

## Sleeping In The Bath

Lower Than Atlantis

Give me a week and he'll float, you'll see  
Down a couple of drinks and roll up my sleeves  
Because I've scraped the rust from the buckets  
'cause they're yearning for his blood  
That fucking cunt, he'll meet justice  
Revenge is sweet, more secure than trust

This goes out to the better

That boy's gone swam a bit too far out  
He's dived in far too deep out of his depth and that water's cold init?  
Well you should feel her lies  
That cunt's stole a share of my warmth from between her thighs

This ain't done

I'll act will mirror a beauty pageant  
As I'll watch all his mess dress the floor  
But if I get the chance to show a little mercy  
I'll call in sick so I can cut you some more

I'll choke his throat so tight he'll forget just what it takes  
to breathe  
And for once he'll get to see a heart worn upon its sleeve

A heart that beats

Now he's got blood on my new trainers  
But that was worth a fucking quid or two  
Advice is free because it's fucking worthless  
But I'll still scream it loud and I'll preach it true

Take what you're owed

I'll show him why we're low class  
As I cut my wings down so fast  
He'll bleed when thousands and thousands of cockroaches scream