

How Do You Feel

Artillery

You build yourself up in plastic, removing the signs of age
You pay for plastic surgery, to get a grip on the pace
And every day you wake up smiling, knowing you look fine
'Cause you have paid a lot of money, to get "lifted" from behind

The skin around your face is thin and tightened to the bone
Your nose got lifted from within, your hair is not your own
Your body looks as if you worked out, you ain't done a thing
'Cause if you did, the risk would be, the cracking of your skin

How do you feel? Knowing you ain't you
How do you feel? When you look at you
How do you feel? Can you count the scars
How do you feel? Do you feel like the stars

Plastic surgery
Inhuman, can't you see
So fuck you living deads
Get plastic in your heads

How do you feel?
How do you feel?
Tell me how do you feel?

The suction of your hips and thighs were just a little thing
The adjustments made to you in time, are countless and obscene
I wonder what is left of you, how much you've got inside
I wonder what you did in time, to choose this way to hide

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