

The Game

Poets of the Fall

She's plastic
She's speed-read
A classic line between the lines
Fantastic and half-dead
His tactic blind to warning signs
Her clashes of colors
Are flashes of society
In ashes
His dollars like posters of a tragic love story

See the puppet master laugh
Astride a pale horse
And take another photograph
For selfie intercourse
Reading out the epitaph
Of our pointless wars
For love we will tear us down

He's shooting at shadows
Portraying a proper soldier boy
She's thinking in logos
Still searching for the real McCoy
Broadcasters, they've got this
Disasters a wasp of a satire
Like actors who French kiss
Right after someone stole their fire

See the puppet master laugh
Astride a pale horse
And take another photograph
For selfie intercourse
Reading out the epitaph
Of our pointless wars
For love we will tear...

Us down that beaten path she treads
Mirage the blushing bride he weds
Yesterday's diamonds and pearls
Now worthless trinkets in their world
The salty tang of blood
Sensations running hot
Snow blindness in pitch darkness
Mindless rage
And then you...

See the puppet master laugh
And take another photograph

See the puppet master laugh
Astride a pale horse
And take another photograph
For selfie intercourse
Reading out the epitaph
Of our pointless wars
When love
Love could be our crown
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