

Sinful Wind-borne

Motorpsycho

Sinful youth in overdrive
Comatose ,but still alive
Ugly rumours,wind-borne tell
Of pissing in the wishing well
How we lost our way back there
Surfin' high on pissed off glares
We rode rings around our fears
And couldn't have asked for more

Endless summers in teenage lust
Like rhinoceros on angel-dust
Where nothing's ever happening
Suburbia-mon amour
There was no target we could miss
Cruising cool on prejudice
How could we've avoided this?
Wise men ponder still

With the picks off of life's upper shelf
The only place I found myself was
Poised for flight in a mensroom stall
Drenched in alcohol

And when sun she came peeking through
There wasn't much more to do
Cut our wrists on gilded sins
And closed the door back in

Not good,not nice,
But we saw through all of their lies
Not mean,not scared
But there

Sinful and wind-borne