

## Romantic Self-Destruction

Poison Idea

Pierce my skin, tear my flesh  
Tell me that I feel the best  
Behold that it comes so quick  
Razor rites give me a kick  
It's not called fate, guilt copulate  
Not inane, dig the pain  
First I pick up the phone  
Security calls, no one's home  
Then I pick up the gun  
Security calls, just for fun  
I've got those S.D. blues  
Got nothing to lose but all I choose.