

All your friends look nice in their suits
Their knives tucked in to jackets and boots
The reports are sketchy at best
It's true
But I still think that they'll be comin'
For you

For you
For you
For you

You, you animal
You, you animal, ahh
You, you animal, ahh
There's nowhere left to run

You're worst than most
Better than some
Just doomed to repeat
Like a bad re-run
And you can wash your neck and wait your turn
But your teeth are bared
And you'll never learn

Deny
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Deny

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