Am I still innocent
Where is my self control
Every other part of me feels empty
This isn't fun this is necessary

You're my machine gun
Pointed straight at my bed
Tearing the sheets apart
The love we have's defective
You're my confusion
Running loose in my head
You turn me inside out
Brutal and effective

You wear my innocence Like a cheap hotel robe You're touch is cold and empty This isn't fun this is necessary

You're my machine gun
Pointed straight at my bed
Tearing the sheets apart
The love we have's defective
You're my confusion
Running loose in my head
You turn me inside out
Brutal and effective

You suck my soul away My nails tear deep into your flesh And pull you closer away from me This isn't fun this is necessary

You're my machine gun
Pointed straight at my bed
Tearing the sheets apart
The love we have's defective
You're my confusion
Running loose in my head
You turn me inside out
Brutal and effective