

# 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