Rats

Motionless In White

Well Mrs. Pharmacist
I insist
Fix me up with something quick
I've been a bad little boy and I think I'm getting sick
Sick to the bone
Slave to the flesh
Better put on my Sunday's best
I've been a bad little boy... little boyI've got a dirty dirty dirty dirty dirty little secret
And I'm not not not sure that I wanna keep it
So we feed ourselves lies to submit to the shadows
Cause we just wanna dance under our pretty perfect halosEveryone's got a secret
What's yours? What's yours?
Don't be shy, I'll never repeat it
Oh Mrs. Pharmacist
If I resist
Lock me up and bind my wrists
You've been a bad little girl... little girl
Close your eyes and listen close
I know just how much you love it
If you speak you lose your turn
So shut your mouth before I fuck it
Everyone's got a secret
Tell me all about yours
Love. Hate.
Oh how we play the game
Cold soul
No sense of self-controlLove. Hate.
Unsure to pass or play
Cold soul
Now we're out of control
Roses are red, and my heart is black
We creep about the floor to indulge like rats
Enraptured, we walk to nurse our obsession
Cause the roles that we play are paved with cruel intentionsWell Mrs. Pharmacist... if you insistI've got a dirty dirty dirty dirty dirty little secret
And I'm not not not sure that I wanna keep it
So we feed ourselves lies to submit to the shadows
And I just wanna shake you by your little perfect fucking halo
Everyone's got a secret

What's yours? What's yours?
Don't be shy, I'll never repeat it.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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