

Grand Theft Audio, Avarice

Here's the sucker punch
Your mind is out to lunch
In everything you do, your poison attitude
Takes your breath away
Blackens everyday
There's nothing left to lose
Cos I'm sick of you

I'M RUNNING THROUGH
BLACK STREETS AT NIGHT, WITH NOTHING AHEAD OF ME
THINKING OF YOU, BEATEN BLACK AND BLUE
YOU'RE WAITING TO GREET ME WITH YOUR AVARICE

Here's the new excuse
Your soul has blown a fuse
And everywhere you look
The libertys you took
You stop and look at me, hate the things you see
There's nothing left to lose
Yeah I'm sick of you

I'M RUNNING THROUGH
BLACK STREETS AT NIGHT, WITH NOTHING AHEAD OF ME
THINKING OF YOU, BEATEN BLACK AND BLUE
YOU'RE WAITING TO GREET ME WITH YOUR AVARICE

Here's the new excuse