

## Cannibal Lives

## Sex Gang Children

Capitalism does not make sense!  
Tis nothing but a whore, sir  
Sucking on the very blood and soul  
Of every man, woman, and child

Oh, the riddle on my tongue brought me closer to that witch  
And as I listened to the cries of burning men I asked her:  
How much do we pay the weepies  
The wailers of lost souls?  
She turned to me and cried  
"We live in the age of extreme!  
Of the chiller killer and the bitter pill, of the lesbian thrill  
l  
For the shopaholic ten in the consumer den  
Where you're just a little savage, an umbilical zombie  
Haha! Capitalism does not make sense!"  
Capitalism does not make sense!

So cough up doc, and pancho pillock  
Laughing stock and fanny slam  
With dazzle stars and dickie brows  
Where sheep are chic and dumb as cows  
Capitalism does not make sense!

Capitalism does not make sense!

Snapper neck and speed up jive  
Rambling on the fear of a crown  
Rambling on the fear of a crown

All in a dream, all in a dream  
Such a strange encounter indeed

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Undead, undazed  
Flow from my brow  
It all means nothing to me

On the ocean of Islam  
In the shadow of the cross  
It all means nothing to me