

Tear your wings off at the spine
And tape them to the back of mine
I can fly higher when I\'m tired
My 2 hands are scorched from holding this torch
Mind feels like neon all glowing and bent up
You look good on my back like a shark fin
Rectify desensitized
\'Tis the season to drink poison
Tralala was a badhead girl
Your mind\'s gone greasy it slides right off me
And all the jaded stars spit black cigars
No truce for you
A spec of something that I knew
Yes I read what you did and I see what you did