

Kill Your Darlings

Soulwax

There's a script, but I ain't writing
Left that stage all in my mind
Cause I'm not hip to your sign language
Sticky fingers of a different kind
The same word, foreign language
In one season they killed you twice
Sweet smell shotgun for the hip and blind
She strokes the gun, feel how it's warm
Got a mouthful dirt and razors
It'll cut right through last month's flavour
With my mouthful, wasted terrors
Kill your darlings, kill your darlings
Cause I tried being helpful
Saying things I don't understand
Can't come up with no new lines
From their sweet surfaced mouths
She strokes the gun, feel how it's warm
Got a mouthful dirt and razors
It'll cut right through last month's flavour
With a mouthful wasted terrors
Kill your darlings, kill your darlings
Kiss the gun, bite the bullet
Get off the stick, get on the can
Well I've seen all their faces
Shaking hands full of napalm traces
She strokes the gun, feel how it's warm
Got a mouthful dirt and razors
It'll cut right through last month's flavour
With a mouthful wasted terrors
Kill your darlings, kill your darlings

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