

The Guilt Engine

Gatsby's American Dream

My shame is cold like a grave
But my lust is hot like an engine
With pistons that pump
And a heart that thumps to the beat
But I can't wrap my head around

So I let my body fall in step
And I've lost the rhythm
And all I'm left with is my regrets
Can you hear the sound?

Ticking, I am ticking on
Automatic I am all the things I've done,
Set to explode I am ticking on...

What on earth can atone for all the wrong I've done?
From the depths, from your depths I'm crawling home again
Crawling home again

I've been thinking maybe I can make this right
In fact, I know that I've got to make this right
I'm done fucking around with the guilt engine

Ticking, I am ticking on
Automatic I am all the things I've done
Set to explode I am ticking on
Like a bomb...