

Altar, Cleaning Day

Your time is running out, why don't you step aside
You well dressed look, no longer hides
You are so pathetic, you are all the same
I'm not clean either but it has a different name
I see you everywhere, you dominate my street
You can create a sphere, at places where we meet
I hear you everywhere, always the same talk
Where you stand in line, where ever you may walk
I hate garbage
This is my cleaning day
You are the trash
That I must throw away
You smile at me when I'm around
But I've got both feet on the ground
Open up your eyes, it's everlasting hate
So never have the slightest hope for a solution
You'll always be the biggest form of pollution
There's no solution, you stink - Pollution