

# Victor Versus the Victim

## Boys Night Out

This is the sound of tooth against bone  
Against cheering crowds and broken homes  
This is the sound of tooth against bone  
Against cheering crowds and broken homes  
This is the end of my rope So bite down  
Tell me how this concrete tastes  
And tell me for the last time that you're sorry  
So I can laugh out loud as I watch you  
Struggle; broken, bloody, barely breathing, yeah  
The truth is, there's been an autumn in me  
And it's been that way since May Yeah, I've hoped forever  
Diminishing myself with my unconscious This is the sound of tooth against bone  
Against cheering crowds and broken homes  
Yeah, this is the sound of tooth against bone  
Against cheering crowds and broken homes  
This is the end of the line And my shoes, ripped and ruined from running,  
Have finally found their final resting place, yeah  
At the base of your skull and once again  
Someone's left to clean up your mess Once again someone's left to clean up your mess  
Once again someone's left to clean up your mess

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