

Ecstasy & Vendetta

Sex Gang Children

A lonely breed, these wandering men
I pushed and shoved through the steely glare
Of the assassins who aim high
Smell the colour of your room
And you row like the Volga boatman
Do you always talk that way?

go!

Some say he died for a Cajun queen
Some say he stood so tall and strong
With his auto-banditry
A serenade with a grenade
Does your bravado always bite hard
Do you stamp your feet all day?

See the beauty of destruction
Feel my breath upon your neck
Why do you turn and walkaway?
A lonely breed these hungry men
I sat and stared through the looking glass
That all men call the world

I would have died, a thousand times
Just to see the faces of
The assassins who never die
In my dream I always see
Not the face of vendetta
But the smile of ecstasy