

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