

dEUS, Instant Street

You're probably right, seen from your side, that I've been lucky
but I've been meaning to crack all week.
Yes I've been involved, it never resolved into anything shocking.
Pains playing yoyo in my body as we speak.

And now I found something to look for, but I can't decide,
'Cause I might find that to stroll behind is better than to score.
Just like I did before.

It wouldn't be true, not towards you, to say that I'm staying.
When on every single impulse, on every other move I react.
'Cause in any old creek, with changing technique, you'll see me playing.
After any old motherfucking blow I'll be back.

We turned away from instant stuff
our cracking codes were breaking up
our words were sucked out it made them clean.
And after lowness say it
and after more let it be known
Our codes are grown into something mean.

You're probably right, as for tonight, you're making me nervous.
What is it you want me to be thinking of?
I'll put on a movie, I'll play something groovy
as a matter of service
And I'll chuckle when you smile as a matter of love.
'Cause you know it's not my style to be giving up now.
And this pain in my side, I had enough.

This time I go for Instant Street
This life's a soulless excuse for all abuse and parenthesis.
The flyspecked windows and the stinking lobbies
they'll remain all the same, all the same.

This time I go. This time I go...