

Biffy Clyro, Bonanzoid Deathgrip

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I'm not eager to achieve your life skills.

So, I slow down and scratch the itch between my chin and nose.

We're melting at sea. We're melting at sea.

Why do you take everything I say the wrong way?

i've built a black hearted girl without any soul or life inside,
so I can settle down with what a stranger would call my soul mate.

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Vacate the vacancy. Stroll through the mystery bazaar.

To all concerned: find a gun, find a reason; help us come undone.

To all concerned: focus your anger and stop feasting like a fucking animal.

Vampires: they make their money at the blood bonanza.

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Disengage the deathgrip; it's a risk worth taking.

So, you lay there like a dying worm; brains all gone. Disslocate and suffer.

Fed up of choking on worthless blood, she's like a fucking crippled animal.

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