

Pop Will Eat Itself, Satellite Ecstatica

The day regurgitates at 6 PM on TV news,
The fools, the clowns, end of the decade blues...
The walls are crumbling,
The fear should have a hold on me
But fate can wait, the time has come to get my due...

CHORUS

Scratch like a vampire,
Screaming like a maniac:
Satellite ecstática,
Heading for a heart attack!

Leisure Inc. fantasia, bite like a vampire,
The door flies wide, a crunching blow hits from behind,
I'm wet with sweat and handcuffed to the TV set...
She smiles the smile of someone in complete control,
I'm on my knees and begging her for mercy...please!

CHORUS

Leisure Inc. fantasia,
Bite like a vampire,
Her mischief is stirring,
She's purring like a pussycat,
The air is damp as her hot breath is steaming out,
She feeds me in 3-D, we sync rhythmic intensity.
I'll die in here, here thighs shut tight around my ears.

CHORUS

My teeth are clenched,
The room spins round and then gets drenched.
I'm through, destroyed.
I spent it all, she looks annoyed,
She slaps my face, I clear up so there is no trace
And back I drift, to bedsit bliss, late TV shift

It's got a hold on me
Satellite.