

Unicorn

A\$AP Mob

Remember that what you give
Is what you get returned
And the ancient legend
Repeats itself once more More and more you want
Nothing else will do
And the fairytale
Goes on and on and on We will haunt you forever
We will find you wherever
Wherever you may go The gates of hell call all the pagans
Chosen by the universe
With power of a rising legion
Fronted by the unicorn One last lime - eye to eye Disciples and lonely hearts
They roam the city streets
While soldiers fall
In battles faraway Wait just a little while
The walls come tumbling down
A house of cards won't stand
On shaky ground Unbelievers fear the symbol
Created by the universe
And sacred thoughts manipulating
Children of the Unicorn

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