

Sleeping In The Bath

Lower Than Atlantis

Give me a week and he'll float, you'll see
Down a couple of drinks and roll up my sleeves
Because I've scraped the rust from the buckets
'cause they're yearning for his blood
That fucking cunt, he'll meet justice
Revenge is sweet, more secure than trust

This goes out to the better

That boy's gone swam a bit too far out
He's dived in far too deep out of his depth and that water's cold init?
Well you should feel her lies
That cunt's stole a share of my warmth from between her thighs

This ain't done

I'll act will mirror a beauty pageant
As I'll watch all his mess dress the floor
But if I get the chance to show a little mercy
I'll call in sick so I can cut you some more

I'll choke his throat so tight he'll forget just what it takes
to breathe
And for once he'll get to see a heart worn upon its sleeve

A heart that beats

Now he's got blood on my new trainers
But that was worth a fucking quid or two
Advice is free because it's fucking worthless
But I'll still scream it loud and I'll preach it true

Take what you're owed

I'll show him why we're low class
As I cut my wings down so fast
He'll bleed when thousands and thousands of cockroaches scream