

You can pray all day to Satan
You can drive pretty fast
You can drink with your prescriptions
But it never comes to pass

I know you don't believe me
But you're gonna see, you're gonna see
One hundred and three

You can make marks with a razor
Choke out on the bed
But do you feel a sense of failure
When you just can't end up dead?

I know you don't believe me
But you're gonna see, you're gonna see
One hundred and three

How can I get it through to you?
I just don't think your death wish
Is gonna come, is gonna come true