

## S.F.H. Theme

### Star Fucking Hipsters

It's been so long  
Since we were young  
Our bodies whither & fail  
Our loneliness is sung

Start Fucking Hipsters  
Start Fucking trees  
Start Fucking the extra mile  
Tortured death is the new dis-ease

The aftermath  
The rotting lungs  
The cancer grows  
To blot out the sun

Start Fucking Hipsters  
Start Fucking trees  
Start Fucking the extra mile  
Tortured death is the new dis-ease

When your cells are dividing  
There's no use in hiding  
Bacteria's inside us  
Along with tinnitus  
All the bombs were exploding  
There's no use in holding  
The pages of bibles  
& other such trifles

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Star Hipsters die alone  
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Alone