

My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult, A Martini Built Fo

here at the sign of the peacock
we find the club c'est sable
it is a club dedicated to sad-ism
i sit here all alone with a martini built for 2
i sit here all alone 'cause i've got nothing better to do
i sit here all alone with a martini built for 2
i sit here all alone
well i showed up but where are you
the world we lived in departs
beneath rust colored clouds we weep
you're afraid of the dreams in the darkest part of your soul
exchanging time for time
the world we lived in departs
you left me to stalk the night
tell me
are you mine
can i say i am yours
it's a cold fading scene