

Our days are numbered 666  
And I'll begin the countdown by calling off the circus  
Somewhere in these cryptic scriptures  
I'll find myself drifting in a sky full of scars they cut into  
you  
Blisters rose colored hue  
Mayday we're going down  
These mescaline memories are morose  
Your kerosine company is comatose

Our days are numbered 321  
And when you bit the bullet I held the smoking gun  
Somewhere in these violent volumes  
I'll find myself drifting in a sky full of scars they cut into  
you  
Blisters rose colored hue  
Mayday we're going down  
These mescaline memories are morose  
Your kerosine company is comatose

And I would sick up half of my cold eye  
to set you on your head  
If I were you then I would memorize  
This loose lipped lullaby instead of waiting  
Carving out your own

Scars they cut into you  
Blisters rose colored hue  
Mayday we're going down  
Follow we went around  
Scars they cut into you  
Blisters rose colored hue  
Mayday we're going down  
These mescaline memories are morose  
Your kerosine company is comatose