

Hondo Maclean, A Song For The Elvis Impersonator

The camera's shift and fade, as the credits start to roll (It's almost over)
The lines of a script roll off the tongue lubed in spit,
This fantasy has a pulse, that's beating me into submission.
Then you arrive in style to amplify the essence of,
Desperately identify with reflections of strangers.
The chastity of empty eyelids where sunset stripped you,
The camera's shift and fade, as the credits start to roll.
This fantasy has a pulse, that's fucking beating me into submission.
But all of this fake blood, all of this fake blood won't fool death.
Sunset stripped you down, just in time, flowing behind your silhouette.
"Oh yeah, you gotta love that silhouette man."
I'll colour you in, outside the lines, like you never existed.
Desperately identify with reflections of strangers.
The chastity of empty eyelids where sunset stripped you,
These are the hooks that keep us hanging on.
These are the hooks that keep us hanging on.
How predictable was that exit?
The Kind Is Dead.