I missed the offering, friends

none of us will reach the top
remember what I said
I'm selling out to the beat of that song in your head
"hey, hey, hey!! I'm stuck in back"
"I'm all the way up front"
"well I'm gonna take it slow"
I'm gonna face the fact that I'm a pro

you cannot pray for they might as well be dying and I want to find the only way over and under over and out, sir

celebrate the hedonist thought and then we'll rage for half an hour until the devil's lying naked passed out in my bed you let him in, so get him out caviar might taste the same with antique platters decked with shit bless the fame

(I missed the offering of caviar, with my head in the sand) (I might have had a dish or two)

diamonds don't mean shit if you don't mine them for the world they keep fighting over me they'll waste a fight again I'm so over it and you're under it. wasted violent trends they keep fighting over me. a waste of violent trends.