

Poison Idea, Romantic Self-Destruction

Pierce my skin, tear my flesh
Tell me that I feel the best
Behold that it comes so quick
Razor rites give me a kick
It's not called fate, guilt copulate
Not inane, dig the pain
First I pick up the phone
Security calls, no one's home
Then I pick up the gun
Security calls, just for fun
I've got those S.D. blues
Got nothing to lose but all I choose.