

Dance Gavin Dance

"Burning Down The Nicotine Armoire Pt. 2"

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- Send the whole transcript of the song with the corrected parts marked CLEARLY with asterisks (*)
If this is not done, the corrections will not be accepted and will simply be ignored.

Thanks!

(Still grinding teeth, trying to follow you home,
I'll stop the world, just let it fall,
Wait across the street in the parking lot
The tree is dead, the front door is locked.
The moments I framed have cracked and crumbled,
Grabbed us by the throat, then I choked and stumbled.
This'll never work, this'll never work.
Check my pulse as I swallow dirt,)

I'm cutting myself with my own morals.
I never meant to write about you [I never meant to write about you].
The one contact that I loved so much,
But passing my own heart, what could possibly be within?

Do you think about your actions?
Do you ever wonder what the consequences are?
(Your licensed M. Bison got stabbed with a five dollar syringe)
The dullness of existence
(Your licensed M. Bison got stabbed with a five dollar syringe)
The dullness of existence..
(I'm dressed in white, shine so bright, hair so tight)

And I have no sympathy for this,
He needs somebody else to leech off of [somebody else to leech off of].
The one contact that I loved so much,
But passing my own heart, what could possibly be within?

Do you think about your actions?
Do you ever wonder what the consequences are?
(Your licensed M. Bison got stabbed with a five dollar
syringe)
The dullness of existence
(Your licensed M. Bison got stabbed with a five dollar
syringe)
The dullness of existence..
(I'm dressed in white, shine so bright, hair so tight)

Prescribed the throat, I need the antidote, it's fucking
mind over matter.
Prescribed the throat, I need the antidote, it's fucking
mind over matter.
Prescribed the throat, I need the antidote, it's fucking
mind over matter.
Prescribed the throat, I need the antidote, it's fucking
mind over matter.
My concepts are rested and manifest in ways you can't
forget.
My concepts are rested and manifest in ways you can't
forget.
My concepts are rested...
(If you're gonna wear the uniform you better sell the
cookies
don't come to my house asking for a handout)
My concepts are rested...
(If you're gonna wear the uniform sell the fucking
cookies
don't come to my house)

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