

The Program

"Use Your Machinegun Arm"

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Cross me off the list of loves of your life
Place me on a quaint dish
Just for you pretty mouth to devour
Witness my sweetness turn sour
Half past the hour
We don't seem to be getting anywhere
Do you believe in happy endings?
Mending the scars of the past?
Open flesh wounds beggin for the salt
That we've found on the cheeks
Where tears once had passed
A trap door to the dungeon
Where cuffs and chains bind
Those held as contraband
From the battlefield where hearts will stand
Are you tired now? Worn out?
Time's closing in, we slow down
All of the times that bleed spilled
Fills peels of sorrow
You've burnt out this body
Burnt out this mind
My collection of urns of ashes
Define what we've become
Useless dust, so worthless, so useless
I'm on my back prepared for sacrifice
Slide your dagger between each rib
Spell it out L O V E
I'm so fucking sick of it

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