

Horripilations

Mechanical Cabaret

There is no Glamour in violence.

There ain't no joy in Death.

I hate the taste of the Human race

That's stifling my breath. Chorus:

But wait till you see what's coming

It's a sight for sore eyes

You won't believe it until you see it

Say Goodbye

You won't believe it until you see it

"But you'll just DIE...!" Some may find it hard to live

Without all these machines,

But sleep tight tonight

For very soon you'll see what 'progress' means

Chorus:

It may seem that we're lost,

That these are our last days.

But amongst the Flash

And Trailer Trash

We'll live; for today.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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