

Eighteen Visions, Champagne And Sleeping Pills

poetic madness drains from my mind.
you've fucked me there too many times.
heart in throat.
I'm all choked up.
I wish I was.
now give me sanity.
this is the love I can't control and now you've lost it.
and you're just so fucking crazy.
you make me crazy.
dopesick and depressed, but she's magnetic.
she's so magnetic.
you make me crazy.
you make me so fucking crazy.
a bittersweet orgasmic mindfuck
or the smoothest sheet of something stainless will pleasure me for now.
and now I find myself where the needle was too weak.
and now I find myself where the razor couldn't speak.
now cover me in your green essence lovely.
distance where I can't touch you.
that's where the gun will touch you.
paint up that pretty face you're something I wish I was.
paint up that pretty face.
give me this agony.
paint up that pretty face.
her makeup smears away with the tears.
that eye-liners runnin and she's runnin away from me.
the lipstick stains like gold and for that moment I wanted to be her.
feeling how I failed her.
and now the drama bites hard.
you're the poison in the bottle in that just knocked me out.
a simulcast signing off yeah mind controls a bitch.
I'm on that downer depressant.
that overcast chill and she's just so fucking sexy.
yeah. lips like sin. die like sin.
I'm on that downer depressant.
that overcast chill.
she's dressed in black and dressed to kill.