

Cynic

Disco Ensemble

Cursewords sinking better than the metaphors
Soap opera is throwing out the radio
Spit over your shoulder when I'm crossing the road
This amulet brings bad luck for us all

I was once a believer
But now my heart turns in to a stone

Coldheart cynic
That's what's become of me
Coldheart cynic
That's what you've made of me
No longer the soothing rays of light
Now I'm a resident of night

What a sparkplug, what a shiny talent
What a good sport you are
This year's award goes to you
Congratulations and co-miserations