

Terrible! How Terrible For The Great City!

As Cities Burn

Am I a monster when I sink my teeth into her?
When I don't love her, no, I don't love you
Forgive me, darling, but love has nothing to do with this
It has nothing to do with how I can't stop
Until I get what I want from youThis is what real men keep quiet
It doesn't exist if you can hide it behind your teeth
And sleep at night next to your wife
Who you love too much to tell her
You don't love her at allI just feel as empty as the lungs
Of those waiting in the womb
Do you feel as empty as the lungs of those waiting
To come into this world?
Where being beautiful means being usedHow long will we blame the devils on our shoulders
And pose like angels on the outside when all I am is a monster?

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