

Sex N' Satan

Amoral

Here's the thing with self-medicating

You live for the highs, you die from the aching
(Oh, how I enjoy the burn
Once it's on there's no return)

The rumours you've heard,
each one is true
The partying's excessive, the methods all but new
(If it ain't broke, don't you fix it
No goddamn advice from the backseat)

Six-string razorcuts
Afterparty clusterfucks
Embracing the clichés, living the life
Think fast, look alive

These scars in my skin mark a time
and a place
A band of brothers,
a punch in the face
(And I refuse to regret these
Fuck no, I refuse to regret these)

Not about to slow down the pace
To hold back would be a disgrace
(Ain't getting any younger here
Gotta get it all out before we disappear)

Sex N' Satan baby