Smell your technicolour in your eyes
Makes me sick with pleasure in my mind
Treat you like the sound of lightning, staring at the sun is bl
inding
Like a bottle rocket in the sky

Dressed to the nines like a black cats eyes You're such a beautiful mess tonight Wow that dirty dress is so loud Wow that dirty dress is so loud

And it goes...

Wearing a psychotic red alert Your bouquet of flowers in the dirt Radioactive primal, Nuclear is so delightful Wear a decal where you know it hurts

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