

The World / Inferno Friendship Society

"Addicted to bad ideas"

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I wasn't always a monster, I was a prince.
Now, so broken, so,
Addicted to bad ideas & to drugs & to all the beauty in
this world, I know

Though I have grown older & graver, the great heart of
the world remains ever young.
I wasn't always a monster, I was a prince.
Now, so broken, so.

I wasn't always a monster, I was a saint.
Now, forgotten, so,
Addicted to bad ideas & to the blood that runs from my
eyes and my hands and my throat
Though I have grown older & graver, the great heart of
the world remains ever young.
I wasn't always a monster, I was a prince.
Now, so broken, so.

Because I can, 'cuz there's no one to stop me
'Cause it makes up for things that I lost
To feel your tug at my soul,
The sting of your gaze over my face

To fail and to live long

I wasn't always a monster, I was a saint.
Now, so broken, so,
Addicted to bad ideas & to the blood that runs from my
eyes and my hands and my throat

Though I have grown older & graver, the great heart of
the world remains ever young. I wasn't always a
monster, I was a prince.
Now, so broken, so.

Because I can
'Cause no one can stop me
'Cause it makes up for things I lost
Because I'm addicted to bad ideas and all the beauty
in this world

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