

I believe in God but I've no reason to follow.
Lost my virginity to myself, I'm just sparks and meat.
I believe in love, but I'm gassy, dank and hollow.
I'd rather drink, smoke, die young, be reborn and repeat.
I belong in jail, but I lied my way to heaven, with a wife who
hasn't learned that I'm Satan yet.
I want to burn my art, so I can carve one twee and modern, but
I'll just serenade the chemicals. It's the cure that's hardly m
edical.

Six, six, six, I need a fix.
Never better, I'm a little bit sick.
I hold a grudge and a burden.
I hold a tongue and an organ.
Bang, bang, bang, I hit and ran, left my inner child dead in th
e drain.
I hold the fire and the hunger. I hold the name and the number:
six, six, six.

Unimpressed by the symmetry of death.
Drown in butter 'til there's no hope left.
It's alright.
You think I'm worthy of your wandering eye?
I'm just a strung out, overweight Jewish guy.
So Lord, help me.

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[Andy Hull:]

You don't want to make, me come down.
You're trying to let it go, and opening your mouth.
You won't win.
You will bow down.
So let it go, no.
So let it go now.

[Max Bemis:]

All I want is to dethrone God, so I can be crucified
Crucified, crucified.
All I want! All I want! All I want! All I want!