

The killers lost the beat I just call them futile  
They can't cry to me 'cause I'm sittin' on the top of the world  
as I wave them all goodbye

The system's lost in me I just call it futile  
They can't cry to me 'cause they're slippin off the edge of the world  
as I wave them all goodbye

Ice caps and vanity melt into a chewy pulp....  
While everyone is dancin' round like there ain't nothin' wrong  
Ice caps and vanity melt into a chewy pulp....  
While everyone is dancin' round like there ain't nothin' wrong

Not me, I've planned my own demise  
Not me, I've planned my own demise  
Not me, I've planned my own demise  
Not me, I've planned my own demise  
Oh, demise, demise, oh, demise...

The killers lost the beat I just call them futile  
And that's not pain to me  
'cause I'm sittin' on the top of the world  
as I wave them all goodbye