

Sunk Rock

Icons of Filth

Did the nation feel a tremor from the underground?
Whatever happened to the heartfelt uncompromising sound
Made by people who care who got sick of all the shit?
Two minutes poxy rebellion
Drenched with the sweat of dancing all night and
pretending you care
Draining the strength you never wanted to share
Whatever happened to the punk rock revolution?
All that's left is the smell of excretion and hunky
punky posters
Real rock stars on walls
Just the empty picture of an ego, no face, no balls
There was real money to be made from punk
Punk merchandise clothing rip-off junk
The music press caught on quickly enough
Calling the tune and splitting us up
Into fuck knows how many labels and factions
Screw up & control what they don't understand with
their selfish actions
Whatever happened to the punk rock revolution?
All that's left is a veil of confusion
& The media twisting all into some kind of human
mistake.
All that's left is a Kenny Everret pisstake
A personal insult, a twisted view
That all we do is gob & sniff glue
There can be so much more we as a movement can do
Any change for the better lies with me and you
Punk is such a sick joke, bought and sold very well
But only those involved are willing to sell
Whatever happened to the punk rock revolution?
All that's left is the only solution
Bollocks to the parasites who want to fuck it up again
And if that includes you then you'd better think again
If it's really our movement take part or get out
Cuz it's the pathetic dishonesty punk can do without.
Whatever happened to the punk rock revolution?