

## Abacinate

# "These Things Were Meant To Kill You"

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My head is full of change  
Reaching for something strange  
I've spent all my time just not giving fuck  
I can't stay  
Can you see... see it behind my eyes?  
Take it and hide it and live in the dark  
Please don't speak  
Quick ecstasy, Quick dose of Scotch Whiskey  
Where are my keys, I swear I can drive this thing  
I hope I kill little children, I hope I hit a tree  
Nothing to live for anyways, I've got nothing loose  
A good taste of snow, and it hits when it hits the back  
of my throat  
And I'm alive now!  
Made to thrill you, all along these things were meant to  
kill you  
Fast women and fast machines  
Someone who knows, but it ain't possible  
We'll all burn!  
Made to thrill you, all along these things were meant to  
kill you

Fast women and fast machines  
It will always thrill you, these things above all things  
were meant to kill you  
Fast women and fast mistakes  
When you're drunk and stoned  
And you're all alone  
Lock all doors and destroy your fucking phone  
Spill the bong, talk like a wasted slob  
It ain't so bad as the last I had  
Puts my mind in overdrive  
Bloody nose and loss of erection  
A Teenage whore wants it somewhat more  
"It's Jesus in a bowl" She said.  
A sniff of H  
Then stomach torture  
I lose my mind, then get a grip  
Stumble, Trip, Fuck, Shit, Kill Me Quick  
This will be my relief  
Let's interbreed the sanguine seed  
Turn into a whore with dying eyes

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