

# Fansong

## Dethklok

You people out there give us something more than just record sales  
You give us something to hate  
And we hate you, you brainless mutants You hunched and blinded mutants  
Living in chat rooms  
You masturbate on the sheets  
Your mothers clean for you You have lined my pockets  
Overflowed with gold  
You're living with your parents  
And you're 35 years old You're a bunch of banks  
That I'd like to rob  
You're my online cash transaction  
You're my future stocks Transfer you like money  
To a Swiss account  
Spend you on an impulse buy  
And zero you all out Hate [16x] You sad and putrid losers  
Complaining on the couch  
Think you're fucking better than us?'  
You can't leave your house Deluded little maggots  
Fold your arms and frown  
Go to work and make me money  
Before I put you down You're a bunch of banks  
That I'd like to rob  
You're my online cash transaction  
You're my future stocks Transfer you like money  
To a Swiss account  
Spend you on an impulse buy  
And zero you all out Hate [16x] I would like to get some sleep  
But you keep buying all our things  
My overhead is way too deep  
For us to not make all these things It's way too cynical, you see?  
Hating what's supporting me  
I am not you, I thank the gods  
And if I were, I'd die like dogs Die [30x]  
DIE! You're a bunch of banks  
That I'd like to rob  
You're my online cash transaction  
You're my future stocks Transfer you like money  
To a swiss account  
Spend you an on impulse buy

And zero you all out You're a credit card  
That I will defile  
Every time I max you out  
I get a thousand miles You're a brand new car  
That I do not need  
Wrap you round a telephone pole  
Shrug it off and leave Just follow me... Down the elevator...  
Through the gates... down the stairs...  
Just keep on walking... through the hallway... Now open the door...

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