

Beborn Beton, Bountyhunter

There is fear in my mind that I don't want to show
The anxiety burns and as far as I know
I will never be ruled for I do what I like
As I'm giving myself to the crowd

I give birth to the words that dwell out of my mouth
But you won't understand, you just hear the sound
Counting the beats while you're moving your feet
Cause the measure is never the same

You are looking at me the way wolves look at sheep
You hunger for flesh, you want me to bleed
Another failed sucker is killing my nerves with
"We like the music, we like the disco sound, hey!"

The day will come my friend that I will cut off your ears
Remember my words
But somehow it depends on grandfather's razorblades
And I will find it someday

So please tell me if I'm expecting too much
I'm a little impatient, I give it a rush
But the folks that surround me would never get right with my kind
"We like the disco sound, hey!"