

# Fantomas, Experiment In Terror

This luck you can't buy  
Won't touch you this time  
One day this dirty stool pigeon will fly

Halos and charmed lives  
I'll help you next time  
One day this dirty stool pigeon will fly

And hear the angels sing  
Reach out and spread my wings in hell

Your luck has run dry  
Caught in the bulls-eye  
Today this pretty lil' birdy will die  
Will die  
Will die  
No singing tonight