

I exclude light and wash my hands of you
By larger being devoured
Leaving only me to improve

Weep
Don't fucking weep
Your weak eyes cry tears of the week

Weep
Catch up with the sheep
It's a sacrilegious ceremony
New flavor of the week

Nothing's sacred in the faces of the soulless
(That you're made into)
You're raptured by a guilty stifled down

And what I'll do is mess you up and lie to you
Look at you, you know it's true
It's a field trip to Hollywood Babylon
But I'm not coming, no