

Psychotica

"Fool's Gold"

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No home no love no suicide
No homicide
No
No shame no four bar blues
No prom night innocence

Drink your poison, kill the joy
Nothing left there for the boy
Hear your heart break every day
Watch the pieces fall away

No guilt no pride no fortitude
No superstars
No
No flash no gas no manuscript
No sanity
No

Wrap your sorrow in lame'
Put your childish things away
Wearing all your tarnished crowns
On the boulevard of hand me downs
Drink your poison, kill the joy
Nothing left there for the boy
Hear your heart break every day
Watch the pieces fall away

Jump on the superhighway of no hope
A little lost and a little bizzare
A dream like the lord of the flies with?
And eat the fool's gold and rotten caviar

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