

Come to me through the channels of the soul  
Pantheon of designer rock 'n' roll  
The war broke out in the back of my head  
No victims but several dead

Clear the lounge furnished with skulls  
Put out my heart and replace it with pulse  
Love is the glue of our fragmentary nature  
Highly compatible with winner culture

Marx in the red corner, Machiavelli in the blue  
Equality asked for knock-out and got it too  
The police shield and the ares-licking swan  
System run by N. Selection & Son

Charles Darwin I don't want to be rude  
But the panic-stricken herd trade their necks for food  
Ladykillers maneaters fight about the roadmaps  
Predators chase prey from mobile death traps

Coco Chanel - welcome to hell  
Let me out of my prison cell  
I bring you hot towels and flamboyant oils  
I'm a cat stuck between transparent doors

Prometheus chained I wait for the eagle  
To peck out my liver through the bullet-proof glass  
Survival of the fittest suits me fine  
The truth as it was told to me by Calvin Klein