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Iron Lamb "Slow Suicide"

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It's the night life That gets them off;?So desperately they wait for The excuse of love.? We live like vampires and we, We, we love like killers;?We all die like infants,?And we trust like mirrors.??It's the smoke And the drinks And the smiles That it brings,?It's the pain And the sex Disguised as innocence.??Slow suicide Like it or not. It's what we do.?(2x)??It's the love of guilt That forms the habit? Of being dramatically Over-dramatic.? We live like vampires and we, We, we love like killers;?We all die like infants,?And we trust like mirrors.??It's the smoke And the drinks And the smiles That it brings,?It's the pain And the sex Disguised as innocence. (It's a desperate place for a desperate people)?It's the smoke And the drinks (To find their place before desperate heroes) And the smiles That it brings,?(A desperate place for a desperate) It's the pain And the sex Disguised as innocence. And they sing??Slow suicide Like it or not, It's what we do.?(4x)? The songs they sing Are in the key? Of the illusion of pain And it's irony. In the midst of lust And dropping names? The drugs they numb And they keep us sane.

(2x)??Slow suicide Like it or not, It's what we do.?(4x)

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