We Fall, We Fall

Dead Celebrity Status

[Young Girls]We Fall, We Fall
We Fall, We Fall
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The harder they come, the harder they fall.
The quicker they come, the quicker they crawl.
Dead Celeb's coming back with this brand new track.
Here's another taste from our swinging battle axe.
You wanna be a star, here's a gimmick and a style,
to mimmick and free clothes to help design your image.
I feel like the only way I'll see fame and wealth,
is to kill myself the same week my record hits the shelf.
All you really need is a record label budget,
then watch the machine force feed it to the public.
Hate it or love it, watch it or unplug it.
Careers disappear quicker than next week's club hit.
You're just a puppet on a string I'm your master.
You're not cut out to sing, you might as well be an actor.
or write a chapter how sex sells music,
Nobody likes your songs, they watch your videos muted.
Mixed and diluted, polluted trashed will crash.
This prostitute music selling songs with ass,
I gasp for breath, Dead Celeb pass the test.
Music for a living? I can't ask for less.
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Fuck mass appeal and fuck keeping it real,
I feel I need to date Tommy Matola for a record deal.
What would you do for that big contract?
Change your face like Michael, be on American Idol?
Act homicidal and eat your own intestines.
I thought we were musicians not Fear Factor contestants.

Overnight stars want credit? Forget it.
Yeah, you went platinum, but who bought your record?
Extra philosophy, behind a music prodigy.
The next best thing since The Motley Crue Biography.
It's like Gods become a shark in deep water.
You swim up to the mainstream, then you bite the author.
You could be a star, too, if you're near edges.
Fuck the opinions of these haters and critics.
They can be so cynic, quick to call you a gimmick.
You can't tarnish my image, you can't write it, I live it.
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[Guitar Solo]The harder they come, the harder they fall.
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