

Freak Kitchen, Dead Soul Man

You're real efficient
You work 15 hours a day
Your basic food is beta-blockers
The 21:st century way
You log in everyday
To your favorite gang bang site
Still you can't get it up
In the "heat of the night";

You're talking all the time, but say nothing at all
Incest and rape-jokes is your way to have a ball

You think Treblinka
Is a new Playstation game
You own a golden fountain-pen
But you can't spell your name

Take me away, take me far, far away
'Cos I need to get rid of the Dead Soul Man
I try and I try but I don't have the strength
Won't you take me away from the Dead Soul Man

I am the dead soul man and so, my friend, are you
Frustrated sons of bitches
All dressed up without a clue

It's not a pretty sight to see your intellect erode
Think for yourself before your brain implode

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What happened to your son?
What went wrong, yuppie mama?
What are we gonna do?
With all the dead soul men...