

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