

Electric Scum

Depressive Age

I walk through the buildings of the capital hills,
Walk through the sightseeing floor,
The escalator was filled
With lucky, light shining faces in a glittering mall
Which spot the label signs on, on the wall

A blister infect is crawling out of the roofs,
Out of the brain soups
And holds the white flag against the pain
In the amount of business and money instinct
Lurks the most though and resistant brain

I asked every prowler that I met in our loose youth
They talk of disaster and band politic mood
I'm not alone in the desert of freaks in this town
As a long legged lowlive in my gown

Drink the electric scum, electric scum, electric scum

Let us dive into the crystal ball shine as pantomime
This is my tent, almost a design
Just the look in oneself can change the bad times
Let us dive into the crystal ball shine as pantomime
This is my tent, just the look can change these times

Drink the electric scum, electric scum, electric scum

Let us dive into the crystal ball shine as pantomime
This is my tent, almost a design
Just the look in oneself can change the bad times
Let us dive into the crystal ball shine as pantomime
This is my tent, just the look can change these rhymes