

Malcolm McLaren

"With A Dream & A Gun"

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Love me my love
Hold me my love
Kiss my red rose
Give breath to my lips
Give fire to burn me my sun...
My burning sin
Shedding my skin
Ending my life
My life in your hands
A candlelight's death in the wind...

My angel eyes in my dream lies
Our pure love
My angel fly take me high in your wings to the sky...

Naked I'll stand
Before the end
Push me to fall
Naked in your dream
I'll fall in the warmth of your arms

I wish I had a dream
A bullet proof vest
Against sophisticated pornography
Instead I have a gun
An Alpha-Omega...

There is no thought to give you but patience
To watch your deep, childish and teasing tongue
penetration on ice cream
Like a unicorn carried upon a wheelchair
Emotional breakdown is probably what you believe
But give me a minute to put on my ethical c0ckring
And I'll pretend your soldier bunny boy
Ready for an evening peach perfumed foam bath with
you
Ready to dress you with garlands
And give you the final strike
Upon your favorites white satin
So...

Am I still your star?

I wish I had a dream
A bullet proof vest
Against everything and everyone
Instead I have faith
I have a politically correct sodomised mind
An empty gun begging for a bullet
And a glance on a snowy night
The restricted area of freedom

With a dream and a gun
Here I am present to a glorious finale...
With a dream and a gun...
I hit and run

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