

Sugar Wolf

From Autumn To Ashes

Less of a singer, you are more, more of a prostitute
With aspirations for a life of sex and drug abuse
When did the music turn into a beauty pageant?
Lately my sense of pride has been chronically absent
Domesticate, so much for combat
My worst habits are mounting a comeback
Dollars and pence, cubic or metric
You can sit down but the chairs are electric
Lay in the street, embrace the gutter
Easier than working for something better
Pull on my boots, run through the back door
Should have been more careful, what I wished for
Less of an artist, you are more, more of a xerox machine
You sit tracing the pages of juxtapose magazine
When did the music turn into a beauty pageant?
I've become a participant in something I once stood against
Domesticate, so much for combat
My worst habits are mounting a comeback
Dollars and pence, cubic or metric

You can sit down but the chairs are electric
Lay in the street, embrace the gutter
Easier than working for something better
Pull on my boots, run through the back door
Should have been more careful, what I wished for
Should have never given birth to this monster
Should have never given birth to this monster
From all this shame
I'd like to hide my head in the ground
Domesticate, so much for combat
My worst habits are mounting a comeback
Dollars and pence, cubic or metric
You can sit down but the chairs are electric
Lay in the street, embrace the gutter
Easier than working for something better
Pull on my boots, run through the back door
Should have been more careful, what I wished for

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