

Germs, Suicide Machine

Just a pill and a dream
Died yesterday
Put a gun in his mouth and blew his way out
Just a pill and a dream
It's a suicide machine
She danced all night to the storm in her mind
She waits in the gutter
Someone she'll never find
Just a sill and a scheme
It's a suicide machine

She cried about the world
She slit her throat to fight it
Someone had told her she'd had it
Just a sill and a scheme
It's a suicide machine
Bobby had lost his secret identity
He saw his masculinity in a glass of Bordeaux
Just watch the show
It's a sparkler to his child eyes
It's a suicide machine

You find his wish
Get yourself some ammunition
Click!
It's a suicide machine