

# IDLES, STOCKHOLM SYNDROME

He says he's a nihilist quaking on a mound of slaughtered kings  
Sniffing on solvents, solving solutions of what the future brings

A royalist and a drug user walk into a bar  
Both buy their captors drinks accusing the other's gone too far

Uh huh

Just give them enough, rope, just give them enough rope  
How can I feel myself, when I can't even feel my face?

I've got more stories to tell but I can't remember time nor place  
Just wash your hands and teach your hostage how to keep them clean  
Just watch your neck and cut the nonsense with Hume's guillotine

He says he's a pacifist, quaking on a pile of collected things  
Tearing at his infant lungs whilst the vapour choir sings

He danced with chaos, lost his feet because chaos chews his youth  
Just suck the marrow boy don't bite off what you can't chew

Just give them enough rope just give them enough rope  
How can I feel myself when I can't even feel my face?

I've got more stories to tell but I can't remember time nor place

Let's see how the vapour choir sing  
Just don't just don't