

## **Euphoreador "Denomination"**

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You better start running in the lengths of time  
When we are feeling light  
With Mercuriac wings  
Feet travel through things  
And bodies collapse around  
On the chanson lane Champ-Elysees  
We go to hell after triumphing this way  
And when bodies die next  
That's got me thinking  
Yeah well that's what's got me thinking  
And then the children here in this world  
What will they be

I'm sure the children of the next generation  
They don't want our piles of shit  
Like we didn't want them  
Thrust that were upon our ass  
When we came to top with little of class  
We never knew what instore would befall  
Hard to tell  
But I'm sure they don't want any of it  
This huge pile of bullshit  
We're aching to give to them

All things come to an end

What they want is to be free  
Given a life to be a little human

You're running now  
Get your feet placed firmly on the pavement  
Move into the next of square  
Cause hell water is a fantasy from there  
It's desert oasis and tragedy

Little beautiful child you ain't much alive  
But when you get old you'll always regret  
That everyone around you sold you such shit  
And noone cared enough to give you  
The real scoop the real plan  
That hardship and high ideals  
Are what is human's hand

Dealt felt black in velvet velour  
The overrated heart is to assume that it is pure  
It grows wider upon this wrong  
And there is love somewhere far away  
Don't let your life go before  
You've given a chance some more  
Hold me tender feel then

Make a stance for romance  
Then take the floor  
In a dance of parlance  
They'll all adore  
St. George's lance says your rants  
Pierce to the core  
Of Rosencrantz slide askance  
And search for more  
Friendship

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