

Monkey Byte

Angelspit

This bottle is putting me to sleep, or maybe it's the conversation
Every one talks but there's no truth, the bullshit fountain ever flowing
So numb I'm psychotic, a vortex of secrets a diamond of lies
Plastic bags over their heads, they're not ex-lovers they are the ones who survived

Monkey Byte
Monkey Byte
This is the end
HELL STARTS NOW

Brain dead movies help you forget, you got no feeling below the ears
The masquerade of name dropping, compare the bags of broken skulls and dollars
Champaign glitterati; tabloid fodder yes fuckin' please
Gentleman says "ladies first", but the rat who hangs back always gets the cheese

Monkey Byte
Rabidly boring
I stopped caring
When it got dull
Monkey Byte
Rage against nothing
This is the end
HELL STARTS NOW

Hell sounds like this!

Entertain us with your life, repeating brain dead mistakes make your worse fears come true
I'm so bored i'm dangerous, but the bleak nothingness makes the cliché feel new
Champaign glitterati; tabloid fodder oh yes fuckin' please
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