

Streams of Consciousness

Orianthi

Reflections of a dead man dancing with a glass eye
Beautiful like vampires and tyrannies dressed in white ties
Crawl out of a manhole with a cheap bag of sugar
The devils in the backroom making deals with the butcher

Dead roses in the valley never bothered to bloom
But up in Hollywood you get caught up with the doomed

Looking for a beautiful ghost
One who wants to dance all night
Yeah I wanna burn it down
Strung out with the city lights
Strung out with the city lights

Teenage girls on sunset drinking cheap perfume
Smoke drifts off a crack pipe gettin' torn and bruised
Kings and queens they're barking at the moon
Welcome to a world where everybody gets used

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Yeah I wanna burn it down
Strung out with the city lights
Take me to the other side
Somewhere with a sign of life
Yeah I wanna burn it down
Strung out with the city lights

Humanity's a filthy mess
Pray for streams of consciousness
Souls are sold for nothing less
Beg for streams of consciousness

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