

# Chasing Victory, Chemicals

I am the cunning prince of thieves.  
I am the nagging bite of teeth.  
I am the tightest skirt unraveling  
And the kiss upon your cheek.

Most lies, can put a man in a woman's burning fuse.  
Closed eyes, can save a man from a woman's taste of fruit.  
As long as you refuse to believe in the power, of cold showers,  
You'll continue to excuse the receiving end of cowards.

I swear to the few who drowned in doubt.  
And I've come here to warn you,  
For the ghost can see you now.

Chemicals and cannibals,  
This kiss becomes medical, yeah.  
Chemicals and cannibals,  
Well this kiss becomes medical, yeah.

Fire up the engines.  
We're getting lost in her hair.  
I can smell the sulfur burning sweet sex in the air.  
Adrenaline and hormones become the pendulum inside your bones.

As long as you refuse to believe in the power, of cold showers,  
You'll continue to excuse the receiving end of cowards.  
As long as you refuse to believe in the power, of cold showers,  
You'll continue to excuse the receiving end of cowards.

Adrenaline and hormones become the pendulum inside your bones.

Chemical and cannibals,  
This kiss becomes medical, yeah.  
Chemicals and cannibals,  
Well this kiss becomes, medical.