

Bruise Pristine

Placebo

The means are right for taking, fade to grey
Trying to be ruthless, in the face of beauty
In this matrix, it's plain to see
It's either you or me.

Bruise,
pristine,
serene,
we were born to lose.

Cast a line with a velvet glove
Reading like an open book, in the hands of love
In this matrix, it's plain to see
It's either you or me.

Bruise,
pristine,
serene,
we were born to lose.

encore [echoed]

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