

IAMX**"Volatile Times"**

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Look at me, what have I become?
I am lost, I was once a gentleman
But the thief came out in my London town
So I must leave you now
But I will remember the ups and the downs

Goodbye my friends
Goodbye to the money
Adieu to the fuckers that think that it's funny
I just want to turn the lights on
In these volatile times
I just want to turn the lights on
In these volatile times

Look at me in the apocalypse
My European guilt, expecting instant fix
I imagine all the brutal services
Of ancient infidels
Of all the wounded and the crying witches

Goodbye my friends
Goodbye to the money
Adieu to the fuckers that think that it's funny
I just want to turn the lights on
In these volatile times
I just want to turn the lights on
In these volatile times

I drove through countries like a marching funeral
In the search of fools and utopias
Along the lonely roads with all the empty human souls
Filling their heavy hearts
With slum religion and Coca-Cola

Every book is read; I'm paralyzed
Every fist is clenched, but I'm so tired

Goodbye my friends
Goodbye to the money
Adieu to the fuckers that think that it's funny
I just want to turn the lights on
In these volatile times
I just want to turn the lights on
In these volatile, volatile times

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