

Boys shoot to thrill from the hip. This time we put the "act" in action

We've tricked the pigs into thinking that this auction is a pageant

In no time there will be makeup on our new set of cutlery

The livestock is star struck. They're all salivating like ravenous cartoons

Goddamn animal. You'd better watch where you spit

Squeal like soft music. If it helps, we'll dim the lights on the floor

Neon bulbs are the cosmetics of swine. Everybody looks quite dazzling

Trussed up in their formal attire

You'd make a great secret if I could keep you, but we all spill our guts

We're locked and loaded. Drip fed and bloated. Our trigger fingers snagged

In the mouse trap of the moment

Turn the lights off on us, like a moth left in the cold. In the dark, begging for more

When the urgency strikes you, you'd better not lose your nerve

It's the rush that the cockroaches get at the end of the world.

It's alright

There's a pail by the bed if you need one, but you're doing just fine

When in Rome we shall do as the Romans, when in Hell we do shots at the bar

Last call, kill it

We don't think in terms of the morning afters

And we don't utter a single word of the night before

In the meantime we're just thoughtless incessant buzzing apparatus

Disillusioned and lonelier than the last man standing

It doesn't get any better than this so run like Hell

This is a rock and roll takeover

Living each day one night at a time

There were mercy fucks, there was blood

You should have been there by my side

This is passion, this is red handed denial

I have no lover and she hasn't the prettiest eyes. Last call, kill it