

Divine Styler

"Standard Issue"

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All my clever words had run out
I'm just scraping bottom now
I'm not really here and you can't hear this at all
But it feels like I belong
None of this seems like it's wrong
I'm just doing my job while you do yours
So make me stare at your bright and busy days
But to me they don't mean shit

So breed to death, my love
You don't exist at all
And even if you did
I wouldn't care at all

Because you are the standard
You were my last excuse
I'm one in a million
I have everything to lose
And don't try to reason
You'll burn up in atmosphere
Cause you are the standard issue
Yea, you are the standard issue

I should really get out more
'Cause all you people make the world go round, yea I
know
But everytime I do it's just a maze
And you're light years away
And you're light years away
And I have no one to blame
Except me and this head

So breed to death, my love
You don't exist at all
And even if you did
I wouldn't care at all
I wouldn't care at all

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