

Acid Drinkers, The Trick

I turn around as i'm walkin'
I see that he's not there
I look again like i'm stalkin'
this time i see him there

I fix my eyes on my stalker
There's somethin' i don't get
The scene i see is not proper
It's not one Bosch would set

I hide around the □first corner
His face shows no expression
He follows me like a mourner
Follows a procession

I fix my eyes on my stalker
There's somethin' I don't get
The scene I see is not proper
It's not one Bosch would set

(solo)

A party of decent people
I'm with by god's decree
An orgy of sober cripples
This shit is not for me

I fix my eyes on my stalker
There's somethin' I don't get
The scene I see is not proper
It's not one Bosch would set

The details won't be disclosed
They do look rather faint
The movement, the gestures, the pose
Bruegel would never paint... yeah...
A chance for a spicy evening
arises like the sun
what if he caused booze to spring
and finished this dry run

I fix my eyes on my stalker
there's somethin' I don't get
the scene I see is not proper
It's not one Bosch would set.