

My Diet Pill, General's Crown

And if I travel space at the speed of light
It's to find you
And if the only trace, what you have left
Was a warm embrace
And if the general's crown was a crown of nails
You'll be whispering a strange serenade

It takes time to be freed from your role (x2)
And the lies they feed your ego

Your loneliness is a masquerade
You settled to protect yourself
In a funny way
In a different way

It takes time to be freed from your role (x4)
And the lies they feed your ego