

Oblivion Dust, In My Head

Time to empty head
Try and dream instead
Let memory trip and finally slip
Like acid in milk
Garbage in silk
Dripping and oozing your sex over my guilt

And I really don't know who to care about
And I don't know if I'm in our out

God is dead
God is dead from hesitation
Cannot make love to the ones you have sold yourself to Jesus hates my generation
He'd rather go down and around and go down, but he's always in love with the role that he's playing

And I really don't know who to care about
And I don't know if I'm in or out
Should I torture myself and live in doubt?
And I really don't know if I'm in or out...of my head

It's in my head
It's in my head

Sugar sweet suicide drips
Find me a lick from your finger tips

Let my soul go down and around and around and go down
In control, but where do I find love?
Should I torture myself and live in doubt?
And I don't know if I'm in or out

So unkind
I really don't know
Love in mind
I really don't know

It's in my head
It's in my head
Let my soul...It's in my head
It's in my head