

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