

Cellophane

Scowl

We wrapped our death in cellophane
And sell you useless fucking things
Convinced this is the only way
We wrapped our death in cellophane

Not living, unfulfilling, just waiting for death
And breaking every mirror just to sign a check

I'll spit the truth into your face
I'll bet you're sick, you like the taste
You beg, you stole to get your way
You beg, you stole, you run away

It's corporate, it's fantastic, do you feel alive?
And when you monetize it no one will survive

It's time to see it's such a let down
Drown in your pleasure you'll just bleed out
Get dopamine, babe you know how
Drown in your pleasure, you'll just bleed out