D.R.U.G.S.

Neophyte

I see you sick and curled up like cats do
When psychos abuse them yeah

You want to purr but you're far too gone
I check your collar and you got no name

And I know you want it
And I know you like it
And I know you got it
And I know you love

D.R.U.G.S.

You're full of silence when I tell you
Cats are meant to be cool and cute

You're off your head you look like a corpse
Milk-white face like the saddest moon

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