

## Motorpsycho

### "Sinful Wind-borne"

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Sinful youth in overdrive  
Comatose, but still alive  
Ugly rumours, wind-borne tell  
Of pissings in the wishing well  
How we lost our way back there  
Surfin' high on pissed off glares  
We rode rings around our fears  
And couldn't have asked for more

Endless summers in teenage lust  
Like rhinoceros on angel-dust  
Where nothing's ever happening  
Suburbia-mon amour  
There was no target we could miss  
Cruising cool on prejudice  
How could we've avoided this?

Wise men ponder still...

With the picks off of life's upper shelf  
The only place I found myself was  
Poised for flight in a mensroom stall  
Drenched in alcohol

And when sun she came peeking through  
There wasn't much more to do  
Cut our wrists on gilded sins  
And closed the door back in

Not good, not nice,  
But we saw through all of their lies  
Not mean, not scared  
But there

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