

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!