Dead Flesh

Velvet Acid Christ

no, i don't give a fuck about you and your friends
i've seen the world through your eyes
i don't watch tv twenty-four hours a day
and buy the products they sell
i don't eat meat and i don't wear leather
i don't give a fuck about torturing animals
i don't care about your twisted smile
i don't care about your social style
i'm unique, not like you
live like your parents
you wear leather, you think you're cool
you think you know how to live
but you're such a fool
making animals suffer
eating dead flesh
i know what you feel
i know what you dream
i know where you go
when you want to be
alone in the night
all by yourself
to feel sorry
for nothing but your own problems
torture all these insects
and torture everything
for your cosmetic purposes
for your ugly style
dress up, to look cool
to go to a club
so you can impress all their friends
to make yourself feel good
but don't think too much
i know politics hurts your mind
what a waste of my time
to come here with you
watch you fucking dance
you make me sick, with all this shit
i don't know what to do
maybe i should kill you

it's the only solution
to make this world better
to make anything fair at all
but you won't change, you will never change
you listen to the state, the government
the school systems, and your parents
so fuck you
i never want to be around you
and your sick disease, and your dead trees
and your weak minded dreams
of false romantic states

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