

Death of the Sheep

Just Like Vinyl

Hypnotize

Manic depressive
Constantly guessing
Count backwards from ten
You won't get into my head

Like a forcefield, how do you feel
I can see your skin crawl
Like a forcefield, how you feel
When you torture me

Why do I insist on this
I think I need to get a break
Get Up get up get
Slip up slip up slip up

Tie me to bed with your malicious intent
Every time that you slept alone
Pretend your knees
Are as weak as your dreams

Come crawling back, come crawling back please
Come crawling back, come crawling back please

Why do I insist on this
I think I need to get a break
Get up get up get up
Slip up slip up slip up

Slip up
Watch your back

