

Goya l'imprécis, soda l'imbécile

He's unmissable thanks to his particular pace
Soft and liquidy, dragging feet under dormant face
That's an illusion, his youth is distilling around
As you thought you led, your thighs are sunk deep in the ground

He's always on my side, but never on me
Though always together, there's nothing to see
To love him is to scare a mist
Make a fauna flee

Goya Soda (Soda l'imprécis)
What is happening to me?
Goya Soda (Soda l'imbécile)
Thought there was not much to see
Goya Soda (Soda l'imprécis)
As he eats my heart out, I'm on my knees

The Spanish master's painting makes him brutally laugh
Here's some bubbling flesh in some tormented older mouth
The more I look at the art and it's vile mockery
The more it feels like I am insanely greedy

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Goya Soda (Soda l'imprécis)
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As he eats my heart out, I'm on my knees

Jamais à moi
Jamais à moi, il ne sera jamais à moi
Trop jeune, trop rapide, trop capricieux pour moi
Coup de pinceau les chairs sont dévorées à vif pour toi

When I was sixteen, everything was just like in this Goya
Who came there to see, who is seen, and qui mange quoi?
Did you forget me already for the taste of whom donc cette fois?
Why are swallowing, spitting and holding close always just so raw
I'm not sure you do, but I want to buy cash your soda

Goya Soda (Soda l'imprécis)
What is happening to me?
Goya Soda (Soda l'imbécile)
Thought there was not much to see
Goya Soda (Soda l'imprécis)
Nose deep in his cola, this kid's from chaos