

Evil  
Evil wears a suit on the screen  
With a hotline  
You call to buy your blessing  
In the holy name  
Came a profit  
Putting his hands in the pockets  
Of all the thoughtless and naive

I've got nothing to say to you  
I've got nothing to say to you  
I've got nothing to say to you  
I've got nothing to say  
I've got nothing to say to you  
I've got nothing, nothing to lose  
I've got nothing to say to you  
I've got nothing to say

I've got nothing to say to you  
I've got nothing, nothing new  
I've got nothing to say to you  
At my throat i fork in two  
I've got nothing to say to you  
I've got nothing to say to you  
I've got nothing to say to you  
I've got nothing too (you)

I watched my rotating feet  
Hover above brownish red streets  
The love I carried made me  
So unique  
But something moving in my chest  
It was dirty once  
But at its best  
The love that kept us young  
Oh, it's old under our sun