Rizzo

Chimaira

Pull up your car, you're home from the night on the town
Could not find anyone to go home with, to show off your insecurity
So you put your 'I love you face' back onWhen you are this way you think you are God
But the people around you are destroyed
Coming home getting off by killing who you love
I hope you end up in a body bagWalk up to your room to be with your lover
Although they don't share your desire
That night frustrated and intoxicated
You need to leech onto anotherWhen you are this way you think you are God
While the people around you are destroyed
Coming home getting off by killing who you love
I hope you end up in a body bagWhen you are this way you think you are God
While the people around you are destroyed
Coming home getting off by killing who you love
I hope you end up in a body bagPretend you are the king, one day this will all come back to you
One day your child will be a man, one day your child will be a man
Pretend you are the king, pretend you are the kingPull up your car you're home from the night on the town
Could not find anyone to go home with to show off your insecurity
So you put your 'I love you face' back onWhen you are this way you think you are God
But the people around you are destroyed
Coming home getting off by killing who you love
I hope you end up in a body bagWhen you are this way you think you are God
But the people around you are destroyed
Coming home getting off by killing who you love
I hope you end up in a body bag

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