

Art Is The Weapon (trailer)

My Chemical Romance

Drugs, gimme drugs, gimme drugs
I don't need it, but I'll sell what you got
Take the cash and I'll keep it
Eight legs to the wall
Hit the gas, kill them all
And we crawl, and we crawl, and we crawl
You be my detonator Love, gimme love, gimme love
I don't need it, but I'll take what I want from your heart
And I'll keep it in a bag, in a box
Put an X on the floor
Gimme more, gimme more, gimme more
Shut up and sing it with me (Na na na...)
From mall security
To every enemy
We're on your property
Standing in V formation (Na na na...) Let's blow an artery
Eat plastic surgery
Keep your apology
Give us more detonation (More! Gimme more! Gimme more!) Oh, let me tell you 'bout the sad man
Shut up and let me see your jazz hands
Remember when you were a madman
Thought you was Batman
And hit the party with a gas can
Kiss me you animal (Na na na...)
You run the company
Fuck like a Kennedy
I think we'd rather be
Burning your information (Na na na...) Let's blow an artery
Eat plastic surgery
Keep your apology
Give us more detonation And right here
Right now
All the way in Battery City
The little children
Raise their open filthy palms
Like tiny daggers up to heaven
And all the juvee halls
And the Ritalin rats
Ask angels made from neon

And fucking garbage
Scream out, "What will save us?"
And the sky opened upEverybody wants to change the world
Everybody wants to change the world
But no one, no one wants to die
Wanna try, wanna try, wanna try
Wanna try, wanna try, now
I'll be your detonator(Na na na...)Make no apology
It's death or victory
On my authority
Crash and burn
Young and loadedDrop like a bullet shell
Dress like a sleeper cell
I'd rather go to hell
Than be in purgatory
Cut my hair
Gag and bore me
Pull this pin
Let this world explode

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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