

Bullets And Octane, Cancer California

Live your life
Die a little everyday
Pretend youve got something to say
Nobody here is listening

Your cancer California

Pack your things to find your 15 minute fame
I hear it happens everyday
In the obituary
Simple dream to a hooker on the street
Kept alive by her apathy
Started with good intentions

Your cancer California
Burn up, burn out, burn away

You burn away, you burn away, you burn away

Live your life
Die a little everyday
I thought you had something to say
Your cancer California
Trust me darling, my next victim
Dont believe in me
Im your savior and destruction
Ill take everything