

The Cult, Emperor's New Horse

Emperor's new horse
Take five

You're the Emperor's new horse
You don't smell like a rose
So you take more drugs than me
Specialize in being unhappy
Like a moth into the flame
Yeah, I've been burnt before
Let's rub his ashes on my skin
And someday we will win, whoo

In this time
There are those who rob us blind, well
In this time
They sing through, sing through golden teeth
Bring on the new

I'm guilty, too
Someday, maybe I'll learn
What's your fucking name?
Don't look too concerned
Don't abandon truth, wow

In this time
There are those who rob us blind, whoo
In this time
They sing through, they sing through golden teeth
Bring on the new

Being angry is your game
Overdosing's part of fame
So you read all this french symbolist poetry
You don't even get it on the fucking BBC
I don't really care no more
Boring out the door
I don't know what's true
It don't affect you
That's right damn lies above

In this time
There are those who rob us blind
Bring on the new
In this time
They sing through, sing through golden teeth
Bring on the new meat
Bring on the new meat
Bring on the new meat
Bring on the new meat

Bring it on, baby
Bring, bring, bring on the new meat, baby