

## Waste Of Paint

Peace

This feels like your last chance  
To ever make the leap  
Or hold on here forever  
Or fall into the sea.  
It feels like your mother  
Has gone to set you free  
You're loving every minute  
It's chemical, a pesticide, a cannonball  
You're lost in time.

You're such an animal  
A filthy, a filthy animal

You're electric honey, you blow my brain  
Face to face, we're all the same  
You and me, we're a waste of a paint  
You're electric honey, electric

Baby put your fists down  
Throw away your sword  
Never beg or bother  
to open up the door,  
Pieces come together (something's in the way)  
Slowly feeling better (die another day)  
You've never been a quitter (everything's okay)  
Living for whatever (it's the end or)

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