

Bride, Too Tired

The agonies will come after you been lit up
The All Stars amped out bender got corrupt
Behind the eight ball nothing but flimm flamm
You been hawged and your souls been damned

Shot out to the curb with no place to go
Drink plenty of water and best walk slow
Started as ice cream then a joy ride
You can't stop coasting cause vanity is high

Too tired to fall for that
Hate them with a perfect hatred
Too tired to fall for that

Too tired to fall for that
Hate them with a perfect hatred
Too tired to fall for that

Plexin and panic oppression and pride
Fear and a snare hell has eyes
Gnaw on the bones Fata Morgana
How'd you get so far from the garden?

Duckets out the window ends on the street
And you medicate intravenously
Profit is worshiped smells like stale ghost
Forgiveness is unnatural with legal loopholes

Too tired to fall for that
Hate them with a perfect hatred
Too tired to fall for that

Too tired to fall for that
Hate them with a perfect hatred
Too tired to fall for that

Out there bad count the dead
Died with their mouth wide open
Started with a gateway you've been had
At Jesus Second Coming

When there's no one left to pardon your sins
The wicked are estranged from the womb
Will you still be standing in your disease?
Are you ready to face the Doom?

Too tired to fall for that
Hate them with a perfect hatred
Too tired to fall for that

Too tired to fall for that
Hate them with a perfect hatred
Too tired to fall for that

Too tired to fall for that
Hate them with a perfect hatred
Too tired to fall for that

Too tired to fall for that
Hate them with a perfect hatred
Too tired to fall for that