

Hazmat Modine

"You Sound Like A White Boy"

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Cut throat
Bleeding on the floor
Trying harder to explode now
Her hair is getting everywhere
And she's falling like the rain
Cut throat
Take the water on the stove
Boil your weapons, wars, and weddings
Your wounds just kill me
Hung from our tree
That's how you choke
And she's seen the rain
Trying harder to explode now
Her hair is slowly falling (failing) out
And she's falling like the rain?
And I'm falling like the rain?

Cut throat

The pretty ones burning the smell is amazing
My heart fills with love and the taste of battery acid
So tragic

Now I've got to tell the kids you're gone
And I'll never forgive you for this one
If you wanted help then you're dead wrong
That godforsaken tree is where you belong

The suicide coward

So tragic

Wars and weddings
Boil your weapons
Your wounds just kill me
Hung from our tree
Cut throat
You won, so tragic

