

Kecak, In Memory

Do you recall
What it all meant
How it felt when the pieces fit
What the music meant
'Cause I don't
Dogear'd copies of "Banned in D.C."
and "Please Kill Me"
Saying, "I wish it was me."
Now "Kill Your Idols" drops both of its vowels
So Y R you buying old LPs
Like some rosetta stone
Blasting you from the scene
Onto NME

We're sick of this song and have been since '84
We're fucking sick of it all and it will never be yours
Your time has come and gone
Retro's a thing of the past
Quit it, the shit is a bore

Get these posers gone
'Cause their time has run on and on
For too long
Piss and moan
Moan all you want
Even your folks moved on
Mow the lawn
Get your shit done
'Cause if you feel it
Really feel it
You've a sound to work on

Those true words ring inside our ears
Has left us, trust me in this
Now join in chorus with the
Voices of the dead and you'll see

Through you're cod eyes

God pressed in wax
And Necropheliacs
Pitching up bodies of work that are D.O.A.
D.I.Y. died
Count from 1 to Big Five
Big money cookbooks
Written on ###
Artschool, no degree
Marching in the Guitarmy
Your entry in the cannon shot you in the foot
Your euligy, 50 bucks a pop on CD
Don't quit your dayjob before you fire at will

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