

Madison, Gang Fights With Irish Accents

I'm now improved.
Got my drift back.
That makes your... Makes your heart attack.
For what it's worth I could break you.
I'd still make you want this back.

At once you were the one that I threw my dependence on.
There's nothing wrong with it so wipe your tears and take it off.
Can you bleed?
Can you breathe?
You used to know everything.

Fake, fake the words I wrote down.
Break, break the boy you couldn't see because he's not searching for your sympathy.
The way your voice sounds... Promises made to me.
So take these words and drink alone tonight.

You haven't called him since September.
So predictable.
The truth is penathol has finally got the best of you.
You want a gang fight, but while your boozing I hope your cruising.

This is a new revolution, white faced and under attack.
A struggle for revival, the smoke didn't flow to my back.
What is this content, his opinion.
You'll never take me alive, you'll never win.

So hope for a slow death.
Your hand shakes; you know you're next.
Look what you did to yourself
Lies, lies you've all been sold.
Starstruck, you take that road.

Because all your feelings took the best of me.