

Coalesce

"Counting Murders, Drinking Beers (The \$46,000 Escape)"

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I'm getting out
While I can still count these murders
On only one hand

I'm through looking after you
Second guessing your next move
Lock the doors, turn out the lights
The wolves are out tonight
Playing that shitty bass

So, you get your kicks
Using my daughter and my wife
As target practice?
Well, how do you like
That shaft straight up your ass?

And I'll damn you right in your tongue
You have used that grinning 'no English' crap
For the last time on me and since when
A shot of paint elevate the classes?

You run around real cute with your rainbows
Like we don't know, like we care
So, look away when you see me, just look away
It never ends for me

Like it the fourth never ending
Yeah, you're real brave roughing this
Until you have children of your own
There is no pride in these chances

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