

These Things Were Meant To Kill You

Abacinate

My head is full of change
Reaching for something strange
I've spent all my time just not giving fuck
I can't stay
Can you see... see it behind my eyes?
Take it and hide it and live in the dark
Please don't speak
Quick ecstasy, Quick dose of Scotch Whiskey
Where are my keys, I swear I can drive this thing
I hope I kill little children, I hope I hit a tree
Nothing to live for anyways, I've got nothing loose
A good taste of snow, and it hits when it hits the back of my throat
And I'm alive now!
Made to thrill you, all along these things were meant to kill you
Fast women and fast machines
Someone who knows, but it ain't possible
We'll all burn!
Made to thrill you, all along these things were meant to kill you

Fast women and fast machines
It will always thrill you, these things above all things were meant to kill you
Fast women and fast mistakes
When you're drunk and stoned
And you're all alone
Lock all doors and destroy your fucking phone
Spill the bong, talk like a wasted slob
It ain't so bad as the last I had
Puts my mind in overdrive
Bloody nose and loss of erection
A Teenage whore wants it somewhat more
"It's Jesus in a bowl" She said.
A sniff of H
Then stomach torture
I lose my mind, then get a grip
Stumble, Trip, Fuck, Shit, Kill Me Quick
This will be my relief
Let's interbreed the sanguine seed
Turn into a whore with dying eyes