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Lovedrug "Pemunition"

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caught by spies, chocolate eyes strung out youth loving yourself, tearing yourself tooth by tooth

look up Saint Peter said you moms got a liquor head, do you? it's gonna be a perfect day say the word and I'll run away with you

caught by spies, crashing all night cold church pews selling yourself, wrecking yourself nothing's new

held up at a nickle store some guys got nothing more to lose it's gonna be a beautiful day oh I'll do anything for you

carry all this body armor, wake through the rhine pulling off the wings of angels, make them mine I do it all for you Caroline

I don't mind the underground fighting dogs for you pay ten witches a million pounds premonition you (for premunition's truth)

crawling through the end of sound the dying dogs of youth pay King Garden a million pounds premonition you

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