

The end of everything is near and i still
can't get this tune out of my head.
The songs we played and all what we thought that was real,
was just a ruse to keep us sane.
the city brood it's end with magnetic lights it's takes it time
to move a pawn
the neon streets envelop cops on patrol
don't move or breathe 'till come the dawn.

Ha! ha! i'm wearing warpaint, ha! ha! already blood stained
Ha! ha! i'm wearing warpaint, ha! ha! already blood stained

The city lights bend day and night as they please.
dark purple straight from eighties films
the life machine will still go on when we're gone, but
the captain goes down with his ship.

Ha! ha! i'm wearing warpaint, ha! ha! already blood stained
Ha! ha! i'm wearing warpaint, ha! ha! already blood stained

Houses upon houses and stores upon stores,
an Entropology ignored.
Houses upon houses and stores upon stores,
an Entropology ignored.
Houses upon houses and stores upon stores,
an Entropology ignored.
Houses upon houses and stores upon stores,
an Entropology ignored.

Ha! ha! i'm wearing warpaint, ha! ha! already blood stained
Ha! ha! i'm wearing warpaint, ha! ha! already blood stained
Ha! ha! i'm wearing warpaint, ha! ha! already blood stained
Ha! ha! i'm wearing warpaint, ha! ha! already blood stained