

Eleventh He Reaches London "What Would Don Juan Say?"

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As much as it hurts to taint this stereo with complaints
but hear me out.

Although you've heard it all before, yeah you've heard
this all before.

Oh shit, misdirection on a tangent played out I know.

Oh shit, misdirection.

And we'll keep doing it as much as it hurts.

Oh the symptoms are coming back on sad old me.

And the sisters keep coming back to sad old me.

Well here's a tale about a boy who's six foot four and
far from a man.

He burdens himself with the retribution he never
received.

So to make it up he fights on behalf of the girls who
helped him believe that he's still alright to love.

They will say to him most casually, "we don't need your
help".

Well of course you don't but I need someone to fight
for as well.

We are walking on sunshine!

To be blessed with the fortunate trouble free existence
we lead.

We are walking on sunshine!

But we'll kick that gift horse right in the mouth.

Well I've lied and cried to ask...

Do skeletons eat their bones?

No!

Do we stop after emphatic defeat?

No!

What would Don Juan say?

No!

Then why are we killing ourselves to love?

We built a ship, a ship to sink.

Submerged in abyss of hopeless hearts.

We can't drown now, we can't drown now.

Elevate me!

Implode me!

So say farewell to the morning light that once shone
brightly upon the romantics.

Good morning, good night to the good fight for
harmony.

That impossible step to escape this infinity.
So say farewell to the morning light that once shone
brightly upon the romantics.
Good morning, good night to the brilliant horizon.
A flicker in the flame, of the cruelest infinity.

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