

# Orange Goblin, Made Of Rats

If it seems like I'm sinking  
And I'm talking to the back of my hand  
It's because I've been drinking  
'Cos I don't understand  
Why I'm out of my depth here  
And I'm out of my mind  
No one showed me an out door  
And I didn't come in here to die

Made of rats  
Made of rats, yeah  
Made of rats

I got no silver lining  
I've got holes in my shoes  
I'm so tired of whining  
All these downtrodden blues  
Yeah, my head's a volcano  
That's about to explode  
And my brain's made of chalk, yeah  
Now it slowly corrodes

Made of rats  
Made of rats, yeah  
Made of rats

I got no silver lining  
He's got holes in his shoes  
I'm so tired of whining  
All these downtrodden blues  
And I'm out of my depth, yeah  
And he's out of his mind  
No one showed me an out door  
And we didn't come in here to die

Had enough isolation  
Ain't in tune with no lord  
Hope they bottle salvation  
'Cos it's all I can afford  
It's no long-term solution  
We got no future plans  
So for now, sit here drinking  
As we talk to the back of our hands

Made of rats  
Made of rats, yeah  
Made of rats  
Yes I was, fuckin' made of rats  
Yeah, fuckin' made of rats, yeah  
Made of rats  
Made of rats  
Alright