

## Arms of Cicero

### Sex Gang Children

Free from the itch of her sexual desire  
I believed in the things that happened to me  
So she mastered the art of treating decay  
To the babbling madmen with nothing to say  
So I'm lower-class tooth and she's iron fisted  
I'm gunning for her money in the arms of my Cicero  
Give us your guns and we'll give you nirvana  
Walk away

Barbers and scullions and charioteers  
Are the constant delight of these tooth racketeers  
They live in the wake of a pretty young gigolo  
Who lives in the arms of this Cicero  
She's bully with his eyes and a lover's secret  
I smile all the time just like an exile in Mantua  
So give us your guns and we'll give you nirvana  
Walk away

I'm king of the cafe cone  
Chabanas is a sphynx who sells poison and guns  
Not for holy reasons  
Give us your guns and we'll give you nirvana  
Walk away