

Pimps

Close Lobsters

They used hysterical reactions
Don't make, feel contentment son
Hideous, grotesque ideas
They don't make this time a happy one

Happy one
Happy one

Get myself so broken in the great twilight
To the end of the eclipse
Again I'll topple that mirror down
And it hasn't shattered ever

Ever
Ever

All my dreams come true at last
Pinch me if apathy please
Superstition towards everything
We live still by the power of the stars

The power of the stars
The power of the stars

You know saints and angels
And martyrs and pimps
You know saints and angels
And martyrs and pimps