

Wrinkled Fred, Backstabber

I close my eyes and exercise my mind
Won't let my ears hear another lie
I can't imagine how you became a legend
Sophisticated liar with no strength inside
Shinin' crown has fallen down
And fattened heart waits for attack
Your plastic wife prefers to play
With always ready plastic cock
Sell your liver, sell your blood cuz
You gotta drive that fancy car
Tell a secret and never regret
Deceive your relative, place your bet
Meet the 17, offer her a drive
You wanna rape her with sadistic smile
All of a sudden she begins to laugh
You can do nothin with that flaccid stuff
No anger, it's rather sympathy
She hardly sees the fifth limb
Now you had better defend your crutch
You'd better try to dodge
Mourn waitin' for a chance
Waitin for a sharp blade to cut your tongue
Backstabber, ordinary montebank
Have a strap on and rape yourself