

Tomahawk, Sweet Smell Of Success

You've got to be the one
Smile of porcelain
Bullet holes in your tongue
Plexiglass bones
Dough of angel's breath
The eyes of a mannequin
Put on a hell of a show
Solid gold
Fresh young face
King of a lovely place
Cynical life
Wash your face
Tryin' to make it better
And we've heard this song before
And the needle skips again
Playin' dominoes with tombstones
Found a graveyard in your drawer
Go and get yourself buried
'Cause your dead, you're dead, you're dead, you're dead
You're skin melts in wax
Woven silk eyelids
The arms of somnambulist
You got your moneys worth
Soul hangs in the closet
Paper mache heart
Put on a hell of a show
Solid gold
Your hate crime
Wasn't loving me
Cynical life
Wash your face
Tryin' to make it better
And we'll never make it better
And we'll never make it better