

# 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