

Victor Versus The Victim

Boys Night Out

This is the sound of tooth against bone.
Against cheering crowds and broken homes.
This is the sound of tooth against bone.
Against cheering crowds and broken homes.

This is the end of my rope,
So bite down...
Tell me how this concrete tastes,
And tell me for the last time that you're sorry,
So I can laugh out loud as I watch you
Struggle; broken, bloody and barely breathing, yeah.
The truth is, there's been an autumn in me.
It's been that way since May.

Yeah, I've hoped forever,
Diminishing myself with my unconscious.

This is the sound of tooth against bone.
Against cheering crowds and broken homes.
This is the sound of tooth against bone.
Against cheering crowds and broken homes.

This is the end of the line...
And my shoes, ripped and ruined from running,
Have finally found their final resting place, yeah,
At the base of your skull, and once again
Someone's left to clean up your mess.

Once again, someone's left to clean up your mess.
Once again, someone's left to clean up your mess.