

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