

End Result

Crass

I am a product, I am a symbol of endless
Hopeless, fruitless, aimless games
I'm a glossy packages on the supermarket shelf
My contents aren't fit for human consumption I could tragically injure your perfect health
My ingredients will seize up your body function
I'm the dirt that everyone walks on
I am the orphan nobody wants I am the stair carpet everyone walks on
I am the leper nobody wants to touch much
I am a sample. I am a scapegoat of useless
Future less, endless, mindless ideas I'm a number on the paper you file away
I'm a portfolio you stick in the drawer
I'm the fool you try to scare when you say
"We know all about you, of that you can be sure" Well, I don't want your crazy system
I don't want to be on your files
Your temptations I try to resist them
'Cos I know what hides beneath your smiles, it's best I am a topic, I am subject a for useless
Future less, endless, mindless debates
You think up ways that you can hide
From the naive eyes of your figurehead But don't you find that it ain't easy?
Wouldn't you love to see me dead?
Your answer is to give me treatment
For crying out when you give me pain
Leave me with no possible remnant You poke your knives into my brain
You send me insane I am an example
I'm no hero of the great, intelligent, magnificent human race
I'm part of the race that kills for possessions Part of the race that's wiping itself out
I'm part of the race that's got crazy obsessions
Like locking people up, not letting them out
I hate the living dead and their work in factories They go like sheep to their production lines
They live on illusions, don't face the realities
All they live for is that big blue sign, it says, it says
"I'm bored, bored, bored, bored"

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