

The Death Of The Superstar

Princess Superstar

What are you duplicants up to
You're not supposed to have any imagination!
Time for the vet vacation, heavy sedation
My machine, what is this crazy contraption
You need to be smacked in
If it exists, the negotiator will have it hacked
Yes? Come in, CC2003
Do you need a refill of DNA from me?

No, I come fatally
Me and the ladies have had enough of me, I mean of you
And your Tyrannosaurus tyrannical ways
Fanatical plays for fans and fame
Here comes the rain and nobody will reign
And no one will know the difference
You taught me well, you goin' to hell, whatever that means
And I don't wanna be different
I don't wanna be the same but better
And now I will terminate you Concetta
(You dare to utter my real name?)
It's all the same, this is your end game
You remember that machine that us duplicants sang of?
That can make you into anything you wanted to be
Well bitch it does exist
I took it back in history
Time travelled, and unravelled the mystery of all of our misery
It seems in 2005 you were a nobody
Oh ok, a sort of somebody
Ahead of your time? Well, some of the time
And with the super fancy MRI
You downloaded the contents of your brain and eyes
Knowing the future you in 2080 would materialise
And I went back in time, and tampered with that MRI scan
This was never part of the plan
But in about thirty-five seconds you will cease being a Superstar
And instead become one of your own biggest fans
Who goes insane because after you cease being a Superstar
This fan will have nothing to live vicariously through
The premis-precarious true, I'm probably confusing all of you
Does it make sense, or don't get it sense
It's just my artistic license
(Listen duplicant 2003, I'm not really following)
(I mean you need to simplify or clarify)
(This record, nobody's gonna buy it if you make me die)
(I mean, I'm the main AARRRGHHH)