

Biffy Clyro, With Aplomb

Fix my new memory with a cold naked stare, chew up the words but with floods beware
Fondness can escalate beyond my repair, chance is the fiction will orchestrate despair
Again, these hands blow dry but I can handle it again, these words collide but I can handle
Happiness is coated in a mindless kicking, let's fall apart, get up high and leave
Again, these hands blow dry but I can handle it again, these words collide but I can handle
Kill your bizarre mindset, fuckhead, soldered to a three-layered concrete brainwave castration
Walking backwards home with you