

Glamour Through Debris

Psyclon Nine

Paint my face with the skull of my suffering
-And in the end you'll cry for me little sister-
I've got the armor in the form of these scabs and scars
-And in the end you'll cry for me little sister-
Rip out my heart and I'll pull out my fucking gun
-And in the end you'll cry for me little sister-
One kiss from a bullet and we'll see if your plastic bleeds
-And in the end you" cry for me little sister-

Can't you fucking see me
On the big screen
Don't you see me
We're all made for T.V.
You'll love me now
You can pin up the magazines
In my life after death
It's my glamour through your debris

The cameras on
I've got the gun
Let's have some fun [x4]

Can't you fucking see me
On the big screen
Don't you see me
We're all made for T.V.
You'll love me now
You can pin up the magazines
In my life after death
It's my glamour through your debris

Just like the hydra
Cut a finger from my hand
I've got four more
And I'll pull the trigger again [x4]

Paint my face with the skull of my suffering
-And in the end you'll cry for me little sister-
I've got the armor in the form of these scabs and scars
-And in the end you'll cry for me little sister-

Rip out my heart and I'll pull out my fucking gun
-And in the end you'll cry for me little sister-
One kiss from a bullet and we'll see if your plastic bleeds
-This is the end so cry for me little sister-

Can't you fucking see me
On the big screen
Don't you see me
We're all made for T.V.
You'll love me now
You can pin up the magazines
In my life after death
It's my glamour through your debris [x2]

Lyrics submitted by Harlee.

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