

Sugar Wolf

From Autumn to Ashes

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 absentDomesticate, 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 electricLay 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 forLess 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 againstDomesticate, 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 electricLay 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 forShould 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 groundDomesticate, 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 electricLay 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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