sarcasm

Mixer

You've got me shaking from the way you're talking My heart is breaking but there's no use crying What a cyanide surprise you have left for my eyes If I had common sense I'd cut myself or curl up and die Sticks and stones could break my bones But anything you say will only fuel my lungs Don't mind us we're just spilling our guts If this is love I don't wanna be loved You pollute the room with a filthy tongue Watch me choke it down so I can throw it up. Don't mind us we're just spilling our guts If this is love I don't wanna be hanging by the neck Before an audience of death. You could be the corpse and I could be the killer If I could be the devil, you could be the sinner You could be the drugs and I could be the dealer Everything you say is like music to my ears You could be the corpse and I could be the killer If I could be the devil, you could be the sinner You could be the drugs and I could be the dealer Everything you say is like music to my, music to my ears Don't mind us we're just spilling our guts If this is love I don't wanna be loved You pollute the room with a filthy tongue Watch me choke it down so I can throw it up.

Don't mind us we're just spilling our guts

If this is love I don't wanna be hanging by the neck

Before an audience of death

(Before an audience)

Failure find me

To tie me up now

'Cause I'm as bad, as bad as it gets

Failure find me

To hang me up now

By my neck cause I'm a fate worse than death

What a cyanide surprise you have left for my eyes

If I had common sense I'd cut myself or curl up and die

Don't mind us we're just spilling our guts

You pollute the room with a filthy tongue
Watch me choke it down so I can throw it up
Don't mind us we're just spilling our guts
If this is love I don't wanna be hanging by the neck
Before an audience
Don't mind us we're just spilling our guts
If this is love I don't wanna be loved
You pollute the room with a filthy tongue
Watch me choke it down so I can
Don't mind us we're just spilling our guts
If this is love I don't wanna be hanging by the neck
Before an audience of death

If this is love I don't wanna be loved

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