

Now Lie In It

The Suicide File

You are who you fuck, or so I am told
In this miserable city, where status is gold
I've seen shit-eating people who claw their way up
Looking for the acceptance that they never got
It's all about winning the meat market games
Among all the rejects, dropouts and fakes
Did everyone give you the attention you seek
Who's arm are you draped on this fucking week
Trophy boys and trophy girls
Go fuck yourself, I hate your world
Fair-weather friends are keeping score
Name dropper, name fucker
You're a fucking whore

Lyrics provided by

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