

Apocalyptic

Halestorm

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I wear my nine-inch heels when we go to bed
I paint the color of my lips blood red
I get so animal like never before
So you press play and I hit record 'Cause we're dysfunctional physical
Always slamming doors
You're a bitch, throwing fits
Always waging wars
Me and you,
Sad but true
We're not us anymore
But there's still one thing we're good for I'll give you one last night
So make it twisted
Give you one last shot, go on and hit it
Give you one last time to make me miss it
Baby, love me apocalyptic
Come on! Give me a red hand print right across my ass
I'm leaving scratches up and down your back
Throw me against the wall, bite me on my neck
Like end of the world, break-up sex 'Cause we're dysfunctional physical
Always slamming doors
You're a bitch, throwing fits
Always waging wars
Me and you,
Sad but true
We're not us anymore
But there's still one thing we're good for I'll give you one last night
So make it twisted
Give you one last shot,
Go on and hit it
Give you one last time
To make me miss it
Baby, love me apocalyptic I'll give you one last night

So make it twisted
Give you one last shot,
Go on and hit it
Give you one last time
To make me miss it
Baby, love me apocalypticOh
'Cause no one does it better
No one knows me better
Oh
'Cause nothing lasts forever
Nothing lasts forever
It's now or neverI'll give you one last night
So make it twisted
Give you one last shot,
Go on and hit it
Give you one last time
To make me miss it
Baby, love me apocalypticI'll give you one last night
So make it twisted
Give you one last shot,
Go on and hit it
Give you one last time
To make me miss it
Baby, love me apocalyptic
Come onBaby, love me apocalyptic
Come on
Baby, love me apocalyptic

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