

Professional Murder Music, Your World

You make me realize what it is that I'm breathing
Because I'm feeling so far away from here now
Your fucking world I've lived in and could never respect
And all the times I liked it I was feeling dead
Live my life without tomorrow
I'll kiss your face to see your sorrow
How's it feel you're down on the floor
Are you worried I'm in control
Now I know you really can't stand when I spit in God's face
Give it all to me
It's not enough to hold me long
Give me everything
It's not enough to hold me long
It almost starts to feel like that dream that I'm living
An endless cycle feeling the skin that I'm tearing
The melting walls you live for are becoming detached
And all this time you thought that it would never turn black
See what's left there's no tomorrow
Tell that pig he is so hollow
How's it feel you're down on the floor
Are you worried I'm in control
Now I know you really can't stand when I spit in God's face
Give it all to me
It's not enough to hold me long
Give me everything
It's not enough to hold me long