

Song Called Chip

Axelle Red

No more cursing the net
Nice if we finally met
No more trauma's, trunks and cages
Soundproof, outrages

No more wolfs, wives persuading
Hus ups, justice failing
Were we all suspicious
He 's back out there, it 's vicious

It might not be hip a song called chip
It 's cooler you go to rehab
But if we had a grip on men like chip
A wonderful world it would be
A wonderful world it would be

No more vico's in pnom peng
Weirdos, decent men
Turning saints into sluts
They were once a victim, so what

No more uncle dishonors niece
Brother, won't you kill me please!
No more marriage cover up
Mothers won't stand up

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The romans, the greeks, already freaks
Knew how to teach, how to preach
The prophet at least officially wed
"Spare the young captives", Moses said,
"Our law says have them in your bed"
Sultans had dungeons with different levels
Virgins by hundred in taoist legend
Ask uncle wu, the Chinese Dutroux
Impotent goophers, on viagra in our prisons
Dominant pigeons from all kind religions
Frustrated cause for once themselves couldn't escape it
They hate trade manipulate
Jumpin' like squirrels on our boys and girls
Makin' it a wild wild world
Sick slick runnin' behind their dig
Obviously too small for a guy that tall
Havin' a ball, laughin' at us all

Let's skip being hip

Put a chip get a grip
Locate them on their trip
Telling pearls to sip off that glass
Take off that little dress
Did I hear you say yes
Zip down their pants
So called "philes", fans of our children
Makes no sense building a fence
Most of them are dads like mads
Right inside the house
Kids trapped like a mouse
"Don't tell mum and I'll give you more gum"
"Oops, I didn't know she was that young"
Handy with candy
What did happen to Mandy
No more causing harm
When using their charm
Goes off an alarm

No longer pollute our childhood
Little 'n red freely in the wood
Youth 'll hitch hike again
Solution for traffic jam
True puppy love
Not with a 28 year old glove
I know a chip won't do
I got another song too
Don't look for your name
There's no wall of fame
... what am I trying to obtain
Our society is not sane
Luring at daughters Geldof, Cobain
Do we all need a chip in our brain?
Have to be the same?
Can we break the chain?
Preteen icons on our fashion magazines
In skimpy outfits, the orwellian dream?
Tasmanian devils
That's our level
We can't accept the truth
There's no eternal youth
We can't afford liberty
Cause we have no empathy

This is no popsong
I can go on

No more babies in babies
8 year old ladies
Untill she tears apart
The a whole village without a heart
No more secret communities 'n markets
Daughters slaughtered such easy targets
Somehow hope she's engaged
But she's a house aid a slave
A hornqueen, last seen on a site where you get!
Boys under five
With the option to stay alive
No more war as excuse
No court will accuse
No more false accusations
'n then chemical castration
After years of growing tits

His nuts blown to bits
He 's found innocent, she admits...