

Pieta Brown**"Crime"**

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My mom asked to film my suicide
Sent her to a mental home
I'm the devil and the king of lies
Had sex on your telephone

CHORUS

Bad push, shake me
You can't get through me
I've built a fortress up around me mind
Tell you just how the meaning works out
I close my thrill enjoy a life of crime

Spinning down the halls of school so high
That's the only way to be
Makes it easier to realize
All the crap they're trying to feed

CHORUS

I don't mind no I don't mind
'Cuz nothing's here
And I see you in the corner of my dream
I don't mind no I don't mind
'Cuz nothing's here
And I see you in the corner of my dream

There's a million ways to terrorize
All of which I filled with love
Blowing smoke into your pinwheel eyes
From a space ship up above

CHORUS

I don't mind no I don't mind
'Cuz nothing's here
And I see you in the corner of my dream
I don't mind no I don't mind
'Cuz nothing's here
And I see you in the corner of my dream
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