

The Stench

The Hellacopters

A picture so perfect
A picture so clear
Painted by numbers
And the dye doesn't smear
But under the surface
Thin layers of sheen
Hiding the scent of latrine

We can polish every stain
We can patch up the cracks
Improve all we want
Cut ourselves some more slack
But it's still gonna be there
It'll have a new frame
But the concept is always the same

It's the same conversation we had yesterday
The same situations we always replay
But the stench here ain't going away

We continue to bicker
A billion fists clenched
We're still getting sicker
From the fumes of the stench
So another coat of varnish
Over the reek
To save us from feeling too weak

And it's the same conversation we had yesterday
The same situations we always replay
But the stench here ain't going away
No the stench here ain't going away

There'll be moments of clarity
Glimpses of virtues of what we could be
Like a friend who always overstays
The stench ain't going away

And it's the same conversation we had yesterday
The same situations we always replay
But the stench here ain't going away
No the stench here ain't going away
No the stench here ain't going away
No the stench here ain't going away