

From Autumn To Ashes, Sugar Wolf

Less of a singer, you are more
More of a prostitute
With aspirations for a life of sex and drug abuse
When did the music turn into a beauty pageant
Lately my sense of pride has been chronically absent domesticate
So much for combat
My worst habits are mounting a comeback
Dollars and pence, cubic or metric
You can sit down but the chairs are electric
Lay in the street, embrace the gutter
Its easier than working towards something
Better pull on my boots, run through the back door
Should have been more careful what I wished for
Less of an artist, you are more more of a xerox machine
You sit tracing the pages of juxtapoz magazine
When did the music turn into a beauty pageant
I've become a participant in something I stood against
I should have never given birth to this monster
From all this shame I'd like to hide my head in the ground