

Victims Family, Indestructible

Oh well, you sit alone and your brain begins to rot
and so you chase behind your every crazy thought
and find a human scapegoat to blame your problems on
past on a plastic smile, pretending nothing's wrong
you go to work and sometimes you scream and bitch and
whine
you know that I'm so grateful that none of your problems
are mine
and so you find a punching bag with a face that looks like
me
and then you beat it senseless until it springs a leak.
Oh well, your life is empty and so you buy some toys
and when something goes wrong you get so f**king
annoyed
the pages in your scrapbook, they get all yellow and faded
and I'd be cynical if I wasn't so goddamned jaded
and so you make excuse for writing poison pen notes
just make sure in your mind you're always above reproach
look over the rim of your glasses and then look down your
nose
It's easy to feel superior, I know ...
'cause nothing matters when you're indestructible
you better fail or else it's bound to f**k with you
Oh well, it's pointless to dwell on the past
but it's ever so easy just to think you've been had
I'm just a martyr/extra in this scene
so I hope you'll excuse me for being a libertine
I get so angry, so mean
stab my voodoo doll
stab my voodoo doll
'til it bursts, 'til it bursts
at the seams, at the seams
'cause nothing matters when you're indestructible
you better fail or else it's bound to f**k with you
I know you might think that you're infallible
but nothing matters when you're ...
perfect.