

## The Beginning

Slut

Floating lifeless in a void  
Coming closer to the point  
Where ambitions use to sleep  
Floating hopeless in the shade  
Of an old-time serenade  
No more people do we need

No more voices here to sing  
No more noises deafening  
Let's be quiet, turn us off  
This is the beginning of the end  
We're strangers in a stranger's land  
Let's make war instead of love

We're dancing to what none of you can hear  
And we're shaking, shaking, shaking without fear

Someone borrow me a gun  
For all the millions having fun  
Let's make war instead of love  
Let's make war instead of love  
Let's make war instead of love  
Let's make war instead of love