

# No, Really, Molten

All I need is a drink to embolden  
Give me a bottle of that and I'm golden  
Heat me up until I am molten  
I'll burn a hole through you

I won't be able to stop my tongue  
Won't recognize what I've become  
And when at last I've had my fun  
I'll have to sleep it off

Beginning to think that you are right  
About all the people afraid to die  
We have no idea what heaven's like  
But we're terrified of hell

So I've decided to face my fears  
Cause I die a little each time you're here  
But you always seem to disappear  
When I need you the most

I was sober when I finally said the words  
But when I finished your face was blurred  
And there was something different about the whole world  
As I walked myself home

So I'll take this bottle and drink it down  
And try to act cool as I look around  
But it pours through my wound to the ground  
Cause you burnt a hole through me