

Monster

Flotsam and Jetsam

Running them off the highway
Running them off the rail
Running their babies into cold black water
Just me and my stash and my scale

Filling the tank over flowing
Filling a dirty syringe
Filling another cemetery
Hope drinking blood don't make you cringe no

Seeing is still not believing
Seeing that you're still here
Seeing you fall from the eighth floor window
Your reputation to smear

Shooting in every direction
Shooting stars inside our heads
Shooting before you see the whites of their eyes
I bet you never thought you'd see me dead no

I'm turning into a monster
I'll turn the heat up high
I'll turn away from this mess I'm burning
The smell of skin on fire
I'm turning into a monster
I'll turn the heat up high
I'll turn away from this mess I'm burning
The smell of skin on fire
I'm turning into a monster yeah

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A monster