

Helmet, Diet Aftertaste

You're everything you want to be
Accomplished, gracious and great company
It makes perfect sense, you're never hated
But then, appearances are overrated

You speak the language everyone knows
Take over when the conversation slows
Another self-made luminary or
Maybe just the fucking tooth fairy

I'd send that brain you ration
To feed the smallest starving nation
But diet aftertaste is rude
And I can't digest a single word