

Addicted To Bad Ideas

The World/Inferno Friendship Society

I wasn't always a monster, I was a prince.
Now, so broken, so
Addicted to bad ideas & to drugs & to all the beauty in this world, I know

Though I have grown older & graver, the great heart of the world remains ever young.
I wasn't always a monster, I was a prince.
Now, so broken, so.

I wasn't always a monster, I was a saint.
Now, forgotten, so
Addicted to bad ideas & to the blood that runs from my eyes and my hands and my throat

Though I have grown older & graver, the great heart of the world remains ever young.
I wasn't always a monster, I was a prince.
Now, so broken, so

Because I can, 'cause no one can stop me
'Cause it makes up for things that I lost
To feel your tug at my soul
The sting of your gaze over my face

To fail and to live long

I wasn't always a monster, I was a saint.
Now, so broken, so
Addicted to bad ideas & to the blood that runs from my eyes and my hands and my throat

Though I have grown older & graver, the great heart of the world remains ever young.
I wasn't always a monster, I was a prince.
Now, so broken, so

Because I can 'cause no one can stop me
'Cause it makes up for things I lost
Because I'm addicted to bad ideas and all the beauty in this world