

Mission Hill Party

The Suicide File

I can't see past your slick veneers.
Your empty eyes, your hollow sneers.
Why not just kill yourselves instead?
You fucking people are already dead.
Dancing drunk to the radio.
'Cause feeling something is better than nothing at all.
And all the drama queens,
All you self-pity machines are dancing drunk to the radio.
No one's gonna save you, so just quit trying.
No one's gonna save you, so just quit crying.