

We were not quite young when
You call it clockwise
Go unchallenged
In the light of the life
In the struggle to rule the second string

In the valley of the middle fingers
In the valley of lead singers

We are not quite done
You could call it clockwise
Power surges and the backups are fried
We are live with we brought from the blue [?]
In the hopeful haunts of all your dead ringers
In the valley of lead singers
In the hopeful haunts of all your dead ringers
In the valley of lead singers

We were not quite done, yeah
You call it clockwise
Hold the looking glass up to your eyes
See The Saviors are still asleep in the men's [?]
See invaders that look like their dead ringers
In the valley of lead singers
In the hopeful haunts of all your dead ringers
In the valley of lead singers

Low
Life
Low
Low Life

We were not quite fun
You could call it clockwise
Allow me here to accept the demise
Accept it proudly on your behalf
As you oversteer every star turn in here
In the valley of lead singers
In the hopeful haunts of all your dead ringers
In the valley of lead singers