

S.A.D.

WARGASM

I get my skin from a can
And all the world shall be your enemy

I haven't eaten in days
Spent my whole weekend awake
God, get this mask off my face
God, get this mask off my face
I get my thoughts from a magazine
That's what you call personality
I get my skin from a can
'Cause that's the kind of man I am

So I dress myself up in tragedy
And thigh-high apathy
May God help my enemies
This claustrophobic sting
Is deeper than it's ever been
Than it's ever been
Ever been
Ever been
Ever been

I (I)
Hate (Hate)
Everything about, everything about (me)
Why (Why)
Wait (Wait)
If today could be the day?
Self-assured destruction

Knock knock till the day comes
Knuckle dust in the paint work
Free fall out of the framework
Slip down the cracks in the pavement
The claustrophobic sting radiates under the skin
Deeper than it's ever been
Deeper than it's ever been

So we dress ourselves up in tragedy
And thigh-high apathy
May God help our enemies
May God help our enemies

I (I)
Hate (Hate)
Everything about, everything about (Me)
Why (Why)
Wait (Wait)
If today could be the day?
Self-assured destruction

Bang bang
Count to ten
Take the blank shells out and put 'em back again

No (No)
More (more)
Woes for me
When we're alone with ourselves we're in awful company

I get my skin from a can
I get my skin from a can
I get my skin from a can
'Cause that's the kind of man I am

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Everything about, everything about (me)
Why (Why)
Wait (Wait)
If today could be the day?
Self-assured destruction
(I)
Hate (Hate)
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