

Wumpscut, You Are A Goth

This is your life
In which you thrive
And you achieve
And you retrieve
The bone you get
From your adept
Without disgrace
This is your race

You are a Goth
Are you a Goth
You

You will get old
As you are told
By older men
Oh yeah and then
You will get asked
To lift your mask
And you decide
'Bout your last ride

You are a Goth
Are you a Goth
You

Will you ever
Change your life
Will you never
Feel alive
Will you never
See the sun
You are always
On the run