

# Dead Celebrity Status, Messiah

Move out the way when I'm passing through.  
I got heads to the front and the back of you.  
I got the world in my hands you can have it, too.  
I got two middle fingers and they're pointing at you.

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I'm the messiah, I'm anti-celebrity,  
I'm anti-war like John Lennon in the seventies.  
Dead Celeb's a movement, you're the students.  
It's time to change the world, kids.  
Here's the blueprint.  
Something smells like teen spirit,  
like the ghost of Kurt Cobain wrote these lyrics,  
and forced America to listen,  
with a million angry misfits screaming fuck the system!  
I'm the pain in Axle Rose's diary.  
That's why an Appetite for destruction lives inside of me.  
I'm not your typical lyricist.  
Acting gangster and selling on appearances.  
They need to take a musicology class,  
so thank God the prince has finally come back.  
To save us from the whack watered down freak sideshow.  
I'm the anti-American teen idol.

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I'm the hands of Michael Jackson's Plastic surgeon,  
changing music into a different person.  
I took it's face and changed it, replaced it,  
surgically, verbally gave it a face lift.  
And what's this new shit we callin' Blood Music,  
for Dead Celeb fans who can relate to it.  
-And now.  
So let the games begin.  
You either turn with the world, or you watch it spin.  
If your dreams were stolen by a liar,  
then steal them back, or your name is Winona Ryder.  
Don't be afraid be stronger, divide and conquer.  
Come out swinging like Ozzfest concerts.  
Time's up, I'm calling you to rise up.  
No more walkin' blind with your eyes shut.  
Find the message hidden in these chapters.  
Like Black Sabbath records playing backwards.

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I've waited for this like it's a violent game.  
I'm in between Grand Theft Auto and Max Payne.  
I'm the magic in the hands of David Blaine.  
I spit so much blood I'll leave this microphone stained.  
Along came a spider spinning webs of hatred.  
Welcome to the wonderful world of entertainment,  
where stars are born and celebrities tell lies.  
The revolution will now be televised.

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-Move.

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-Move.  
I got two middle fingers and they're pointing at you.  
-Move.  
I got two middle fingers and they're pointing at you.  
-Move.  
I got two middle fingers and they're pointing at,  
Fuck you.