

Well excuse me i set the bomb to clean  
Didnt think of life the only thought of correction left  
in a white suite with white wine in hand  
This is my way the best plan

Its with being drunk am i right? Pounds can't tell the  
difference when fused together  
Shave the five 'o clock shadow and leave behind the  
silhouette at hand the disguise is very much our own its  
tangible to the ghost like a hanging morse code in the  
air i'll pull you out ony when i wanna figure it out

We'll figure the ghost it's tangible to you then you  
think upon light years  
Pain mistaking by making it worse off than it should ever  
have to be  
Stoped him stopped it  
Babbled on and on about changing this and that  
Fistfull of chalk and quarters i'm the new teacher now  
won't hesitate to put on paper that you're life will suck  
you and demons will sort you out

Desert, destroy, now in the colors and shapes are gone  
I will never go back there