

Malcolm McLaren

"Corrosion"

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Chained to a rusty illusion
Lost senses, no reality
I am to take the motors off track
The spirit back from the machinery

Corrosion, slowly degrading
Corruption, sees how I'm fading
Destruction, what should I do?
Been scored right through

It's been long since that time
Rusty taste, dried out mind
Never are things going to be the same
Loneliness becomes my friend
Corrosion

The texture of life turned to rust
Mind sapped of struggling lust
Try it out, have a free ride
You will see how it is to have died

Corrosion, slowly degrading
Corruption, sees how I'm fading
Destruction, what should I do?
Been scored right through

It's been long since that time
Rusty taste, dried out mind
Never are things going to be the same
Loneliness becomes my friend

To begin heading towards the end
Corrosion is covering me
All I see, as I'm observing the dead
Rust - the outcome of humanity

The philosophy of life is flawed
Vanity of time; past, present, future
Seem to mean nothing
But a cyclic pattern to die

Mechanical, over and done
A rusted man-machine
Haunted by passion to live on
Be in constant motion
Until the final termination

Corrosion, slowly degrading
Corruption, sees how I'm fading
Destruction, what should I do?
Been scored right through

It's been long since that time
Rusty taste, dried out mind
Never are things going to be the same
Loneliness becomes my friend

Thanks to Razvan

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