

Brickhead

The Butters

Jet-black lipstick on a brickhead
With crying hands
Spits, then demands
Oh, kill me

Quick-tongued viper
Bleeding from her fangs, says
"Best know your place
Or you're on the next train."

Take another step
Out of the darkness
Don't you know hysteria
Won't cure blindness?

You're no fun
Don't you demonize
So caught up in cloudy frustration
Missin' the sunshine

Ears full of hot dirt and disdain
It's no wonder he can't hear those he blames
It faced with the facts, it could decimate a pack
I'd tiptoe, friend
Or be eaten alive

Take another step
Out of the darkness
Can you feel the snow is finally melting?

You're no fun
Don't you demonize
So caught up in cloudy frustration
Missin' the sunshine

If I'm a disease
Can you cure me?
Or kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss
Or fuck me?

All you brickheads and viper vixens
All you brickheads and viper vixens
Come at me
Come at me
Come at me