

Mansions

"Everyone Must Win"

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We cold boot the brain stem
We start to get pissed
We're turning into creatures
That hardly ever exist

And every one of us must win at last
Like in the future, like in the past
Every one of us must win at last
And every one of us must win at last
Like in the future, like in the past
Every one of us must win at last

We're gross and fundamental
And we're stuck by fairy lights
We throw ourselves off the edge
Of an intricate appetite

We're a wonderland
We're a merry-go-round
And the morning after
We're garbage on the ground

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