

Cripple

Christine and the Queens

I miss my Motus to tell me how
I miss Mathusalem to tell me why
I miss them for being white and red
I miss them for all the tears they shed

Cause I actually do enjoy being a cripple
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I miss prothesis and mended souls
How they trample on beauty with those singin' thoughts
I'm in for shady insomnia
When they said "je suis plus folle que toi!"

Cause I actually do enjoy being a cripple
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They love and let down
They love and let down
They love and let down
They love and let down

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