

# Pop Music Diarrhoea

Kurhaus

i know you are like me  
we are the same in fact  
still of a different kind  
but can we take it back  
evolution made its way  
the righteous is the freak  
the strongest will survive  
now everyone is weak  
we eat the shit that's served  
costs only sixteen bucks  
wrapped up in plastic bags  
must be the perfect luck  
but i cannot breathe like this  
i have it up to here  
look at the lipstick crowd  
pop music diarrhoea

is there a place for me  
down at your new age store  
between some piercing rings  
and another trendy bore  
your breasts are filled with plastic  
and plastic is your mind  
aged fifteen, life is tough  
an exit you can't find  
come daddy pay my bills  
i have to have it all  
i don't care where you stand  
when it comes to the big fall  
but i'll stand pumped up on drugs  
with a gun in my hand  
in a small town shopping mall  
smiling, waiting for the end

have you seen us  
it's time for war  
plastic venus  
is on the fall

hey boy, look in the mirror  
a trademark is what you are  
i wish you'd burn yourself down  
burn down your house and car  
a smile that seems amorphous  
pressed into tiny pills  
you never dig on drugs  
as long as they down kill  
this cannot be my species  
this cannot be my time  
your new world may be so brave  
but i'm on the other side  
seeing you, it makes me sick  
i feel the gun in my hand  
your uniforms are coloured  
but you're a fascist in my head

have you seen us

it's time for war  
plastic venus  
soon will fall

that's why i hide inside my shell