

We're riding on a Pink Cloud

We're a couple of birds in a wolf den
But to us it still feels like heaven
Cause we don't let the bad vibes get in
We don't let them win
Testify to the strength of a true bomb
Flying high over the heads of a rude mob
Stay another revolution of the whole cloud
Kill them all with love

I don't care if they talking about us... no,
I don't care if they put us down... no,
I don't care if the sky falls around us
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Our mother is the boom in the baseline
Our father is the back beat halftime
They say we were born under a bad sign
We say, "Yeah so what?"
We're the ones who create our own world
From the assassins known as Pegboard
All glory and praise to the bad lord
Kill them all with love

I don't care we're riding on a Pink Cloud

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