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i've reached the age of discharge
of spitting up what they put in
you look at me all sigh and sigh
ask me have i cut it
yeah i cut it all the time
break it right down to the skin
scrape it down to the skin
talking to the walls new turned
i'm talking to your face
i've reached the age of discharge
digression had its years of storming backstage
storming backstage
folded arms all
trembling
dying just to
dying just to crash you precious car
i'm dying just to
dying just to crash your precious car

he never hears his own voice
i brace my lips too tight
half spent on hoping for it
to go right just to fuck it up
i can't hold my hands still
so how could i ever hold yours
i invited you over for a locked door
don't get there
don't get there with me
dont get there
don't get there with me

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