

But The Nuns Are Watching...

I Set My Friends On Fire

Look! He drank straight from the faucet!
HOLY SHIT HE'S FUCKIN LOST IT!
We only enjoy fine sparkling water!
FED SOMETHING ADHESIVE TO YOUR DAUGHTER!(x2)
Called me old-fashioned, but I think trains kick ass!
I don't need hot wheels to get to class!
What the hell is wrong with him!?
HIS HIS HAIRS SO LONG IT NEEDS A TRIM!
I heard he packs a lot in those bloomers,
IT'S PROBABLY TRUE LIKE ALL THE OTHER RUMORS!
You think you're modern,
But that taste won't last (It just won't last)
And everything you own,
Will be (Will be)
The fucking past. (t=The fucking past)
Cynicism save me.
Turn me around and march me back up the sidewalk to my door.
Take me back inside and throw my trench-coat on the floor.
Lead me back into my bedroom,
And make me put my clothes back on.
Grab the Mag-Lite, get the grappling hook,
Lets fine the bottom of this cave and close the book!

The salt on my lips is an enzyme,
That metabolizes reality,
To fuel these dirty delusions!
You're leading me to these CONCLUSIONS!
The organs exploding, IN MY TORSO!
Like a series of city blocks,
Giving in to a nuclear blast.
And now my pressure relief valve is activated;
Maybe I should stop holding my breath.
I'll prove it, Come sit next to me.
Tell me what you do at work;
You half-hearted intimacy.
We'll be like gay actors,
Over and out,
Having the kind of sex sacrificial virgins
Fantasize about.

But if I knew your name it would have to be for
charity!

JUST TRY ME! TEST ME! RELEASE ME!

Cynicism reassure me that,

If we only had less clothing and better light.

It would all just be an embarrassing misunderstanding.

The sudden silences, aren't the crash,

Where lips should be.

If this were a contract I wouldn't sign.

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