

The Mark Of The Devil

Pulp

The mark of the devil is upon you
Your look is no happier than mine
Damnation is waiting in the mirror but you shouldn't mind
Their legs start a feeling in your stomach
Their eyes knock you backwards with a glance
Your pride sinks unnoticed in the river given half a chance
And your past is just a bedroom full of implements of cruelty
And a list will bind your eyes as you grow old
But you want to join the laughter sharing simple shreds of feeling
But you fidget and your heart is growing cold
Smiles left unfollowed start to haunt you
Chances that perished long ago
The devil is waiting in the bathroom with your worthless soul
The years pull their weight down on your cheekbones
The nights out are hanging from your waist
The years float like dust held in the sunlight with an aftertaste
And your past is just a bedroom full of implements of cruelty
And a list will bind your eyes as you grow old
But you want to join the laughter sharing simple shreds of feeling
But you fidget and your heart is growing cold
La la lala lala la la...
And your past is just a bedroom full of implements of cruelty
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And a list will bind your eyes as you grow old
And you want to join the laughter sharing simple shreds of feeling
But you fidget and your heart is growing cold
La la lala... Oh...