

The Beautiful People

Lords

And I don't want ya and I don't need ya
Don't bother to resist or I'll beat ya
It's not your fault that you're always wrong
The weak ones are there to justify the strongThe beautiful people, the beautiful people
It's all relative to the size of your steeple
You can't see the forest for the trees
And you can't smell your own shit on your kneesThere's no time to discriminate
Hate every other hater that's in your wayHey you, what do ya see?
Something beautiful or something free?
Hey you, are you trying to be mean?
You live with apes man, it's hard to be cleanThe worms will live in every host
It's hard to pick which one they eat most
The horrible people, the horrible people
It's as anatomic as the size of your steeple
Capitalism has made it this way
Old-fashioned fascism will take it awayHey you, what do ya see?
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