

Kurhaus, Pop Music Diarrhoea

i know you are like me
we are the same in fact
still of a different kind
but can we take it back
evolution made its way
the righteous is the freak
the strongest will survive
now everyone is weak
we eat the shit that's served
costs only sixteen bucks
wrapped up in plastic bags
must be the perfect luck
but i cannot breathe like this
i have it up to here
look at the lipstick crowd
pop music diarrhoea
is there a place for me
down at your new age store
between some piercing rings
and another trendy bore
your breasts are filled with plastic
and plastic is your mind
aged fifteen, life is tough
an exit you can't find
come daddy pay my bills
i have to have it all
i don't care where you stand
when it comes to the big fall
but i'll stand pumped up on drugs
with a gun in my hand
in a small town shopping mall
smiling, waiting for the end
have you seen us
it's time for war
plastic venus
is on the fall
hey boy, look in the mirror
a trademark is what you are
i wish you'd burn yourself down
burn down your house and car
a smile that seems amorphous
pressed into tiny pills
you never dig on drugs
as long as they down kill
this cannot be my species
this cannot be my time
your new world may be so brave
but i'm on the other side
seeing you, it makes me sick
i feel the gun in my hand
your uniforms are coloured
but you're a fascist in my head
have you seen us
it's time for war
plastic venus
soon will fall
that's why i hide inside my shell