A Train Roars

The Horrors

Outside a train roars, the clatter is deafening
Louder than everything, drowns what you were saying
And the boys get on the back of that train
Their clamor is deafening, louder than everything
And they accept no warningAnd me in my brilliant red shirts
And my shirt hangs open at the neck
The train is always passing through
The train is always passing throughMale passengers turn their heads following the passage
Of a beautiful Duchess running from carriage to carriage
And it ploughs through the city and everyone rides the train
It ploughs a primal instinct to rail against better senseTrain is always passing through
Train is always passing through
Train is always passing through
The train is always passing throughCome on train
Come on train
Come on trainAnd the bodies on the back of the train
They stink of greedy sex
Leave a trail of instinct and [Incomprehensible]And me in my bloodstained shirt
My body hangs open at the neckIt is always passing through
It is always passing through
The train is always passing through
The train is always passing through
Through me, through me, through me

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