

# Placebo, Bruise Pristine

The means are right for taking, fade to grey  
Trying to be ruthless, in the face of beauty  
In this matrix, it's plain to see  
It's either you or me.

Bruise,  
pristine,  
serene,  
we were born to lose.

Cast a line with a velvet glove  
Reading like an open book, in the hands of love  
In this matrix, it's plain to see  
It's either you or me.

Bruise,  
pristine,  
serene,  
we were born to lose.

encore [echoed]

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