

Bronx, The

"Bats!"

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She liked my drugs, I liked her hair
She's like a god, cause she don't care
She had to watch her little brother die
What a great disguise
Skies are falling so you paint your picture
Well you can paint one thousand because it makes no
difference
Vicariously we crave disease
I don't love you, you wish i did
Skies are falling so you paint your pictures
Well you can paint a thousand because it makes no
difference
An overdose, bleeding out your nose
My heart is lost, baptized in my hate Bats!
The way you make me chase belief
You scream poems into my ear
So insincere
Cut off my ears
Skies are falling so you paint your pictures
You can paint one thousand, it makes no difference

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