

Fokofpolisiekar, Maak Of Braak

Tuisgemaakte sosiale wapen
Onbekende handgebare
Dooie mense maak asof hulle my ken
In die begraafplaas waar ek bly
Lag al die geraamtes vir my
Maar hulle is onbewus
Dat ek stuk vir stuk my hart by my keel afdruk

Drink nou hierdie bloed van my
Dis al wat ek het wat jy kan kry
Ek't spesiaal my are vir jou oopgesny
En s net dit lyk mooi
Die ewige kind agter in my kop
Bewe benoud en krap oop sy toegestikte mond
Nes stilgebore babas huil ek nie
Oor die onregverdigheid van die lewe nie
Niemand lewe rrig nie

Ek het al my kos en geheime opgegooi
S net dit lyk mooi
S net dit lyk mooi
Ek het al daai fokken kak gesluk
Myself probeer verdrink
S net dit lyk mooi
S net ek is mooi
Paniekbevange angstig en alleen
'n Prins van donkerte
Ek dien myself alleen

||

==English: Make Or Vomit==

Home-made social weapon
Unfamiliar hand signs
Dead people pretend to know me
In the cemetery where I live
All the skeletons laugh at me
But they are unaware
That I am thrusting my heart down my throat piece by piece

Drink this blood of mine now
It's all I have that you can get
I cut my veins open especially for you
Just say it looks nice
The eternal child in the back of my head
Shivers claustrophobic and scratches open his stitched-up mouth
Just like still-born babies I don't cry
Over the unfairness of life
Nobody really lives

I've thrown up all my food and secrets
Just say it looks nice
Just say it looks nice
I've swallowed all that fucking shit
Tried to drown myself
Just say it looks nice
Just say I am nice
Panicked, scared and alone
A prince of darkness
I only serve myself