

# Satanic Surfers, Superficialities

They dress you up

Like a store window mannequin and stuff you full of shit, feed you contentment and punk becomes

(Of this society)

We supposedly

(Supposedly)

Divorced ourselves from, they sell our fashion

They sell our fashion and ignore our soul and ideals become nothing more

Than slogans on a t-shirt, yeah, punk becomes just another teenage rebellion hiding behind the skin

Take the superficialities, take the superficialities

Of dress and appearance

They sell our fashion

They sell our fashion and ignore our soul and ideals become nothing more than slogans on a t-shirt