

# Damaged

## M.O.D.

Get yourself a razor blade  
Get yourself a video  
Drown your thoughts with J.B.  
Masquerade your misery

No need to hide your attitude  
No ones here to listen  
Scrambled thoughts, now scrambled eggs  
Your nostrils caked and gusted

Floating in your cosmic sewer  
Of love, peace and horse manure  
You decide to hitch a ride with  
Captain Kaos on pesticide  
Fill your head with empty thoughts  
Of mistletoe and sugar plum demons  
Stoke the furnance, the flame glows brighter  
Laughing as your face grows whiter

No need to hide your solitude  
When no one ever listens  
Building your own arsenal  
Of hatred and misgivings

You're fucking damaged

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