

Mud Flow, Sympathy

Your sympathy for all the devils
It's making me sick
It's making me blind
Your empathy for all the cowards
It's making me sick
It's making me blind

You're so low

You seemed to love me
You know how to kiss me
So sweet and delightful
You should rather have me
Well I'm so low

Your sympathy for all the devils
It's making me sick
It's making me blind
Your empathy for all the cowards
It's making me sick
It's making me blind

You're so low

She doesn't love me
She sometimes says I'm sorry
She never tries to kiss me
She would rather fuck me
We're so low