

We were not quite young when  
You call it clockwise  
Go unchallenged  
In the light of the life  
In the struggle to rule the second string

In the valley of the middle fingers  
In the valley of lead singers

We are not quite done  
You could call it clockwise  
Power surges and the backups are fried  
We are live with we brought from the blue [?]  
In the hopeful haunts of all your dead ringers  
In the valley of lead singers  
In the hopeful haunts of all your dead ringers  
In the valley of lead singers

We were not quite done, yeah  
You call it clockwise  
Hold the looking glass up to your eyes  
See The Saviors are still asleep in the men's [?]  
See invaders that look like their dead ringers  
In the valley of lead singers  
In the hopeful haunts of all your dead ringers  
In the valley of lead singers

Low  
Life  
Low  
Low Life

We were not quite fun  
You could call it clockwise  
Allow me here to accept the demise  
Accept it proudly on your behalf  
As you oversteer every star turn in here  
In the valley of lead singers  
In the hopeful haunts of all your dead ringers  
In the valley of lead singers