

# Mortiis, Decadent And Desperate (Absentia)

Beat down, fucked up.  
I'm drinkin' blood from the devil's cup.  
Now what you tell me.  
I can't even get shit for free.  
Hey girl, I'll have to go.  
Ain't got no money so let's go slow.  
In my room, this living hell.  
A living hell in the shit motel.  
Decadent and desperate!  
Fair play, crack's your pay.  
Shoot me up and make my day.  
Oh yeah, way to go.  
You really are a damn good ho.  
Oh yeah, at the shit motel.  
How I love being stuck in this cell.  
Fucked up in a shit stained sty.  
Everything they ever said was a big, fat lie!  
Decadent and desperate!  
You're such a fucking dog!  
Looking for your special drug!  
Decadent and desperate!  
Beat down, fucked up.  
I'm drinkin' blood from the devil's cup.  
Now what you tell me.  
I can't even get shit for free.  
All right, come on.  
In a year or two we'll both be gone.  
Who cares how sweet?  
Your pain's gonna taste when it falls to shit!