

Die Queen Die "Shaykit"

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Shut fast the camera's eyes! With no hope in sight. But
when the shoes twist to the right, Missed marks are a
common cause And then we find What no one wants To
stumble across

Does my voice lack conviction? When I assault this
aged tale and scream to you these fucked up thoughts.
There is no truth. There is no hope.

Surprise!

And there it is straight for you

Still running in circlesÂ...

Now we live inside of the crimes of our minds, we spit
to heights and rage from tops

Grab your bitch and take her to bed (yeah)
Sink into the back of your head (I know)
Grab your bitch and take her to bed (say please)
Sink into the back of your head, yeah

So take back
All those lies
You force fed

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