

I've been put down and been the target of scorn.  
So many times I?e cursed the day I was born.  
Tasted every taste and done all to the max.  
I've survived this long thanks to pills and twelvepacks.  
It? all been hazy but one thing I know.  
No use to fight it when you're sunk so low.  
Can? take the pressure so I bring out the torch.  
Found my dead girlfriend on the front porch.

THAT'S WHAT DID IT FOR ME, THAT'S WHEN I LIT THE FLAME.  
THAT'S WHEN PETROLEUM HELPED ME TO GET AFTERLIFE FAME.  
I GOT BACK TO ONE, GOT RID OF ALL THAT'S BEEN WITH A  
MATCH AND GASOLINE..

Yeah I was put down and the target of scorn.  
Sure I'm a coward but I don't think you'll mourn.  
The tastes I tasted was just to get away.  
To escape the pain and block out the things you? say.  
I stand here ready with a can of sauce.  
Self-inflicted combustion and you're the cause.  
A gruesome sight but I won't feel the flames.  
The fire is the only thing that cleans the stains.

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