

# Tomahawk, Sweet Smell Of Success

You've got to be the one  
Smile of porcelain  
Bullet holes in your tongue  
Plexiglass bones  
Dough of angel's breath  
The eyes of a mannequin  
Put on a hell of a show  
Solid gold  
Fresh young face  
King of a lovely place  
Cynical life  
Wash your face  
Tryin' to make it better  
And we've heard this song before  
And the needle skips again  
Playin' dominoes with tombstones  
Found a graveyard in your drawer  
Go and get yourself buried  
'Cause your dead, you're dead, you're dead, you're dead  
You're skin melts in wax  
Woven silk eyelids  
The arms of somnambulist  
You got your moneys worth  
Soul hangs in the closet  
Paper mache heart  
Put on a hell of a show  
Solid gold  
Your hate crime  
Wasn't loving me  
Cynical life  
Wash your face  
Tryin' to make it better  
And we'll never make it better  
And we'll never make it better