

jesus h. christ sang a song about love, but nobody buys it. the law's laid down at the bottom line, and nobody defies it. it's a heavy rotation, that tells you what you need. stay tuned to this stagnation, satisfaction guaranteed by video and radio-they sold it to you. cashbox jukebox brain control. every song is perfect, and every face is perfect, oh yeah. plastic heavy metal, artificial soul. sanitized and glamorized synthetic lies are bought and sold. independent underdog fights to survive, it's so much cooler underground, classified and buried alive by video and radio-they sold it to you. cashbox jukebox brain control. every song is perfect, and every face is perfect, impersonal and perfect. jesus h. christ take a look at us, the sum of all we've seen. cold consumer zombies, with empty eyes and mtv. perfect....