

Claymore

"Emperor's New Clothes"

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Well, you call yourself the keepers of good taste
You're the self-appointed leaders of elite, but that's so
misplaced
You think you are so independent, and left wing
But you're all just looking at eachother if you like the
right thing

And sometimes I feel like a child that cries out: "Please
think for
Yourself, he is naked! "
You're just too scared to admit you can't see
But why on earth would you fake it
Look out, there he goes
But nothing really shows
We're all looking at the emperor's new clothes

Well, I hate to be the bearer of bad news
But it's all friends and politics that lead to all the rave
reviews
And it's about time to throw the king of his thrown
You use your taste as a status symbol, but it's not even
your own

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Yourself, he is naked! "
You're just too scared to admit you can't see
But why on earth would you fake it
Oh, look out, there he goes
But nothing really shows
We're all looking at the emperor's new clothes

Music's no knife, no knife
No music's no knife, no knife
No, it's a spoon, a shiny spoon

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