

Masochist Ball

Typhoon

You deserve to die
You deserve painful burning needles in your eyes
And every clever punishment in your cunning you devise
Hold back nothing

You deserve to die
The clock tower is ticking and you are running out of time
To atone for being born let alone your whole miserable life
You'd better hurry

Don't be angry
Don't raise your hand like Cain

You should be sorry for me baby
Everything that I have coming
It's been with me all the time

At the masochist ball
The tribunal has spoken and it's been found it's all your fault
And like that severed the tension that could never be resolved
It's a god-damned miracle
It's beauty is terrible

I'll skip the last meal
I can't taste it anyway

You should feel sorry for me baby
Everything that I had coming
I've already fantasized

When I get too comfortable
I just start imagining a world where

Everybody wants me
Then I'm imagining a world where
Everybody hates me
And I just try to split the line

I know I said I would be Caesar
Or else I would be nothing
But I will settle for being right