

Velvet Acid Christ, Planck's Constant

f**k you, motherf**ker
rusty nails rip at my hands
rolling down in my bed
rip apart the vision that you see
with your eyes on tv
red tear, into your face
another dream of society's fate
oh, we'll crawl up the corporate ladder
together
crushed in my only world
push it over to the moon
a tiny vision of little children
play along for fun
and prophets of gloom, rich
time waits over, a book of the dead
blood slid over, nothing to say
vision in your brain, telling again
to kill us asleep, and you'll never see anything
but vanity on top of the world
and floating down, into the mess
then you kiss your lovers fate
into life you will fade
oh, you will fade
your war, broken prophets
right across my floor
the canned vision
you can destroy
the very vision that brought you along
rocket ships shoot at the moon
they fly up in the sky
the blood of apocalyptic gloom
spreading all over
they won't make you see
your shoes are made of snake skin
your skin is like a little faint
reminder of crushing your skull
sit in a drunken state
apathy glow, you will fake it
won't you watch all them
he's all over you and you don't know why
you don't know why
wasted
relations of forty states and nations
will crawl under your finger nail and get stuck
wail thrill kill for the sake of maturity
walk down the street at night
i feel a little scared inside
i pull out a 9mm and blow a f**king cop's head off
'cause i'm bored
i wanna kill them all
'cause they make me sick
a last man's judgment trip
the population rescue