

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...