

He woke up plastered and stumbling
A full night of gin, pale sweat and seduction
Are all but distant memories inside the heart
Of this shattered beast

I have seen the end and it's not here in this city
Amongst the beggars and the liars
Where must I travel to go beyond borders
Of the clinically insane?

Far past the concept of mastermind
Straight into the heart of disbelief
Light a match and burn the whole place to the ground
Collect an ounce of the ash and bring it right back home
To hang on the fucking mantel

And this is how we begin.