Bigheaded Bastards

Agathocles

Who the hell you think you are?
Considering yourself a star,
But you're nothing more than a pile of shit,
And between true friends you don't fit,
Sure you can play nice,
But please do think twice,
'cause what about your attitude,
which has changed into a rock star mood
Smash all kind of masters,
Even bigheaded bastards,
Selling tons of records,
Doesn't make you a God,
You're just like the rest,
Only missing the intelligent part,
Smash all kind of masters,
Even bigheaded bastards,
But we are AGATHOCLES,
We say "bollocks" to what the media says,
We're not a part of your show-bizz-ball,
We prefer to stay honest and small.

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