

Covette

"Modern World Christ"

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Limelight, super bright.
Taking over ultra light.
Sweeter than ice cream cones,
It makes me wanna rub my bones.
Success isn't fabulous,
The paparazzi, it's a mess.
The world addicted and obsessed.
Hollywood is full of shit.
Say what you like,
I got nothing to hide.
I've been crucified, like Jesus Christ.
So fuck the scene and dressed up scene.
Keep it classy,
Don't be trashy.
I'm not special or unique,
I would die for my own dreams.

As I grow stronger, my voice gets louder,
Your shit gets weaker as I stomp you with my speakers.
I'm already dead inside,
Let my words eat you alive.

Rise to fame, it's a game,
They own your face, they make your name.
It's all the same for bloody sakes,
Placid dreams on silver screens.
New models, placed
Chased by paparazzi,
Raiding like a bunch of Nazis,
A danger zone, a global clone.

Modern world, Jesus Christ,
Everybody wants my slice.
Heaven's not enough,
And this world is super rough.
I'm the fever you can't break,
I'm the dancer, gonna shake,
I don't do, I just am.
Let me bust my violent jam.

As I grow stronger my voice gets louder,

Your shit gets weaker as I stomp you with my speakers.
I'm already dead inside,
Let my words eat you alive.
As I grow stronger my voice gets louder,
Your shit gets weaker as I stomp you with my speakers.
I'm already dead inside,
Let my words eat you alive.

I wanna be the boy that you adore,
Without the label of a bedroom whore.
I wanna be the boy that you adore,
Without the label of a bedroom whore.
I wanna be the boy that you adore,
Without the label of a bedroom whore.
I wanna be the boy that you adore,
Without the label of a bedroom whore.

So shut the fuck up with your ignorance
And shut the fuck up with your competence

As I grow stronger my voice gets louder,
Your shit gets weaker as I stomp you with my speakers.
I'm already dead inside,
Let my words eat you alive

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