

Unhinged, Heathers (Fall

lite my cigarette on yer destruction
"don't do it"'s become nothing more than a slogan
i killed with you, helped you cover it up
extremism works, but it's never enough
my hand got burned, yours got shot
the red ribbon in my hair means a lot
i ain't goin' to hell with you
disappear on my q
it ain't over till the fat lady wheels
i could never understand your deals
flaked out on me before the prom
remember you by the scar on my palm