

The Cult

"Emperor's New Horse"

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You're the emperor's new horse
Don't smell like a rose
So you take more drugs than me
And specialise in being unhappy

Like a moth into the flame
Yeah, I've been burnt before
Let's rub his ashes on my skin
And some day we will win

In this time, there are those who rob us blind
In this time they sing through
Sing through golden teeth
Bring on the new

I'm guilty too, someday maybe I'll learn
What's your fucking name?
Don't look too concerned
Don't abandon truth

In this time there are those who rob us blind
In this time they sing through
Sing through golden teeth
Bring on the new

Being angry is your game
Overdosing's part of fame
So you read all this French symbolist poetry
You don't even get it on the fucking BBC

I don't really care no more
Boring out the door
I don't know what's true
It don't affect you
That's the right damn [Incomprehensible] above

In this time, there are those who rob us blind
Bring on the new
In this time, they sing through
Sing through golden teeth
Bring on the new meat

Bring on the new meat
Bring it, bring it, new meat
Bring on the new meat

Bring it on, baby
Bring, bring, bring on the new meat, baby

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