

Curl Up And Die **"Ted Nugent Goes AOL"**

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When we stood and wiped away your eyes and reached for our heart's last beat. not once did you look back for me. not once did you hold me without the thought of him. switched off minds melt away in processed conversation. barely breathing, i am the diseased. we are the hidden agendas staring as we are decaying, eagerly waiting to breathe (see). we are all dead. these burnt buildings for him and a city worn away, i'll crush those roses before we meet again. and for the fallen, i've finally given up on you. (singed lips bleed softly from all to hell.) there's no fear in machinery. there's no point in any of this.

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