

Epicure, Firing Squad

One last cigarette.
One last fading dream.
One set of tracks into the sea,
footsteps off the balcony.
And preacher I believe
in your shock therapy.
I once was blind but now I see,
everything so clearly .

And I'm breathing through my soul,
and I'm breathing through it all.
I'm breathing through my soul.

The firing squad will let you rest you head,
pucker up honey, any last requests?
I'll be breathing through my soul.
Fuck it up, the romance ain't dead,
pucker up honey any last requests?
I'll be breathing through my soul.