

## off course

i'll fit the lies into disguise so supersized hypro-glow  
you randomize this apple-bite creates a fire  
you feed the guts, you pay the sluts you keep them minds down low  
a little sip, another trip won't get you higher  
so get off the course, so bleed the source this itchy thorn in my side  
a better pill won't make the illness shine much brighter

slit wrist  
don't you wanna quit this  
you don't have to fit this  
all you happy people c'mon  
grit fist  
don't you long to lit (the) mist  
you don't have to live pissed  
all you funny people c'mon

so eat the pie of self denial and start to run there's no "go"  
you got to ride and take a flight to work it over  
you choose a side inside the vile, misbehave at the disco  
you serve to live, you live to die, just like a soldier  
so get off the course the world ain't yours this painful thorn in your side  
a sweeter pill won't make the illness feel much better

slit wrist  
don't you wanna quit this  
you don't have to fit this  
all you crazy people c'mon  
grit fist  
don't you long to lit (the) mist  
you don't have to live pissed  
all you desperate people c'mon

slit wrist  
don't you wanna quit this  
you don't have to fit this  
all you needy people c'mon  
grit fist  
don't you long to lit (the) mist  
you don't have to live pissed  
all greedy people c'mon