Archers Of Loaf, Fashion Bleeds

Fashion bleeds, stains and frees, spreading all life's scum and sleaze.
Spitting fire, in the eyes, of the least suspecting patrons.
Turning cold, with control, killing everyone who knows
Standing by, in the aisles, watching recent complications.

(repeat)

You can hear their shouts from cars, see cigars burn in trendy bars, Flicking ashes on the heads of

(repeat)