

Ligeia

"I'm Sorry You're Ugly"

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This is your brain on drugs.
This is who you are now.
Are you happy?
Are you satisfied with the whore you've become?
You face the end.
It's like you're already dead.
Take a good look at yourself.
You're next to nothing and there's nothing left for you.
Check the pulse as the veins cauterize say hello to the
goodnight horizon.
Date this day as forever when we felt another letdown.
The American dream is a fabrication, a lie.
Smile for the camera.
Right now this joke's on you.
No matter what path I walk, I tear knives from my back.
You can try and hold me down, but right now this joke's
on you.
Me against the world, I fight my way through.
You can try and hold me down, but right now this joke's
on you.
With a gun against your head tell me who's laughing
now?
Smile for the camera.
Right now this joke's on you.
You squeal like a pig when you're fucked.
You'd lick the blood off a dick for a hit.
You squeal like a pig.

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