

Livaneli Zulfu

"Century"

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Everybody's here
Puke stinks like beer
This could be a city
This could be a graveyard
You stole my idea
You stole my idea

Everybody's anxious for the coming of the crisis
The collapse of the justice
I can smell your armpits
You stole my idea
You stole my idea
You stole my idea
This puke stinks like beer and everybody's here
So come on, come on, come on
Let's lay waste to this century
Come on, come on, come on
Return to nothing

Everybody's anxious
The crowd is all around us
The followers of Aldous are spinning with their
mescaline
A man behind the altar screams
You stole my idea
You were my idea
This puke stinks like beer and everybody's here
So come on, come on, come on
Let's lay waste to this century
Come on, come on, come on
Return to nothing, help me
Come on, come on, come on
Let's lay waste to this century
On the edge of a kiss, smack on the lips
Dangled with tongue on the edge of a peace that can't
stand low and won't stand tall
Come on, come on, come on
Let's lay waste to this century
Come on, come on, come on
Return to nothing and help me
Come on, come on, come on

It's amazing what we can do with love
With some matches and gasoline, do with love
It's amazing what we can do with love

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