

Made Of Rats

Orange Goblin

If it seems like I'm sinking
And I'm talking to the back of my hand
It's because I've been drinking
'Cos I don't understand
Why I'm out of my depth here
And I'm out of my mind
No one showed me an out door
And I didn't come in here to die

Made of rats
Made of rats, yeah
Made of rats

I got no silver lining
I've got holes in my shoes
I'm so tired of whining
All these downtrodden blues
Yeah, my head's a volcano
That's about to explode
And my brain's made of chalk, yeah
Now it slowly corrodes

Made of rats
Made of rats, yeah
Made of rats

I got no silver lining
He's got holes in his shoes
I'm so tired of whining
All these downtrodden blues
And I'm out of my depth, yeah
And he's out of his mind
No one showed me an out door
And we didn't come in here to die

Had enough isolation
Ain't in tune with no lord
Hope they bottle salvation
'Cos it's all I can afford
It's no long-term solution
We got no future plans
So for now, sit here drinking
As we talk to the back of our hands

Made of rats
Made of rats, yeah
Made of rats
Yes I was, fuckin' made of rats
Yeah, fuckin' made of rats, yeah
Made of rats
Made of rats
Alright