

Bring out your death thoughts
Let's start again
Building to break
Natural to hate
You're tired of your reason to be

Part of something when I know it when I'm high
Part of nothing when I know it when I crack

And I could be your god
I could be your love
And I could be your dog
And I could be more

And I could be your
Tinker tailor soldier sailor rich man poor man male or female
Look in detail for a sign
The crown of thorns is mine
Be my subject
My accessory to murder 'cause I want to get on further

My life depends on profit
What I am and what I'm not
All I ever want to be
Is only a shadow of how you see me

And if you didn't look
Being part of it requires dedication
It's what I need
It's inspiration
It's what I feed on
It's what I need when I bleed
Empty head empty head empty head