Death Is Never Out Of Fashion

Star Fucking Hipsters

conformity and uniforms
we're brainwashed from the day we're born
and every day we're living dead
repeating all the lies we're fed
sock monkeys and leather bears
unite against the billionaires
trade ideas or hug it out
cuz isn't that what life's about?
if i could shed a tear
i'd think about them every day
of every fucking year
it's in every single winter's day
as i see my shadow fade away
it would seem that every humble plea
dictates a door without a key
these dilapidated broken bones
in this empty shell that i call my home
all point at me the same way
to cloudy skies and early graves
and they all sing a song
to follow them to cask and urn
where they all say that i belong
apoyo la lucha en mexico
los pobres contra los vampyros ricos
a las zapatistas en chiapas
tienen los huevos, arroz y papas
i haven't slept in 7 weeks
my voice is gone, can't hardly speak
and something's hurt too deep inside
but it's coming out where it can't hide
if i could shed a tear
i'd think about them every day
of every fucking year
and they all sing a song
to follow them to cask and urn
where they all say that i belong
and so everywhere i see the dead
buried underground and in my head
and now the risk is crystal clear
i might kill myself from living here
but what is life but constant changing
i'd take it all and rearrange it
cuz what is there to fucking fear?
we're stagnating, wish you were here
if i could shed a tear
i'd think about them every day
of every fucking year
and they all sing a song
to follow them to cask and urn
where they all say that i belong

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