

# Made of Rats

## Orange Goblin

If it seems like I'm sinking  
And I'm talking to the back of my hand  
It's because I've been drinking  
'Cos I don't understand Why I'm out of my depth here  
And I'm out of my mind  
No one showed me an out door  
And I didn't come in here to die Made of rats, made of rats, yeah  
Made of rats I got no silver lining, I've got holes in my shoes  
I'm so tired of whining, all these downtrodden blues  
Yeah, my head's a volcano that's about to explode  
My brain's made of chalk, yeah, and it slowly corrodes Made of rats, made of rats, yeah  
Made of rats I got no silver lining, he's got holes in his shoes  
I'm so tired of whining, yeah  
All these downtrodden blues And I'm out of my depth, yeah  
And he's out of his mind  
No one showed me an out door  
And we didn't come in here to die Had enough isolation, ain't in tune with no lord  
Hope they bottle salvation 'cos it's all I can afford  
It's no long-term solution, we got no future plans  
So for now, sit here drinking, as we talk to the back of our hands Made of rats, made of rats, yeah  
Made of rats  
Yes, I was fuckin' made of rats  
Yeah, fuckin' made of rats, yeah  
Made of rats, made of rats, alright

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