

Kent

"The Others"

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A lonely woman seeks a man
Answer to: The heart tells the truth
A pessimist in his best form
I smell blood, the scent of sorrow
The lovethirst of an alien
A wonder who betrayed who first
Eat fat and sugar till you vomit
Or become a four-ton martyr
Sell yourself, sell yourself for a high price
Come, borrow my thornycrown
Suffer for the art or burn
I fight and keep the body warm
A dream of mothers tender hug
The lovethirst of an alien
A wonder who betrayed who first
And I'll be happy to become a martyr
We probably need a new one
Sell yourself, sell yourself for a high price
A middle finger to death
We walked over corpses
And put our love on show,
our rich inner life
But the plates to heaven
were sold-out when we arrived
And the price we'd payed
To be classed as an elite
Was that we became like the others
We became like the others
We became like the others
And we won't get any further
We're back at the start
But nobody will mourn us
We've played out our part
Forget all that shit
It doesn't mean a thing
We should have gotten further
But we weren't enough
We became like the others
We became like the others
We became like the others

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