Bats!

The Bronx

She liked my drugs, I liked her hair
She's like a God 'cuz she don't care
She had to watch her little brother die
What a great disguise, skies are fallingSo, you paint your picture, well you can paint one thousand
Because it makes no difference vicariously we crave disease
I don't love you, you wish I did, skies are falling
So, you paint your pictures, well you can paint a thousand
Because it makes no difference, an overdose bleeding our your noseMy heart is lost, baptized in my hate bats
The way you make me chase belief you scream poem into my ear
So, insincere cut off my ears, skies are falling
So, you paint your pictures, you can paint one thousand
It makes no difference

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