City

Brendan Lynch

Everyone sees, diseased or broken
Holes in their arms, they got cocaine eyes
Self mutilation is self surveillance
Wanna get to heaven, you gotta die
Here she comes, here she comes
She's crawled out of a garbage can
Here she comes, here she comes
She's gonna waste another man
Ah, sick city
Gonna be the death of me
Ah, sick city
Gonna be my death, gonna be the death of me
Little Johnny Junk's, a subway pilot
He'll knife you in the head for Chinese rock
Catch a falling spike, ride a silver rocket
Score a body bag deal from the Vietcong
Here she comes, here she comes
She's crawled out of a garbage can
Here she comes, here she comes
She's gonna waste another man
Ah, sick city

Gonna be the death of me
Ah, sick city
Gonna be my death, gonna be the death of me
Your meat on a hook, in your own snuff movie
Tortue loop hallucination, nerves spliced
No inoculation from the viral program
There's spiders in your mouth, shoot insecticide
Here she comes, here she comes
She's crawled out of a garbage can
Here she comes, here she comes
Gonna waste another man
Ah, sick city
Gonna be the death of me
Ah, sick city
Gonna be my death, gonna be the death of me
Sick, sick, sick, sick city
Sick, sick, sick, sick city

Sick, sick, sick, sick city
Sick, sick, sick, sick city
Sick city

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