

## Chimaira "Rizzo"

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Pull up your car, you're home from the night on the town

Could not find anyone to go home with, to show off your insecurity

So you put your 'I love you face' back on

When you are this way you think you are God

But the people around you are destroyed

Coming home getting off by killing who you love

I hope you end up in a body bag

Walk up to your room to be with your lover

Although they don't share your desire

That night frustrated and intoxicated

You need to leech onto another

When you are this way you think you are God

While the people around you are destroyed

Coming home getting off by killing who you love

I hope you end up in a body bag

When you are this way you think you are God

While the people around you are destroyed

Coming home getting off by killing who you love

I hope you end up in a body bag

Pretend you are the king, one day this will all come back to you

One day your child will be a man, one day your child will be a man

Pretend you are the king, pretend you are the king

Pull up your car you're home from the night on the town  
Could not find anyone to go home with to show off your insecurity

So you put your 'I love you face' back on

When you are this way you think you are God

But the people around you are destroyed

Coming home getting off by killing who you love

I hope you end up in a body bag

When you are this way you think you are God  
But the people around you are destroyed  
Coming home getting off by killing who you love  
I hope you end up in a body bag

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