
The grip on loss

Just tell me more about yourself
It's not like I am bored to death

Is there something missing
In your mental machine
Territorial pissings
Time to make a scene
Pure fucking adrenaline

(Whoa)
Adrenaline
(Whoa)
Is there something missing
Time to make a scene
Pure fucking adrenaline

This is the final curtain
For this march of death
When every man is certain
That we're getting to you

So tell me more about yourself
It's not like I am bored to death

Is there something missing
In your mental machine
Territorial pissings
Time to make a scene
Pure fucking adrenaline

(Whoa)
Adrenaline
(Whoa)
Is there something missing
Time to make a scene
Pure fucking adrenaline

(Hey!) Is there something missing
In your mental machine
Territorial pissings
Time to make a scene
Pure fucking adrenaline

(Whoa)
Adrenaline
(Whoa)
Is there something missing

Time to make a scene
Pure fucking adrenaline