

Vice Squad, The Story Of My Life

Its the story of my life
Paralysed in the head lights
Looking out from the inside
Same old story of my life

The throbbing hangover of all of the years
The deep of midwinter that blows in my ears
Time for the lonely to sit and reflect
The cruel and unholy and all they neglect

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Christmas is coming, the noose getting tight
No more herald angles, no more silent nights
So pull out the plastic, pay for it next year
It's lost all its magic, its so insincere

Feels like the whole world's got it in for me
Feels like its over
And it feels like the whole world's got it in for me
I don't wanna be your enemy
No I don't wanna be you enemy
No more

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The cold's coming closer, it all goes to waste
My energy spent fixing smiles on my face
A time when the lonely affirm their belief
The slaughter of million, the corpse centre piece
Christmas is coming, the noose getting tight
No more herald angles, no more silent nights
So pull out the plastic, pay for it next year
It's lost all its magic, its so insincere