

I find my comfort in chaos
I'll fall asleep in a seance
Don't wear my makeup for men
No, I just love corporations
Want them to take all my money
Burn the ocean to sand
I'll take a big fucking sip
So hot I'll turn it to glass

You've got your money and your fast cars
You're not a God, you're just another fukstar
You've got your money and your fast cars
You're not a God, you're just another fukstar

We waste our days sleeping in
Swim in this sinking feeling
Don't wake me up, baby
It's so much safer dreaming
We waste our days sleeping in
And while you sit with us out of view
Just know that gods can die too

I think that someone fell asleep at the wheel
We're going off-course and I can't help but feel
That if I pissed on your church
And set fire to the steeple
You praying fuckers wouldn't notice
What is wrong with you people? Ah

You've got your money and your fast cars
You're not a God, you're just another fukstar
You've got your money and your fast cars
You're not a God, you're just another fukstar
Just another fukstar

We waste our days with thinking
Just think what we could do
If we put our faith in chaos
Baby, we're born to lose
It's gone dark on the ceiling
Look, all the stars are leaving
It's gone dark on the ceiling
Look, all the stars are leaving

F-U-K-star, live large, die hard
F-U-K-star, live large, die hard
F-U-K-star, live large, die hard
F-U-K-star, live large, die hard

Just another fukstar
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