

American Head Charge, Shutdown

the trait that is still
left on the killing floor for you
that smile as he still
itches for killing more of you
the taste as he still
catches me lasting to it
the recoil they still
dream of that lasting spit
are you
shutdown in it
shut my eyes only once
brought me back up for nothing
yet it always seems like
I live in the shit
I make it bleed
I wont ever quit
I cause the need
lying in my bed
telling me your scared
of me when Im god
of me when Im dead
the temptation still
passses me lying for it only
false reminders still
drown myself trying for it only
reaching upwards still
squashes me under it
its only god still
seizing my final breath
are you
shutdown in it
shut my eyes only once
brought me back up for nothing
yet it always seems like
Im drawn into it
I cant belong
such a perfect fit
I wont be wrong
holding on in vein
telling me your scared
of me when Im god
of me when Im dead
I live in the shit
I make it bleed
I wont ever quit
I cause the need
lying in my bed
telling me your scared
of me when Im god
of me when Im dead
love me when Im god
love me when Im dead
dead
I dont want to be shutdown