

Ocean Grove, SEX DOPE GOLD

Seething for the future
In a blissful power play
Been chasing saturation
Using anyone, any way

It makes me laugh (sex, dope, gold)
Harder and harder again

Taken by illusion
Through an endless cycling
A washed-up evolution
Fooling everyone, every way

The perfect play is anarchy
When even death's a conspiracy
And all that's mine(d) is vanishing
No wonder I'm suffering

You tease me, baby
Over and over again
(I can feel a little closer to turning around)
Believe me, lately
I'm lonely when I let you in
(I can feel a little closer to turning you down)