

Sneaker Pimps, I Like Pretending

Your silver skin that crawls in rhythm,
sweats like spring, returns me to the deathwish.

And all my epiphonies that branded me and broke my knees
Confirms me into the deathwish.

Misfits for free, a gravity pure expression
tears and pulls them into the deathwish.

And all our accessories that concentrate the pain and tease,
Embrace them with the deathwish.

Are we pretending
Are we pretending
Are we pretending
I like pretending

Are we machines obsolete, alone with symbiotic self indulgence
And if we dig deep, the circuitry burnt out, bends into neurotic repetition.

But your silver skin soothes my aching curses
and reminds me that you're worth it.

The whole worlds insanities, the bleeding hearts and tragedies
won't distract me from the deathwish.

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