

The Boy Will Drown "Barrymore's Pool Party"

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Now tell me what you believe in
Seeing straight through the portrait of a man
Pale and withered
Please make a good impression, everything is going
wrong

Because you're just a wolf in sheep's clothing
Holding onto every word by a thread of false hope

Just like the spiteful tongue of God
Everything seems too fucking easy
Lay beside his shadow with the world carved into his
face
The drugs, the abuse
Your prayers were never answered

Misperceiving won't get you out
Walk the line of the lives you've ruined
Lines of their throats that you have slit
We're all watching and waiting
To come to this
With your indifference
Embracing it with bloodshot eyes

But you know inside yourself the true monster you've
become

And the horrific things that stay with you
For the rest of your life
Aesthetically pleasing this all sounds
You're just a has-been not throwing in the towel
Put on that show were so easily led to believe
Your not who you say you are
The truth

Your just a has-been
A true monster

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