

The Pygmalion Effect

Zeromancer

Motherfuckers and gentlemen
One in a million times
You get closer to something
Closer to something
You get closer and it slips away, yeah

Fading three dimensional ways
While flies buzzing around your head
I see you ghost-pale
Sucking up
To the black laced mirrors
Much like a sapphire

Wind-up angels
Wind-up gods
Wind-up big shots
And wind-up dolls
Aren't we all the same
On borrowed time here

The Grand prix of self destruction
Remember who you are
It's the effect you have on me
Sinistar

You're in a place you cannot escape
Oh well
It's your ninth circle of hell
Torn up inside
All torn up inside
It's your shadow and a great big L

The sapphire

The Grand prix of self destruction
Remember who you are
It's the effect you have on me
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