

# 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

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In your mental machine  
Territorial pissings  
Time to make a scene  
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(Whoa)  
Adrenaline  
(Whoa)  
Is there something missing  
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(Hey!) Is there something missing  
In your mental machine  
Territorial pissings  
Time to make a scene  
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(Whoa)  
Adrenaline  
(Whoa)  
Is there something missing

Time to make a scene  
Pure fucking adrenaline