

# The Lucky Ones

The Retrosic

Come on lucky man  
And start the hearse  
From now on  
Things indeed are getting worse

Tonight we are dancing  
In the middle of nowhere  
Facing our next  
In a promiscuous love affair

We're the lucky ones  
World comes to an end  
And we are up to see it  
With each other hand in hand

Look above  
See how stars explode  
This night we witness  
How all of us corrode

Now I comprehend  
The lucky ones die first  
Tonight my friend  
The lucky bastards die first

For the souls of the weak  
And the strong we pray  
This goddamned night  
Chaos got to hold sway

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