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Melodramus

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Cultivate yourself some intelligence This race against the skin will leave you dying Cracks in your smile, Lips bleed denial Your prize awaits in a mason jar

When deaths too slow I'll be your antidote When deaths too slow I'll be your antidote

Who is next in line? Who's eyes cease to shine? Does the air between us taste the same? Put off for too long, escape and right your wrongs Welcome to the happiness machine...

Cut off all your waste, pasticize your face you can be the hero. God-like all along, beauty in a box. Binge and purge your ego.

Your appetite is tired of you Desecrate your body, pollute promiscuous whore

Cracks in your smile, lips bleed denial Oh, but your prize awaits

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