

## Talking To God (On a Microphone Made Of Steel)

Mistress

Black paint is peeling from the inside of a face  
Worn as a mask to cover the naked mind

It's all lies and subterfuge, smoke and mirrors  
Life for sale, 1 owner, badly soiled and stained

Fuck it up the arse, I don't want it  
Take it back I'm done with it  
How damn wrong can your whole goddamn life be?  
You call it gift but I call it dirt  
You hear me, God? Go fuck yourself  
You might be God but it don't mean shit to me

The last remnants of a dream  
That's been bound and gagged then fucking died  
Lose your head and it can really blow your mind

Locust plague haemorrhage, hands of blood and piss  
I'll be motherfucker, king in the latrine

So place your bets, I'll take your bets  
No time for tears and no regrets  
Just hate yourself for what you don't have the balls to be  
When it's all unravelling  
So dionysian, ecstatic  
Talking to God with a microphone made of steel

No regrets, no regrets  
Naked and bleeding but no regrets  
Live now only for the day when you can sleep forever  
No more giving your love away like so much cheap wine  
The air screams, no tears  
The air bleeds, no tears  
And no coming back

Part of the deal, you knew the possibilities  
Aware, of sound mind and fucked  
You wanted all this porcelain  
You always knew it could be cracked  
And now it's finally smashed  
It's finally broken beyond repair  
Spilt milk runs red one tick to hell please  
Haha!