

# mehro, pretty kids

just off the highway  
beyond the potted primrose  
they're there in absentia  
it's a gallant faint hole

no no you're not invited  
the doors always closed  
there's an ugly inside it  
it's where the pretty kids go  
it's where the pretty kids go

at the end of somewhere  
just beyond the turn  
theres a distant fire  
i can smell it burn

see the shadows dancing  
in the amber glow  
just outside of nowhere  
it's where the pretty kids go  
it's where the pretty kids go

bad intentons  
broken by design  
no exceptions  
we're just wasting time  
if you don't drink the kool-aid  
then you'll really never know  
what poison tastes like

it's where the pretty kids go  
it's where the pretty kids go  
it's where the pretty kids go  
go  
go go

just below the city  
above the noise  
running straight into madness