

Will you be a satanist with me?
Mortgage off your soul to buy your dream
Vacation home in Florida:
The collateral the devil's repossessing from me
Trying to score some off-brand ecstasy

Will you be an anarchist with me?
Sleep in cars and kill the bourgeoisie
At least until you find out what a fake I am
Spray-paint my initials on an ATM
I'd burn the cash and smash my old TV

Will you be a nihilist with me?
If nothing matters, man, that's a relief
Solomon had a point when he wrote Ecclesiastes
If nothing can be known, then stupidity is holy
If the void becomes a bore, we'll treat ourselves to some self-belief

Oh, you know what I should do

You wonder
If you can even be seen
From so far away
A slow pull, a seismic drift
Leaning over the edge of a continent
It's so hard to come back
You hang on until it drags
You under
You under
You under
You under