Crowds

COINCIDENCE

What do you want of me? What do you long from me?
A slim Pixie, thin and forlorn, a count, white and drawn
What do you make of me? What can you take from me?
Pallid landscapes off my frown, let me rip you up and downFor you I came to forsake, lay wide despise and hate
I sing you my demented songs, for you and your stimulations
Take what you can of me, rip what you can off me
And this I'll say to you and hope that it gets throughYou worthless bitch, you fickle shit
You will spit on me, you will make me spit
And when the Judas howl arise and like the Jesus Jews you epitomize
I'll still be here as strong as you and I'll walk away in spite of youAnd I'll walk away
Walk away
Walk away
Walk away
...

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