

Comadre

"Byrne'in Down The Haus"

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I feel defeat and it's real warm.
It doesn't burn like those bones anymore.
And this is more, what you've been begging for,
Give in, el fin, the perfect sin and we all win.

I'm filed. I'm geiled.
This time I'm coming back better than before.

Tomorrow will be better, better than today,
We've got a plan, we've got a plan that they won't
understand.
Tucked in forever homesick but never alone,
Inside this world is sick so please get close.

I'm filed. I'm geiled,
Fucked days and heavy nights, even out the score.

These badder days, still have a way with hearts of
gold.
So, "love me til my heart stops, yeah love me til I'm
dead"
If this is home, it tastes like silver lining,
I'll pour it down my throat and beg to choke.

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