

Immortals

Eugene McGuinness

Do not adjust your TV sets
What you're about to see is a live broadcast
With a warning to whom it concerns
We have scenes some viewers
may find disturbing You can run from your impending doom
But we're all immortal
You're so stunned from our bolts from the blue
But we're all immortal Where humdrum's slum-bums are down and out
Down where you couldn't turn
a fucking sweet in your mouth
We'll paraglide across this dystopian junkyard
Press the fast forward over all the boring parts You can run from your impending doom
But we're all immortal
You're so stunned from our bolts from the blue
But we're all immortal Call me hollow
Call me Apollo
Call me what you like Re-stitch the scars, too much too late
Too little too early,
Say hello to the birdie and wait
For the flash, later or sooner comes
Saturday, Saturday somersaulting up to the-Glory hunters, fearful that they'll lose
But we're all immortal
So come rejoice and start anew
We're all immortal Call me hollow
Call me Apollo
Call me what you like
Call me shallow
Fire your poison arrows
But I'm alright

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