

Damned Things, The "Ironyclast"

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You're soaking wet in the middle of a dry spell
The cold sex and the boredom sells
Heat seeker, pull the curtain down
The death pangs and the wedding vows

This trash is fucking contagious
It runs through every inch of my veins
Turn the music off, pull the covers down
The death mask is a bridal veil

You're so cool, you snuff out all the verve
You don't feel much but you've got every nerve
Tell the kids, boy
What's it's like to be stoned?

Like I don't know
Oh, I know

I've got a right to know
I've got a right to know
I've got a right to know
I've got a right to know

Snake charmer going out through the trapdoor
The black sheep the lost boys are waiting for
Fashion martyr, walk the catwalk
Your knees buckled from the weight of the cross

This trash is fucking contagious
It runs through every inch of my veins
Turn the music off, pull the covers down
The death mask is a bridal veil

You're so cool, you snuff out all the verve
You don't feel much but you've got every nerve
Tell the kids, 'boy,
What's it like to be stoned

Like I don't know
Oh, I know

I got a black cloud above me too
And I got lungs to match

This trash is fucking contagious
It covers every broken inch of my bones
Turn the music off, pull the covers down
The death bed is the marital tomb, so cold

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