

# D.R.I.L.D.O

## WARGASM

Drink, fuck, fight, love  
Drink, fuck, fight, love

Sometimes I just feel so malicious  
Got no dreams and got no wishes  
Got this lack of vision  
Nothing turns me on  
I'm a graveyard for ambition  
I can't stand this repetition  
I can't stand this repetition  
Someone cut me off

I hang with the vultures  
'Cause I'm proud to pick the corpses  
Yeah, it's sick  
I'm caught in the slaughter  
Of this 21st century torture  
It's my kink  
I keep my hand close to my chest  
So they don't see me sweating  
I sleep with one eye open  
And both hands on a weapon

I don't wanna think, I just wanna  
Drink, fuck, fight, love  
Drink, fuck, fight, love

You can try and do your worst  
But it'll never be enough  
Little punks like you try to call my bluff  
Little fucks like you try to act so tough  
You left me naked on the pyre  
You made my heart an empty home  
You made my head a raging fire  
Of sweet desire, of sweet desire

I put the lust in lacklustre  
Dumb little fuck, which way is up?  
We're out of luck, I'm all used up  
Got nothing left to give  
I keep a book of all the people  
Who've left me high and dry  
Signed with a false name:  
Mr. Jesus Christ

Ready?  
Drink, fuck, fight, love  
Drink, fuck, fight, love  
Drink, fuck, fight, love  
Drink, fuck, fight, love

It's not a state of mind  
It's just poor character design  
You're going to feel this way forever and ever and ever  
Unless you kick back against the pressure

I hang with the vultures

'Cause I'm proud to pick the corpses  
Yeah, it's sick  
I'm caught in the slaughter  
Of this 21st century torture  
It's my kink  
I keep a book for all the  
People who pushed me to the brink  
I don't wanna think  
I just wanna

Drink, fuck, fight, love  
Drink, fuck, fight, love  
Drink, fuck, fight, love  
Drink, fuck, fight, love  
Drink, fuck, fight, love  
Drink, fuck, fight, love  
Drink, fuck, fight, love  
Drink, fuck, fight, love

Drink, fuck, fight, love  
Drink, fuck, fight, love