

## 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