

Chinese Burn (Lunatic Calm mix)

Curve

She burns friends like a piece of wood
And she's jealous of me because she never could
Hold herself up without a spine
And she'll look me up when she's doing fine Because the rage it burns like Chinese torture
She's just someone's favourite daughter
Spoilt and ugly as she willingly slaughters
Friends and enemies they're all the same
They'll burn her name
And crush her fame She'll break a promise as a matter of course
Because she thinks it's fun to have no remorse
She gets what she wants and then walks away
And she doesn't give a fuck what you might say Because it cuts her up like Irish mortar
Mother's pride is what we taught her
Soiled and petty as we happily taunt her
Friend or enemy we're all to blame She'll burn us bad
She'll flaunt her flame
She'll make us remember, remember her name If she sits still like she knows she could
She could win this game and be the queen for good
Save herself up for the cream of the crop
Then she'll look us up when she's ready to stop Because the rage it burns like Chinese torture
She's just someone's favourite daughter
Spoiled and ugly as she willingly slaughters
Friends and enemies are all that came
To burn her name
Crush her flame
We're all to blame

Songwriters

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