

The Ghost Of A Thousand "Black Art Number One"

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What a cunt this world
What a difficult feeling
To have swift right hand
And never have the left to cover the bleeding

I know, but you know, why let the feeling show it son
I know, but you know why let it go? So?

Please you got to give us more time
My god it's the end of the world

Set phasers to stun
At the heart of the sun
With an ice pick raised
In an arc over what we've done

I know, but you know, why let the feeling show it son
I know, but you know why let it go? So?

Please you got to give us more time
My god it's the end of the world

Put my hopes beside the river, lay them down,
Let the water hold them under

Please you got to give us more time
My god it's the end of the world

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