

Slow Suicide

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It's the nightlife that gets them off;
So desperately they wait for the excuse of love.
We live like vampires
And we, we, we love like killers;
We all die like infants,
And we trust like mirrors.

[pre-chorus]

It's the smoke and the drinks and the smiles that it brings,
It's the pain and the sex disguised as innocence.

[chorus]

Slow suicide...like it or not, it's what we do.
(Slow suicide...like it or not, it's what we do.)

It's the love of guilt that forms the habit
Of being dramatically over-dramatic.
We live like vampires
And we, we, we love like killers;
We all die like infants,
And we trust like mirrors.

[pre-chorus]

It's the smoke and the drinks and the smiles that it brings,
It's the pain and the sex disguised as innocence.
It's the smoke and the drinks and the smiles that it brings,
(It's a desperate place for a desperate people to find their place before desperate heroes)
It's the pain and the sex disguised as innocence.
(A desperate place for a desperate...and they sing)

[chorus x2]

Slow suicide...like it or not, it's what we do.
(Slow suicide...like it or not, it's what we do.)
Slow suicide...like it or not, it's what we do.
(Slow suicide...like it or not, it's what we do.)

[bridge x2]

The songs they sing are in the key
Of the illusion of pain and its irony.
In the midst of lust and dropping names
The drugs they numb and they keep us sane.

[chorus x2]

Slow suicide...like it or not, it's what we do.
(Slow suicide...like it or not, it's what we do.)
Slow suicide...like it or not, it's what we do.
(Slow suicide...like it or not, it's what we do.)