

Mind of God

Typhoon

I stew awhile in my thoughts
Stir my drink with my straw
Read the room
I am not so different

I only want what everyone wants
To be admired, recognized in restaurants
Pick a fight, any fight
And come out on top

How, how do you like me now?
How, how do you like me now?
How, how do you like me now
That I am making moves?

Looking up to get a load
Of this asshole drinking alone
I hear him say how we're
Just a synapse in the mind of God

I say you're close but no cigar
I will tell you what we are
A single turd in satan's entrails
We'll all float on alright

And here I'd found my easy target
Draw me a picture of where your god lives
I'll dig a gravesite in your garden
To bury you, I will bury you, I will

How, how do you like me now?
How, how do you like me now?
How, how do you like me now
That I have made my move?

And I guess I made a scene
'Cause the chatter died and
The whole room is looking at me
I take my coat, there's nothing here to see

I can't help myself, I just get carried away
And I can't hide myself when the blood moves to my face
Life's a joke that I tell getting older everyday
Like a wedding cake left out
It will all just go
It all just goes to waste