

Modern World Christ

Blood On The Dance Floor

Limelight super bright
Taking over ultra light
Sweeter than ice cream cones
It makes me wanna rub my bones
Success isn't fabulous
The paparazzi, it's a mess
The world addicted and obsessed
Hollywood is full of shit
Say what you like
I got nothing to hide
I've been crucified, like Jesus Christ
So fuck the scene and dress obscene
Keep it classy
Don't be trashy
I'm not special or unique
I would die for my own dreams

As I grow stronger my voice gets louder
Your shit gets weaker as I stomp you with my sneakers
I'm already dead inside
Let my words eat you alive

Rise to fame, it's a game
They own your face, they make your name
It's all the same for bloody sakes
Plastic dreams on silver screens
New models, placed by full throates
Chased by paparazzi
Raiding like a bunch of Nazis
A danger zone, a global glow

Modern world, Jesus Christ
Everybody wants my slice
Heavens not enough
And this world is super rough
I'm the fever you can't break
I'm the dancer, gunna shake
I don't do, I just am
Let me bust my violent jam

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Your shit gets weaker as I stomp you with my sneakers
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I wanna be the boy that you adore
Without the label of a Bedroom Whore
I wanna be the boy that you adore
Without the label of a Bedroom Whore
I wanna be the boy that you adore
Without the label of a Bedroom Whore
I wanna be the boy that you adore

Without the label of a Bedroom Whore

So shut the fuck up with your ignorance
And shut the fuck up with your competence

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Your shit gets weaker as I stomp you with my sneakers
I'm already dead inside
Let my words eat you alive