

# Wargasm, D.R.I.L.D.O

drink fuck fight love  
drink fuck fight love

sometimes i just feel so malicious  
got no dreams and no wishes  
got this lack of vision  
nothing turns me on  
i'm a graveyard for ambition  
i can't stand this repetition  
i can't stand this repetition  
someone cut me off

i hang with the vultures  
cause i'm proud to pick the corpses  
yeah it's sick  
i'm caught in the slaughter  
of this twenty first century torture  
it's my kink  
i keep my hand close to my chest  
so they don't see me sweating  
i sleep with one eye open  
and both hands on a weapon

i don't wanna think i just wanna  
drink fuck fight love  
drink fuck fight love

you can try and do your worst  
but it'll never be enough  
little punks like you try to call my bluff  
little fucks like you try to act so tough  
you left me naked on the pyre  
you made my heart an empty home  
you made my head a raging fire  
of sweet desire  
of sweet desire

i put the lust in lacklustre  
dumb little fuck  
which was is up  
we're out of luck i'm all used up  
got nothing left to give  
i keep a book of all the people who left me high and dry  
signed with a false name  
mr jesus christ

drink fuck fight love x4  
it's not a state of mind  
it's just poor character design  
you're gonna feel this way forever and ever and ever  
unless you kick back against the pressure

i hang with the vultures  
cause i'm proud to pick the corpses  
yeah it's sick  
i'm caught in the slaughter  
of this twenty first century torture  
it's my kink  
i keep a book for all the people who pushed me to the brink  
i don't wanna think i just wanna

drink fuck fight love