

Epicure, Firing Squah

One last cigarette
One last fading dream
One set of tracks into the sea
Footsteps off the balcony
And preacher I believe
In your shock therapy
I once was blind but now I see
Everything so clearly

And I'm breathing through my soul
And I'm breathing through it all
And I'm breathing through my soul

The firing squad will let you rest you head
Pucker up honey, any last requests?
I'll be breathing through my soul
Fuck it up, the romance ain't dead
Pucker up honey any last requests?
I'll be breathing through my soul