

411

"Empire"

Visit "[Empire](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Oh, baby, you move like you're crazy.
I'm in love with your shoes.
No laces, each tongue out of place, and then the soles
slap your heels when
You move.

This isn't fetishized, this is your shoe
This isn't fetishized, this is your shoe
This isn't fetishized, but keep in mind, keep in mind,
Your pleasure when peeling the shells from several
hard-boiled eggs.

Four children stare out from a porch swing and they're
stoned, bored,
Restless.
Your tongue drying up in your mouth.

God save the empire!
Cold, thin fingers numb to the realm of desire.
God save the empire!

An object you touch when words are enough.
The words I can sing or whisper or scream.
The shape of your feet kept under the sheets.

The emperor's spy is telling you lies. (Don't, she might
hurt you...)
It happens each time his shoes are untied.

Stoned, bored, restless.
Why do we touch everything?
God save the empire!

Visit [411](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.