

# Cowards

## UFC

This is the way to find my harlequins face  
To my junkie dead body  
Still covered in lace  
The flesh still warm where skin had once been my lips  
My smile just scattered fragments lining the ditch  
You like to watch when I bleed (like a coward)  
I've got some right here for you  
I push you down on your knees (such a good whore)  
I make your dreams come true At 60 miles an hour on course and pace in hybrid mental states  
So my pathetic limp kiss has never caught this way  
No catalyst begins across the face of those who end  
Leaving its scar too deep for all of your attempts to mend Come on cowards  
Come on you whores I've got no choice but this if  
I can't get rid of it  
You'll never be any match  
For what I can do to myself I'm still stuck here breaking it backwards apart  
Watching all the raindrops cover up before we can start (like a coward)  
Without a doubt that all will be washed away  
There's still no proof to see if I will someday You like to watch when I bleed (like a coward)  
I've got some right here for you  
I push you down on your knees (such a good whore)  
I make your dreams come true I've got no choice but this if  
I can't get rid of it  
You'll never be any match  
For what I can do to myself Come on cowards/come on you whores

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