

Gatsbys American Dream

"Guilt Engine, The"

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My shame is cold like a grave
But my lust is hot like an engine
With pistons that pump
And a heart that thumps to the beat
But I can't wrap my head around
So I let my body fall instead
I've lost the rhythm
All I'm left with is my regrets
Can you hear the sound?
Ticking, I am ticking on
Automatic I am all the things I've done,
Set to explode I am ticking on...
What on earth can atone for all the wrong I've done?
From the depths, from your depths I'm crawling home
again
I'm crawling home again
I've been thinking maybe I can make this right
In fact, I know that I've got to make this right
I'm done fucking around with the guilt engine
Ticking, I am ticking on
Automatic I am all the things I've done

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