

# Pulp, The Mark Of The Devil

The mark of the devil is upon you  
Your look is no happier than mine  
Damnation is waiting in the mirror but you shouldn't mind  
Their legs start a feeling in your stomach  
Their eyes knock you backwards with a glance  
Your pride sinks unnoticed in the river given half a chance  
And your past is just a bedroom full of implements of cruelty  
And a list will bind your eyes as you grow old  
But you want to join the laughter sharing simple shreds of feeling  
But you fidget and your heart is growing cold  
Smiles left unfollowed start to haunt you  
Chances that perished long ago  
The devil is waiting in the bathroom with your worthless soul  
The years pull their weight down on your cheekbones  
The nights out are hanging from your waist  
The years float like dust held in the sunlight with an aftertaste  
And your past is just a bedroom full of implements of cruelty  
And a list will bind your eyes as you grow old  
But you want to join the laughter sharing simple shreds of feeling  
But you fidget and your heart is growing cold  
La la lala lala la la...  
And your past is just a bedroom full of implements of cruelty  
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But you fidget and your heart is growing cold  
And your past is just a bedroom full of implements of cruelty  
And a list will bind your eyes as you grow old  
And you want to join the laughter sharing simple shreds of feeling  
But you fidget and your heart is growing cold  
La la lala... Oh...