

## Pure Radio Cosplay

### ...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead

It seems that fifty years have come and gone, since the rise and the fall of the radio song (what the fuck!)  
Steal another bottle to save my soul, it's been another dead year for rock and roll (who said so!)

Was dead and gone away, and won't be back in this life,  
There's no need to worry about it.

Hanging out across the ways, what dissolves to pure cosplay.

It seems that seven years have come along, with the guitar bleeding and a moon says no (give it to).  
D'you believe in a life where the pain never ends, 'cause you'll all be a'dead with your vampire weekend (yes and no).

Cause now we've lost our way, it's killed our sense of real time,  
With no reason or wrong about it.

Fascination turned away, we're all devolved to pure cosplay.