

Fireplace

Sincere Engineer

I hate your guts
Wouldn't even help if you were stuck
In some guy's basement
And he was getting ready to chop you up
And I hate your face
Wouldn't even help you if he chased
You down Belmont Ave
And threw your body in his fireplace

I get high off the thought of you on fire
I don't know why, but it's true
You must be a special kinda stupid
You can't see all that you've ruined

I hate your brain
If you even got one, it's such a shame
You're gonna make a great filet
On a tray at the murderer's buffet
And I hate everything you say
You're such an asshole, were you born that way?
I don't know how you made it to this age
But now you're up in flames

I get high off the thought of you on fire
I don't know why, but it's true
You must be a special kinda stupid
You can't see all that you've ruined

How's your skin smell?
I'll see you in hell
Maybe it'll change you
And we'll get along well
But for now I find
Comfort in my mind
Thinking 'bout you inside
The fireplace of that guy

I hate your guts
Wouldn't even help if you were stuck
In some guy's basement
And he was getting ready to chop you up

I get high
I get high
I get high
I get high

I get high off the thought of you on fire
It makes me smile when I feel blue
All those shitty things you've done that I'll remember
When he's coming after you