

Honorary Title, The "Cats In Heat"

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Pulled from the liquor cabinet,
Choose your mood and then start to wreak havoc,
With your exaggerated sadness,
This is when I start to lose.

Interrupted by the flickering candles,
The darkness that softened the angles,
Though I am the reason,
I am the reason.

That I'm filling in the empty spaces,
Where you left your mark,
Take two steps back from all of this,
Remember what you started with,
It was nothing at all.

Back in Queens,
Where the stifling heat overpowers the air-
conditioning,
You can keep on crawling away,
But you're never gonna escape,
No, no, not today.

I'm filling in the empty spaces,
Where you left your mark,
I'm filling in the empty spaces,
Where you left your mark,
In the soothing peace of car alarms and cats in heat,
I can hear you breathe,
I can hear you breathe,
I can hear you breathe.

Ba-ba-da-da-da,
Ba-ba-da-da-da,
Ba-ba-da-da-da,
Ba-ba-da-da-da.

Alright, alright.

Keep on telling me that time is no enemy,
A worthless struggle to step back,

Keep on telling me that time is no enemy,
A worthless struggle to step back, and...

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