

# Dragon

Metallica

You don't actually care  
Love for you is no beginning  
You're not really there  
Hallucination

I thought you were listening  
Hallucination  
I thought you were listening  
Hallucination

I understand you think you're above it  
The adolescent sense of the sky  
The feeling of billowing heartbeats  
The fingertips run through your hair

They run through your hair  
Hallucination  
Hallucination

Oh you think you're so special  
That there's no law meant for you  
You come and go like the goddess you are  
We're mere mortals below  
Fingertips run through your hair  
We are mere mortals below

Are meant to be peons  
Are meant to be servants  
Are meant to be dismissible objects  
One fucks with  
One fucks with

Poor pitiful creature

The winner in heartbreak  
The winner in caring  
The winner in every miniscule method of wearing  
Your heart on your sleeve  
A red star of idiocy

An idiot's idiocy  
My, my caring for you  
Caring for you  
Do you think we're a book  
Some kind of a table  
You can rest your feet on when you're able  
Red star of idiocy  
An idiot's idiocy  
My caring for you  
Poor pitiful creature

To notice the pining  
The self deprivation  
The self flagellation of you  
Dear worshippers

We do like you regal

We do like you haughty  
We do love to look upon your perfect body

The hair on your shoulders  
The smell of your armpit  
The taste of your vulva and everything on it  
We all really love you  
And you have no meaning  
You don't even see us  
You were never caring

You go do what you do  
You do it for you  
No one exists with you  
You're way above caring  
Leave a trail upon the wake  
That no one ever tries to take  
Because waiting for you  
Thinking of you  
Is another way of dying  
Is another way of dying

I'm clawing your chest  
'Til your collarbone bleeds  
Piercing your nipples 'til I bite them off  
I scratch your face and bite your shoulders  
Way above caring  
Way above caring  
And your Kotex jukebox  
Your Kotex jukebox

I'm doomed, I'm swearing  
Waiting for you  
In your high heels and nightie  
Your leather dress squeaking  
Latex now sweating, waiting for you  
In your tincture  
Your opium white bathrobe  
Your white tiles run red now  
Are we both dead now?

The liquid exchange of our heart  
The liquid exchange of our heart  
Are we both dead now?

You're way above caring  
Your heart on your sleeve  
A red star of idiocy  
An idiot's idiocy  
My caring  
My caring for you  
My caring for you  
You're way beyond caring  
Your heart on your sleeve  
A red star of idiocy  
An idiot's idiocy

My caring for you  
Oblivious to caring  
Oblivious to caring  
Oblivious to caring  
Leave a trail upon the wake  
That no one ever tries to take

Because waiting for you  
Because thinking of you  
Is another way of dying

You're way above caring  
Oblivious to caring  
Oblivious to caring  
You poor pitiful creature  
The mistake of feeling  
The one who rejects you is the winner,  
It's true  
The winner in heartbreak  
The winner in caring  
The winner in every miniscule method of wearing  
Your heart on your sleeve  
A red star of idiocy  
An idiot's idiocy  
Your heart on your fuckin' sleeve  
My caring for you  
We were meant to be peons  
We're meant to be peons  
Mere mortals below  
Meant to be servants

Meant to be dismissible objects one fucks with  
Oh, oh, oh you're so special  
No law meant for you  
You come and go like the goddess you are

The fingertips run through your hair  
A billowing heart beats  
Feeling  
Feeling  
What a glorious feeling  
To be so rejected  
So rejected

An idiot's idiocy  
My caring for you  
You think I'm a book or a table  
You can rest your fuckin' feet on  
When you're able

The taste of your vulva, everything on it  
The hair on your shoulders  
The smell of your armpit  
We do love you, to look upon your perfect body  
We love you regal  
We love you haughty  
Oblivious to caring  
Oblivious to caring  
Caring

Oh my dear  
Oh my dear  
Oh my dear  
Oblivious to caring

Are we really dead now?  
Are we both dead now?