

dEUS, W.C.S.

My dynamo, dynamo
it's hard to keep the animo
from driftin' away nowadays
The horror, the pain, let's get into details
the bass, the piano, the friction of dynamo
The first draft of a worst case scenario

Every thought has its own way of keeping its flavour,
like a gum for the brain to chew on
Compatible allies and as dead as a dice
it's the thing between nowhere and the opposite side
It's the something hidden behind the eloquent surface
father of fuckups you did it on purpose!

I decline to believe that it's personal
hey, I know that you do and I'll hold it against you
It's the bald man's dream to grow hair, baby
but a lame don't need legs, he needs a wheelchair

So if you're to busy in having too much to offer
and you can not decide where to go
Do the Low Yo Yo, take a swing at the Dynamo
on a day like this it's hard to keep the animo from
drifting away

One-liner: The Greeks had it carved in
a tombstone. 'epigram' they said 'last
tribute to the dead' well the horror, the pain
and the alphabet, from a to migraine, from
nausea to z.
Are you listenin' you fool?
You magnificent liar!

Feel free but don't feel too comfortable
it's already quarter to three

Oh they say that time presses
but time isn't pressing
it's just a figure for motion and emotional unrest
It's a matter of seeing and of being seen
as far as I'm concerned time is the state of my
jeans

So if you wanna come down for some hangin' around
If you wanna come down for some hangin' around (x3)

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It's the first draft of a worst case scenario (x12)