

Rabbit Junk, Industrial Is Dead

like some girl in a snuff video
with a chord around her neck
and her veins full of blow
she's dancing like she doesn't know
that she's hanging in the morgue with industrial
so gothed out like "black number 1"
She'd rather slit her wrists than have some fun
Shaking her corpse to the same old shit
Playing it safe is boring, isn't it!?

Oi! Mr. DJ, what records are ya playin' today
Oi! Mr. DJ, are you gonna play the same damn thing that you did yesterday

This ghetto
abysmal
like gangstas
in limbo
creation
invasion
a fortress
a mission
arrested
infested
this corpse has been re-animated
pale embrace in a sick romance
it's dead and gone but still they all dance

Every day is Halloween
but it's Halloween stuck in '93
And it makes me think of the good old days
of skinny puppy and ministry
combat boots and pvc
Dressing up like a scary drag queen
It's dead and gone, so let's move on
Industrial R.I.P.

If yer lookin for a zombie f**k
then get your kicks at the club noc noc (Seattle, WA.)
dancing all ro-bot-ic
120 bmp goin tic toc tic toc

un-dead posers drinking at the bar
and broken pretty things that can't get very far
and the 3 legged dogs that are on the the prance
I say step aside bitches I'm here to dance

Let's f**king dance