

# dEUS, W.C.S. (First Draft)

My dynamo, dynamo  
it's hard to keep the animo  
from driftin' away nowadays  
The horror, the pain, let's get into details  
the bass, the piano, the friction of dynamo  
The first draft of a worst case scenario

Every thought has its own way of keeping its flavour,  
like a gum for the brain to chew on  
Compatible allies and as dead as a dice  
it's the thing between nowhere and the opposite side  
It's the something hidden behind the eloquent surface  
father of fuckups you did it on purpose!

I decline to believe that it's personal  
hey, I know that you do and I'll hold it against you  
It's the bald man's dream to grow hair, baby  
but a lame don't need legs, he needs a wheelchair

So if you're to busy in having too much to offer  
and you can not decide where to go  
Do the Low Yo Yo, take a swing at the Dynamo  
on a day like this it's hard to keep the animo from  
drifting away

One-liner: The Greeks had it carved in  
a tombstone. 'epigram' they said 'last  
tribute to the dead' well the horror, the pain  
and the alphabet, from a to migraine, from  
nausea to z.  
Are you listenin' you fool?  
You magnificent liar!

Feel free but don't feel too comfortable  
it's already quarter to three

Oh they say that time presses  
but time isn't pressing  
it's just a figure for motion and emotional unrest  
It's a matter of seeing and of being seen  
as far as I'm concerned time is the state of my  
jeans

So if you wanna come down for some hangin' around  
If you wanna come down for some hangin' around (x3)

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It's the first draft of a worst case scenario (x12)