

# Cyclops

## Protectorate

What you try to do to me?  
It seems to come so naturally  
How you annoy me  
How you destroy me And everywhere I'm walking like a cyclone  
But don't mind me  
How's it fair, I'm a magnet for psychos  
And pretty riddles keen on me You can lightly sling  
Into my open heavy loving heart  
First touch and kissy, kissy Slash back razor days  
The boys not to behave  
Oh, they're like hoodlums Sick of themselves  
And sick of their slums  
Give everybody a gun  
And put it on the television That's reality TV, I'd pay to see  
Lobotomized celebrities if it's on free  
Wanna be the lovers that ever gonna see Wow, money's the church  
Fame is the steeple  
Everyone on the telly indoctrinate the people  
Now I say though What you try to do to me?  
It seems to come so naturally  
How you annoy me  
How you destroy me And everywhere I'm walking like a cyclone  
But don't mind me  
[Incomprehensible] and chased by a cyclops  
[Incomprehensible] no ships I see I owe more than I know to faces  
Who never show the places among the hood  
It's understood and obvious tomorrow  
Free bags full of sorrow  
First touch and kissy, kissy Slash back razor days  
The boys not to behave Everywhere I'm walking like a cyclone  
But don't mind me  
It's not fair, I'm a magnet for psychos  
And pretty little riddles keen on me You can lightly sling  
Into my open heavy loving heart  
First touch and here you are Where they put the cyclops  
That's where they put the cyclops  
That's where they put the cyclops What you tryna do to me?  
What you tryna do to me?  
You make me happy

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