

Does Your Face Hurt No 'cause It's Killing Me!!!

Bomb the Music Industry!

Take a look at your haircut. You're killing me.
Take a look at your glasses. You're killing me.
Placement of the piercings. You're killing me.
Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight.
Take a look at your ripped jeans. You're killing me.
Take a look at your Converse. You're killing me.
Get a shirt that fits you. You're killing me.
Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight.

Soon we'll be in the clear
When we get out of here
Where style is function
And our egos make us fight.
For now we'll live in fear.
We're not sexy enough for this atmosphere.
Someone blow it up tonight.
Please blow it up tonight.

Now we're cloning sheep.
Writing garbage in their diaries.
Reading their AP. Watching Fuse TV.
Kill it, c'est la vie.
Fashion show = your scene.
Bomb the industry.
Then run away or watch the blast.
I'm getting out, man, kiss my ass.
I'm going nowhere, nowhere fast.
I'm going nowhere nowhere nowhere.