Knees, Toes, Teeth

The Ghost of a Thousand

Fucking new romantics, it's only rock-n-roll, this is our religion as heaven we'll never know. No, I'm not delivered. Architects as militants, architects as crystal bones, metal hearts as oil cans, metal shoulders, knees and toes, in the spaces in our teeth lie the weapons of our youth, bring them down without a sound, bring them down and burn their towns. Fucking new romantics, it's only rock-n-roll, this is our religion as heaven we'll never know. No, I'm not delivered. I'm not delivered at all. We all kneel down at the feet of the sound. I was born an hour glass, now I'm skinny as a rake, I was born with silver spoons but I'll die without a care, but that's cool. . Fucking new romantics, it's only rock-n-roll, this is our religion as heaven we'll never know. No, I'm not delivered. I'm not delivered at all.

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