

Scorpio Rising

Brett Anderson

There's anger in their skin
It's just a style for them
They move with murder in their vein
A cardboard filled indoors
They pass the daylight off
And kiss their innocence away
Scorpio rising
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It's on the wind
Their lies are analysed
By intellectual types
Who know the depth of their disease
And love is just a game
To pass the hours away
To spend endeavours on your knees
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