

Evil
Evil wears a suit on the screen
With a hotline
You call to buy your blessing
In the holy name
Came a profit
Putting his hands in the pockets
Of all the thoughtless and naive

I've got nothing to say to you
I've got nothing to say to you
I've got nothing to say to you
I've got nothing to say
I've got nothing to say to you
I've got nothing, nothing to lose
I've got nothing to say to you
I've got nothing to say

I've got nothing to say to you
I've got nothing, nothing new
I've got nothing to say to you
At my throat i fork in two
I've got nothing to say to you
I've got nothing to say to you
I've got nothing to say to you
I've got nothing too (you)

I watched my rotating feet
Hover above brownish red streets
The love I carried made me
So unique
But something moving in my chest
It was dirty once
But at its best
The love that kept us young
Oh, it's old under our sun