

Biffy Clyro, A Hunger in Your Haunt

The glass is not half full, its not half empty
Instead it lays half fucked up on the floor
Reason has gone, purpose has gone
All that's guaranteed's the fucking state we're in

We bring nothing in
We'll take nothing with us when we leave
We bring nothing in
We'll take nothing with us when we leave

A hunger in your haunt
Are you taking pleasure in the storm?
Brace yourself
Here's a slap across the jaw
Can you find anty hunger in your haunt?

My mind is crying out foer stimulation
It's been dark a while so
Where's tyhe fucking dawn?
Wisdom no more
Elquence no more
Alll i love has broken down
And gone to cede

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