

Whitehouse, Why You Never Became A Dancer

Can I suggest you:

Get fucked

While you lie about child-molesting gropes

And parkbench flashers and pervert creeps

And anal virginity and polaroid snaps

And verbal abuse and bathroom rapes

I don't know how well you can:

Remember your own pointless glue-sniffing adolescence

That fumbling floppy sex

In between fags

Those pathetic fistfights

All those pathetic petty thefts

And this and that and this and that and this and that

And every other fucking Adidas-clich'd cringe

Can I suggest you:

Pose

While you take another frantic glance at your shopwindow reflection

Ensuring the stinking lie is maintained

Because that's the difference between you

Yes, that's the difference between you

You'll let a leering scumbag beerdrinking rat

Raise your nostrils for a close-up smell

Of fingertip nicotine and animal fat

And force an open dead mouth

Lap up ounces of semichem sweat

So can you feel that:

Would be a truly truly disgusting thing?

And that's the difference between me

I'll open the package

I'll watch the show

I'll enjoy perfectly well-made art

I'll get in line behind stupidity

I'll let you lie through your teeth

I'll make you feel special

I'll not pick out the mistakes in public

I'll just put it down to passion

And feigned memory lapse

What did you want to be when you grow up?

Certainly not raped

That's the difference between you

A drunk? A drug addict

A motherly protector of the young?

Another bed-staining cunt?

A child molestor that needs to be told?

Or just a craven lust-driven artist

Channelling confusion and fear

Into a sickly limp repetitive craft

Yes, that's the difference between you

You'll act late and surprised

You say you loved sex?

You'll love being hated for the act

The filthier the abuse and the desperate underage details

The fatter the payback

So rather than just listen

Be altered by what's been said

Now that's the difference between me

I'll show you emotional truth

I'll show you the fucking source

I'll show you yet another fucking liar

And this is for the you

I'll show you that something that makes you:
Feel different
Feel special
I'll give you:
Thoughts
Images
Sounds
I'll give the you something
Even more interesting than the last one
And I'll tell you why it's the best one yet
And then you can look back on it all
And say:
This is the best thing that ever happened to me
And see:
Why you never became a dancer