

Hardcore Superstar "Wake Up Dead In A Garbagecan"

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It's kind of creepy when you're out of
Control
Lonely
You're like a walking corpse without
A soul
Lonely
Why am I not surprised
Born to tell the perfect lie
Oh what a feeling being one of a kind
Lonely

I feel sad I feel sedated
My touch is overrated

Wake up dead in the garbagecan
I got a feeling that I'm in my best
Wake up dead in the garbagecan
I'll pretend I wake up dead

Give me a moment
Got a story to tell
Hold mean affectionate boy but he'll wake up
In hell
Hold me
With all your grease and reptile smile
In your grave there aren't no lies
Oh what a maggot brain
My devil inside
Hold me

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