

Surfer King

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Behind the red door in american skin
there is a murder of roses

In the midnight hiss come cover me there

For i am electric nothing Out on the tide strangers all are drowning by

Under eclipse i wait for your kiss

with the beating of all these idiot hearts No more evil now, no horror sound, no maniac song from a tyrant

And the surfer king will show me everything in the great green flash of the evening Out on the tide strangers we
ride

smoke in our eyes

under eclipse, i wait for your kiss

with the beating of all these idiot hearts

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