

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 any hunger in your haunt?

My mind is crying out for stimulation
It's been dark a while so
Where's the fucking dawn?
Wisdom no more
Eloquence no more
All I love has broken down
And gone to cede

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