

# Discombobulated

## Dog-Boy

This is the room, the start of it all  
No portrait so fine only sheets on the wall  
I've seen the nights filled with bloodsport and pain  
And the bodies obtained, the bodies obtained Where will it end?  
Where will it end?  
Where will it end?  
Where will it end? These are your friends from childhood through youth  
Who goaded you on, demanded more proof  
Withdrawal pain is hard and do you right in  
So distorted and thin, distorted and thin Where will it end?  
Where will it end?  
Where will it end?  
Where will it end? This is the car at the edge of the road  
There's nothing disturbed, all the windows are closed  
I guess you were right when we talked in the heat  
There's no room for the weak, no room for the weak Where will it end?  
Where will it end?  
Where will it end?  
Where will it end? This is the room, the start of it all  
Through childhood, through youth, I remember it all  
Oh, I've seen the nights filled with bloodsport and pain  
And the bodies obtained, the bodies obtained, the bodies obtained Where will it end?  
Where will it end?  
Where will it end?  
Where will it end?

Lyrics provided by

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