We Want the Whip!

Gnarwolves

Right your wrongs, empty your lungs, you got shit, shit out of luck.
Were you expecting glory, regailing stories of the pretty girls you've fucked?
It's no cause for alarm, you're just falling apart and that's allright.So, lock your doors and ask yourself what you're whining for?
You've got four walls and bed,
So everything you hoped I'ld say is a mystery to me.
You've got four walls and a bed, so deal with it.You've got a plate glass chin, a shit eating grin,
So by all means, spit and bleed.
We could just piss and moan till we're drunk and lonely,
Sleep, consume, repeat,
But come on BE REAL!
Be a fool, but be my friendDo you need to get away?

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/