

American Head Charge, To Taste Acid

The crowd did move
Was it live
The course it took
Was it right
The crown I wore
Was it mine
The lips that lie
Is it true
The lace that tears
Is it skin
The line that binds
Is it real
The face that smiles
Is it yours
The fall that kills
Is it dead
To control the mannequin
Your wrists will shake
Without circulation
Your face will twitch
Do you feel
Better than me
Do you taste
Better than me
The prey that hunts
Was it found
The people die
Is it right
The place is lost
Will it turn
The guilt that hurts
Will it change
The guess that shames
Will it smile
The game that plays
Does it hurt
The fail that's right
Does it taste
The fuck that hates
Do you care
Did you get
What you wanted
To taste acid
To taste guilt
To taste shame
To taste hate
To taste death
To taste black
To taste acid
To taste red
To taste hell
To taste me
For you to swell
To taste god
To taste acid