

The New Style of Riot

Ayria

The same nagging pain
It isn't over again
Don't step back from it all
No words, just fear
For what he saw

When every taste is faded
And every feeling jaded
And you can't seem to turn this all around
I know you'll break it, break it
Or else you'll fake it, fake it
You've gotta bring this motherfucker to the ground

It's just a tiny pill
To hold him over until
He can't forget who he is
And what he's done
Or what he might still

When every taste is faded
And every feeling jaded
And you can't seem to turn this all around
I know you'll break it, break it
Or else you'll fake it, fake it
You've gotta bring this motherfucker to the ground

F-U
I don't like what you've done
If you
Could see what's going on
You
Might have been able to stop
F-U

F-U
I don't like what you've done
If you
Could see what's been going on
You
Might have been able to stop
F-U

When every taste is faded
And every feeling jaded
And you can't seem to turn this all around
I bet you'll break it, break it
Or else you'll fake it, fake it
You've gotta bring this motherfucker to the ground

When every pleasure faded
And every feeling jaded
And you can't seem to turn this all around
I hope you'll break it, break it
Or else you'll fake it, fake it
Until you bring this motherfucker to the ground