

Red

"The Electric Kings"

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There's a cold liar under these soles there's a place i
can hide where no one ever goes cut to these feelings
straight through the ceiling tonight an electrical king
with a crown of live thorns says we all want it black and
white like our lives time will erase him his hopes his
dreams our fears but bloody hands remain the country
so unclear and all that we've done is just bury the gun
if we don't see this now then we never will push in the
potion you've quelled the commotion i'll say an
oswaldian theory he's the one don't get near me we all
want it anyway...

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