

Boys Night Out

"Victor Vs. The Victim"

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This is the sound of tooth against bone
Against cheering crowds and broken homes.
This is the sound of tooth against bone
Against cheering crowds and broken homes.
This is the end of my rope,
So bite down...tell me how this concrete tastes
And tell me for the last time that you're sorry
So i can laugh out loud as i watch you struggle;
Broken, bloody and barely breathing.
The truth is, there's been an autumn in me
And it's been that way since may.
Yeah, i've hoped forever
Diminishing myself with my unconscious.
This is the sound of tooth against bone
Against cheering crowds and broken homes.
Yeah, this is the sound of tooth against bone
Against cheering crowds and broken homes.
This is the end of the line
And my shoes, ripped and ruined from running,
Have finally found their final resting place
At the base of your skull...and once again
Someone's left to clean up your mess.

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