

Burning Heads, Freak & Stars

all that hot air blows away,
today like every day.
i know what you really offer,
but i'm not here to kiss your ass.
playing games with what is true, never speak for yourself,
we all know it's not you,
you're just reading lines.
with your brown nose do low-bows,
but you hide this anyhow,
from those you use
your eyes glued, your mouth moves.
all that hot air blows away,
you're a winner - you know the way,
toothy smile, the right profile,
getting all of us to dial.
you never really listen, never really see,
emotions only lies used to fill the screen,
you never really talk, never really show,
all that glitter on, hollow down below.