

Metallica

"Dragon"

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You don't actually care
Love for you is no beginning
You're not really there
Hallucination
I thought you were listening
Hallucination
I thought you were listening
Hallucination
I understand you think you're above it
The adolescent sense of the sky
The feeling of billowing heartbeats
The fingertips run through your hair
They run through your hair
Hallucination
Hallucination
Oh you think you're so special
That there's no law meant for you
You come and go like the goddess you are
We're mere mortals below
Fingertips run through your hair
We are mere mortals below
Are meant to be peons
Are meant to be servants
Are meant to be dismissible objects
One fucks with
One fucks with
Poor pitiful creature
The winner in heartbreak
The winner in caring
The winner in every miniscule method of wearing
Your heart on your sleeve
A red star of idiocy
An idiot's idiocy
My, my caring for you
Caring for you
Do you think we're a book
Some kind of a table
You can rest your feet on when you're able
Red star of idiocy
An idiot's idiocy
My caring for you

Poor pitiful creature
To notice the pining
The self deprivation
The self flagellation of you
Dear worshippers
We do like you regal
We do like you haughty
We do love to look upon your perfect body
The hair on your shoulders
The smell of your armpit
The taste of your vulva and everything on it
We all really love you
And you have no meaning
You don't even see us
You were never caring
You go do what you do
You do it for you
No one exists with you
You're way above caring
Leave a trail upon the wake
That no one ever tries to take
Because waiting for you
Thinking of you
Is another way of dying
Is another way of dying
I'm clawing your chest
'Til your collarbone bleeds
Piercing your nipples 'til I bite them off
I scratch your face and bite your shoulders
Way above caring
Way above caring
And your Kotex jukebox
Your Kotex jukebox
I'm doomed, I'm swearing
Waiting for you
In your high heels and nightie
Your leather dress squeaking
Latex now sweating, waiting for you
In your tincture
Your opium white bathrobe
Your white tiles run red now
Are we both dead now?
The liquid exchange of our heart
The liquid exchange of our heart
Are we both dead now?
You're way above caring
Your heart on your sleeve
A red star of idiocy
An idiot's idiocy
My caring
My caring for you

My caring for you
You're way beyond caring
Your heart on your sleeve
A red star of idiocy
An idiot's idiocy
My caring for you
Oblivious to caring
Oblivious to caring
Oblivious to caring
Leave a trail upon the wake
That no one ever tries to take
Because waiting for you
Because thinking of you
Is another way of dying
You're way above caring
Oblivious to caring
Oblivious to caring
You poor pitiful creature
The mistake of feeling
The one who rejects you is the winner,
It's true
The winner in heartbreak
The winner in caring
The winner in every miniscule method of wearing
Your heart on your sleeve
A red star of idiocy
An idiot's idiocy
Your heart on your fuckin' sleeve
My caring for you
We were meant to be peons
We're meant to be peons
Mere mortals below
Meant to be servants
Meant to be dismissible objects one fucks with
Oh, oh, oh you're so special
No law meant for you
You come and go like the goddess you are
The fingertips run through your hair
A billowing heart beats
Feeling
Feeling
What a glorious feeling
To be so rejected
So rejected
An idiot's idiocy
My caring for you
You think I'm a book or a table
You can rest your fuckin' feet on
When you're able
The taste of your vulva, everything on it
The hair on your shoulders

The smell of your armpit
We do love you, to look upon your perfect body
We love you regal
We love you haughty
Oblivious to caring
Oblivious to caring
Caring
Oh my dear
Oh my dear
Oh my dear
Oblivious to caring
Are we really dead now?
Are we both dead now?

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