

Bermondsey Bosom (Right)

King Krule

Slipping into filth
Lonely but surrounded
A new place to drown
Six feet beneath the moon
He arose a bloodsucker
Painting black and blue objects with projections of himself
It was always about himself
He jerks inside
His guts twist
Sits in the big smoke and thinks of her
Me and you against this city of parasites
Parasite, paradise, parasite, paradise