

# Gatsbys American Dream, The Guilt Engine

My shame is cold like a grave  
But my lust is hot like an engine  
With pistons that pump  
And a heart that thumps to the beat  
But I cant wrap my head around

So I let my body fall in step  
And Ive lost the rhythm  
And all Im left with is my regrets  
Can you hear the sound?

Ticking, I am ticking on  
Automatic I am all the things Ive done,  
Set to explode I am ticking on...

What on earth can atone for all the wrong Ive done?  
From the depths, from your depths Im crawling home again  
Crawling home again

Ive been thinking maybe I can make this right  
In fact, I know that Ive got to make this right  
I'm done fucking around with the guilt engine

Ticking, I am ticking on  
Automatic I am all the things Ive done  
Set to explode I am ticking on  
Like a bomb...