

The Trick

Acid Drinkers

I turn around as I'm walking
I see that he's not there
I look again like I'm stalking
This time I see him there

I fix my eyes on my stalker
There's somethin' I don't get
The scene I see is not proper
It's not one Bosch would set

I hide around the first corner
His face shows no expression
He follows me like a mourner
Follows a procession

I fix my eyes on my stalker
There's somethin' I don't get
The scene I see is not proper
It's not one Bosch would set

A party of a descent people
I'm with my god's decree
An orgy of sober cripples
This shit is not for me

I fix my eyes on my stalker
There's somethin' I don't get
The scene I see is not proper
It's not one Bosch would set

The details won't be disclosed
They look rather faint
The movement, the gestures, the pose
Bruegel would never paint... Yeah...
A chance for a spicy evening
Arises like the sun
What if he caused booze to spring
And finishes this dry run

I fix my eyes on my stalker
There's somethin' I don't get
The scene I see is not proper
It's not one Bosch would set