

The Guilt Engine

Gatsby's American Dream

My shame is cold like a grave but my lust is hot like an engine
Pistons that pump and a heart that thumps to the beat
But I can't wrap my head around So I let my body fall instead
And I've lost the rhythm and all I'm left with
Is my regrets, can you hear the sound? Ticking, I am ticking on
Automatic I am, all the things I've done
Set to explode, I am ticking on, on What on earth could atone for all the wrong I've done?
From the depths, from your depths I'm crawling home again
Crawling home again I've been thinking maybe I could make this right
In fact, I know that I've got to make this right
I'm done fucking around with the guilt engine Ticking, I am ticking on
Automatic I am, all the things I've done
Set to explode, I am ticking on by the bomb

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