

A Split Second, Choke

Break down, turn it around
Hear the sound of laceration
The suffocating devastating roaring of crowds
Dealing with the same vile people, same old bores
Get your head caught in revolving doors

Perfume, make-up
it's a joke
Crucifixion in stiletto heels
Muscles and conversation,
it's a joke
Hatred forges nerves of steel

Choke the days and drown the nights

Taking off the city harness
Throw up in the kitchen sink
Cut while shaving, smashed the mirror
Longing for another drink
Strange surrounds always drive me up the fire escape