

A portrait immortal like a spoilt Andy Warhol  
The world is not eternal, the Devil in the detail  
Trapped in the idea of this fucked panacea  
You believe in wonder but strive for mediocre

Too smart, too fly, too sharp too bright  
Too smart, too fly, too sharp too bright

The keys to the kingdom, your own personal plaything  
While things collapsing you sit there laughing  
No one is ever safe, the emperor sits in state  
No one is ever safe

Too smart, too fly, too sharp, too bright  
Too wise, too wise, too wise, too wise  
Too wise, too smart, too fly, too sharp, bright  
Too smart, too fly, too sharp, bright  
Too smart, fly, too sharp, too  
Wise, too wise, too wise

Hope springs eternal, the flag's unfurling  
The keys to the kingdom, your own plaything  
Part of a grand design, there walls now trapped inside  
[?] there is no last laugh

Too smart, too fly too sharp too bright  
Too smart, too fly, too sharp too bright  
Too smart, too fly, too sharp too bright  
Too wise, too wise, too wise, too wise  
Too wise, wise, too wise, too wise too wise  
Too wise, too wise, too wise, too wise