

# 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  
The Grand prix of self destruction  
Remember who you are  
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