

That burning feeling.  
Red liquids.  
Clear liquids.  
Blessed are the sick.  
Children shiver in the river.  
Where is our god now?  
Does he watch over all in El Segundo?  
He don't lie when he say,  
Under.

I'm wasting away.  
I find time to pine.  
When pining away my time.  
Within sin  
With no redemption  
We will find our souls  
and the shells they're kept in  
all wasted away.

Blessed are the sick in me.  
The prey, the thrill, the chill and we  
are martyrs that crumble on time.  
Predestination.  
We'll stop upon dimes.  
and hed constructed us all in El Segundo,  
as the shivering children pray.

Demons in  
demons out.  
Cry for dawn.  
Gratis.  
Bored.  
I'm the matador of the children's ward.  
Beggars wed choosers.  
Red sheets.  
Bed sheets.  
Boozers.  
I'm the head fan.  
Blessed be my bed pan.

It's a cold, having just been mugged feeling.

In the sun  
I've got this for you  
it's under my finger nails.  
I brought this for you.  
It's typically Sunday.

I'm digging a hole.  
I'll shut out the world.  
This is what its like to be alone,  
This is what its like to be alone.