

Decadent and Desperate

Mortiis

Beat down, fucked up
I'm drinkin' blood from the devil's cup
Now what you tell me
I can't even get shit for freeHey girl, I'll have to go
Ain't got no money so let's go slow
In my room, this living hell
A living hell in the shit motelDecadent and desperateFair play, crack's your pay
Shoot me up and make my day
Oh yeah, way to go
You really are a damn good hoOh, yeah, at the shit motel
How I love being stuck in this cell
 Fucked up in a shit stained sty
Everything they ever said was a big, fat lieDecadent
And desperateYou're such a fucking dog
Looking for your special drugDecadent and desperateBeat down, fucked up
I'm drinkin' blood from the devil's cup
Now what you tell me
I can't even get shit for freeAll right, come on
In a year or two
We'll both be gone
Who cares how sweet?
Your pain's gonna taste
When it falls to shit

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