

Sex Gang Children, Ecstasy And Vendetta

A lonely breed, these wandering men
I pushed and shoved through the steely glare
Of the assassins who aim high

Smell the colour of your room and you row like the vulgar boatman

Do you always talk that way?

Go!

Some say he died for a Cajun queen

Some say he stood so tall and strong with auto banditry
A serenade with a grenade

Does your bravado always bite hard

Do you stamp your feet all day

See the beauty of destruction

Feel my breath upon your neck

Why do you turn and walk away?
A lonely breed these hungry men

I sat and stared through the looking glass, that all men call the world

Go!

I would have died a thousand times just to see the faces of the assassins who never die In my dream

Go!