

The Lucky Ones

The Retrosic

Come on lucky man
And start the hearse
From now on
Things indeed are getting worse

Tonight we are dancing
In the middle of nowhere
Facing our next
In a promiscuous love affair

We're the lucky ones
World comes to an end
And we are up to see it
With each other hand in hand

Look above
See how stars explode
This night we witness
How all of us corrode

Now I comprehend
The lucky ones die first
Tonight my friend
The lucky bastards die first

For the souls of the weak
And the strong we pray
This goddamned night
Chaos got to hold sway

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