

Tilt, Worse To Bad

Dismal little pad so small i'm almost standing outside
Back to the workplace i go
Murder eight hours a day, no, make it nine
Dressing my face an open wound
On the day after day later lousy mood
I haul it off but it fall in my lap today
Tied to each thought i got a little lead balloon

You're accused
But i'm the crime

Oh it got worse
From worse to bad
Unintentional flame wont go away
Pitching in the black
Oh it got worse
IT got bad from worse to bad
Unintentional flame wont go away
Pitching in the black