

Stuck Lucky, El Vampiro

Wakin' up to the end of a fight
Shedding off the skin of an endless night
I'll watch the sun rise between the hills but I'll know
That we'll never be the same--all this death was in vain
Children of a lesser god
Children of a lesser god
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Children of a lesser god
Cock it back to the stock, yeah, load us in the car
Stockin' up on knives and glocks cause we couldn't get that far
Waste your life's ambition on this end of day
Waste our lives just wishing and trying to get paid
See you can't have my brains
All those stupid questions, yeah, they're driving me insane
Meet me on the roof tonight
We're going out for that final fight
There's not a place on this world that's going to feel right
Need a drink or a smoke maybe girl or a joke
You know I love you all but I guess it's time to go
We'll take 'em to the streets, we'll take 'em like they're JFK
We're wasting our lives just trying to get paid
End of days
End of days
End of days