

I'm sitting on the ventriloquist lip
Allowing his hand so maybe shouldn't be
My disgraceful quest for immortality
An adventure in an airship inflated by my ego
Behind my bookcase I'm just gonna be
I'm stitching up freaks in my secret laboratory
It's up, takes his dire and the sex is not on fire
But if beauty is truth that makes you a little lion

The lions are out on the prowl
So lions are who believe you for now
Oh-ah, oh-ah, oh-ah, oh-ah

Cross just in case pride is just to the bones
Skeletons dancing up on xylophones
Opossums on some weird cheese
Will feast upon the grunting of the berries
The writing's on the walls and it says red rum
On this side of the mirror so go fetch me some
They need a volunteer with total submission
They require music commendation
It's dancing in, you got two ruby star kids
And I'm still sitting on the ventriloquist lip
My disgraceful quest for immortality
My disgraceful quest for immortality

The lions are out on prowl
So lions are who believe you for now
And I was raised by wild wolves
In the brutal wilderness
And I take you for a fool
If you help me out of this

Cross just in case pride is just to the bones
Skeletons dancing up on xylophones
Opossums on some weird cheese
Will feast upon the grunting of the berries

Oh-ah, oh-ah, oh-ah, oh-ah
Oh-ah, oh-ah, oh-ah, oh-ah.