

Death of the Rockstar

Within the Ruins

The fantasy has expired,
Is spoiled and reeks of complete shit.
Force fed, easily digested
You seem so used to the taste of it.

Burn burn dying star,
How I wonder just who you are.
Think you're above the world so high,
Till you crash and burn you are expired.

Monotony infiltrates the rebel.
Wrapped in plastic and ready to sell.
Packaged nonsense on store shelves.
Swallow slowly and savor it.

This is the death of the rock star,
End of an era for the rock star.
Replaced by the puppets are our rock stars,
This is the death of the rock star.

Burn burn dying star,
How I wonder just who you are.
Think you're above the world so high,
Till you crash and burn you are expired.

(This is the death of the rock star)

This is the death of the rock star,
End of an era for the rock star.
Replaced by the puppets are our rock stars,
This is the death of the rock star.

Raise your hand if you love the eyes of the public,
Raise your hand if you don't mind playing puppet.
Raise your hand if you love the eyes of the public,
Raise your hand if you have no soul and you love it.

Burn burn dying star,
How I wonder just who you are.
Think you're above the world so high,
Till you crash and burn you are expired.

(This is the death of the rock star)

This is the death of the rock star
Replaced by the puppets are our rock stars