

Pop Kills Your Soul

Afterhours

death of the form our dreams would have attained
death of the will, desire and dismay
like a nazi myth of red eternal youth
'till nothing is what you think of
pop kills your soul
just like everything else does
we fancied and we expected, we are all the same
and we all get so banal, and we all making the same talks
'bout years of collapsing we misunderstand
leaking down through my hands
pop kills your soul... as everything else has done
I'm seven years old, listen to the song
you were a yeti whoman hairy fierce and lone
I 'member the rage your face disintegrated
and the fear that I would not ehy! hate it
pop kills your soul... as everything else has done