

Sex Gang Children

"Last Chants For The Slow Dance"

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So it begins, my eyes implore listen harder
Spirit like a wavering flame
Promiscuity of a failed romantic
Trickles like water from the brain
I'm face to face with my lonely portrait
Dancing with sailors in tiny rooms
The more scribbled the name bigger the fame
Last chants for the slow dance
And a drunkard sang like there was no tomorrow
And I sang with that cub-mistress voice
One step I'm nearer, alright, two steps I'm gone
Sing time in an empty hall, sing on, sing on
Sing time in an empty hall, sing on, sing on
Deep in the discos where the children are grown
I hear those stories of broken homes
From my masturbation clones
Last chants for the slow dance
Last chants for the slow dance
I'm the best of the bunch, always making the most
You just like puppets watch my shadow
Even dwarves started small and are wiser than most
They sit in grey everyday
Last chants for the slow dance
Last chants for the slow dance

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