

## **Lowest Of The Low "The Last Recidivist"**

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I'm feelin' uptight  
hungry for the half light  
Taste it like a ceasefire,  
shocks me like a bare wire  
A premonition haunts me,  
lasciviously wants me.  
My skull so often taunts me,  
just like a house that haunts me

I'm feelin' hard-pressed,  
breakin into cold sweats  
Thirsty for a deep breath,  
plummeting to my death  
On a kamikae mission,  
a sticky sweet affliction  
Some sordid kinda fiction,  
in love with your addiction

whats the worst that could happen  
he intones while the blood drips from his hair  
and whats the sound of this passion  
i dont care, i dont care, i dont care, i dont care  
i dont care anymore

I'm on the short list,  
I'm the Last Recidivist  
I feel a certain discourse,  
gaining like a dark horse  
so wake the window leapers,  
all the winter sleepers  
Toast the kids in rehab,  
and put it all on my tab

we'll fashion up some wax wings  
from balsa wood and kite strings  
of delicate dimension  
and dubious intentions  
above the sorrow and the pity,  
the suburbs of the city  
betrayed by every last call,  
this world's a fucking strip mall  
carved in cold embittered midnights

a jagged scar of street lights  
we'll hurdle high and fall hard  
we'll wake up in the backyard

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