

trapped in gasoline, a lizard on a string, no one ever screams any more.  
its called THE DARK. its not a sunny day for the dark.  
let in the dark, then you you can sleep and fuck and park.  
let in the dark, it's not another day for the dark.  
let in the dark, then you can sleep and move and park.  
so tight, i can't breathe, gods fingers chokin me,  
like a prisoner on his knees,  
beggin won't do a thing for me so c'mon (you can't fight it)  
people, oh they're my thing these days,  
they like to swim, and catch them rays.  
MONEY, dont do a thing for me, im happy now, thats how i be.  
it's called the dark.