I don't believe, in anything, that she has been saying about me. Yeah we don't believe in anything, that these critics go writing in their magazines.

The world is spinning way too fast.

The entire human race, will float into space.

So fill your shoes with cement,

And kiss the ones you love,

With reckless abandonment.

I'm not concerned, with pleasing all those little pricks and all their little scenes. See I'd like to believe in those who try, To turn the best of what they have, before they die.

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We are earthquakes, we are tidal waves. We're destruction at its finest, yeah we are lava in the cave. We feed on the irony, we drink hypocrisy. We are everything we hate, but we have everything we need.

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