

# Chimaira, Rizzo

Pull up your car you're home from the night on the town  
Could not find anyone to go home with to show off your insecurity  
So you put your "I love you face" back on  
When you are this way you think you are God  
But the people around you are destroyed  
Coming home getting off by killing who you love  
I hope you end up in a body bag  
Walk up to your room to be with your lover  
Although they don't share your desire  
That night frustrated and intoxicated  
You need to leech onto another  
When you are this way you think you are God  
But the people around you are destroyed  
Coming home getting off by killing who you love  
I hope you end up in a body bag  
Pretend you are the king  
One day this will all come back to you  
One day your child will be a man