

# Deathboy, Antimatter

Been so low  
and I made such a fuss of it  
Looked so pained  
but I couldn't get enough of it

Despise anything  
I could ever belong to  
And the people that I love  
Are the ones I do wrong to

Soldiers and princesses  
She's likes guns and he wears dresses  
Tinker, Tailor, Sinner, Spy  
Kiss the boys and get them high

Out of road and of excuses  
She's got cuts and he's got bruises  
It's never gonna be  
Alright

Keep smiling to reset my face  
Sell my sanity on public phones  
Supply and defy my genome  
Share a room with synchronicity jones

Makes sense after the explosion.  
Drive-by suicide, keep your clothes on  
Kill the light and save the mood  
Overpaid and misconstrued

We are not nothing  
We are antimatter

We are not nothing