

Placebo, Spite And Malice

Revolution, dope, guns, fucking in the streets [x2]
Aces take your time
Queens are left for dead
Jacks can stand in line
And touch themselves instead
Aces take your pity
And keep it warm in bed
Aces take your time

Cut the deck
The queens left for dead
Soft and wet, scarf tied to the bed
Jack is all tragic when he stands alone
Feeling demonic harmonic in a no go zone
You look well suited like you came to win
Lust, spite and malice, your degrees of sin
Cruising for pity and looking pretty as fuck
Ace take your chances
Queen wish you luck

Aces take your time
Draw your final breath
Jacks are feeling fine
They've clubbed themselves to death
Aces take your pity
You sleep with it instead
Aces take your time

You can play your card, I'll hold onto mine
Tied up in the reasons, Ace take your time
Looks turn to lovers, flames into fires
Jack loves his tragedy, Queen her desires
You look well suited like you came to win
Lust, spite and malice, your degrees of sin
Wrap me in your trauma and I may just give you mine
Queen take your chances
Ace take your time

Dope, guns, fucking in the streets (Revolution)
Everything will blow tonight
Either friend or foe, tonight

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