The Futile

Markov

Shit, nothing makes sense, so I won't think about it
I'll go with the ignorance
Eat, sleep, fuck and flee, in four words that's me
I am full of indifferenceWhat do the old people teach us
But how to die, die
(Die, die)
What do those hissy fits teach you
Except how to cry, pussy, cry?Yeah, the futile, the futile
It outweighs the beautiful
Futile, the futile
It outweighs the beautiful
Futile, the futile, the futile so
(The futile, the futile)Taste, I have no taste, I don't like these tiny portions
Or your artful abortions of sound, sealed with a kiss
Slathered in the sauce sarcastic
So go choke on your ironyWhat do the old people teach us
But how to die, die
(Die, die)
And what do your hissy fits teach you
Except how to cry, pussy, cry?Yeah, the futile, the futile
It outweighs the beautiful
Futile, the futile, it outweighs the beautiful
Futile, the futile, the futile soI'm eating rat poison for dinner
Pull the cord from the phone
I am dining along tonight
Rat poison for dinner
Pull the cord from the phone
I am dining along, so goodnightLove, I shall not love, yet I'll still sing about it
Hope it covers the ocean in slime
The drama and drool
I'm leakin' the blood of a fool
(I'm full of it, I'm full of it, I'm full)Rat poison for dinner
Pull the chord from the phone
I am dining alone tonight
Rat poison for dinnerPull the chord from the phone
I am dining alone, tonight
Oh, I am dining alone tonight
Tonight, tonight

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