We are
Walking nostalgia
Like old movies for real
Look at me, look at you
Look at them, look at us

I'm young
Sell a slim body to the man next door
Sell a slim body to the man next door
Like my sister Surprise

We'll wait for you

We are
The pleasure creation
Gone wrong. Gone wrong.

We are
Walking ghost stories
No religion
No relief
No old wisdom
No belief
Sometimes I could scream

We'll wait for you