Teen Heat

The Blood Brothers

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I wanna tell you about the Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse.
C'mon and watch him spread his legs and birth another diva.
Prommageddon pit, smash hit. Prommageddon, chart topper.
Your song is gold like the color of piss [x2]The Fifth Horseman stuffs the radio (oh oh oh..oh oh)
with singles until it's sick to it's stomach. (oh oh oh..oh oh)
He scouts the dumpsters for a cobweb guitar
to polish into a superstar,
finds the gurgle of a skeleton without love,
turns it into a commercial.Prommageddon pit, smash hit. Prommageddon, chart topper.
Your song is gold like the color of piss [x2]
He shaves his sideburns into dollar signs,
he mingles with the band,
his mustache made of vines.A hot tub stuffed with gorgeous ass? (We want it!)
Bronzed lips? Mouth full of cash? (We need it!)
A sizzling tan? Life of the party? (We want it!)
A full-length mirror for every inch of your body? (We need it!)And when he steals your teen heat
it sounds a lot like...So store your songs here in the Prommageddon pit
because the kids are spoiled rich
and they don't know shit from shit.

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