

Civet, Old Glory

Come on & make me live
I can't seem to do it for me.
I'm starving to death
Going down in glory
Glory... No God forgave
There is no end for me
Buried in boxes & sympathies, yeah
Tell your great big lies to me
I'm going down in glory
Where's your pills?
You perfect home?
Your regret?
You fucking humility?
Where's your prise?
Where's your daughter?
Your lies & my broken home?
Burn me once, shame on you
Burn me twice, shame on me
I won't be on your doorstep, lady
I'm going down in glory