

Pink Spiders

"Adios Prizefighter"

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I dont hang out in makeshift graveyards
Ill serve my time in them soon enough and I cant deny
the foolish compromise by satellites
Stop! My routine runs cold machine guns it feels like
poison to virgin tongues so try stop and die fiber
Optics tie us alive
So adios sayonara prizefighter! You're no champion
youre a casualty
Turn yourself in youre trained chagrin its a sad
charade
In your disappointment I caught you smiling

Bright shades of white nothing else reminds you of life
nothing else inspires you to try
It was candles on the dresser
It was what you loved the most
It was flashes in your mirror and you thought you saw a
ghost
And I hope this feels better and I hope that you stay
true
Seldom kissing
Only wishing
This is what I thought Id have to do

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