

Parasite City

Puffball

Inbred high rollers, luck seeking prowlers.
Welcome to your dream, the sin headquarters.
Just step on in, sit back, enjoy the show.

Strung out ether trippers, underage strippers.
Join the tired ranks of long drink sippers.
Put in a coin and find yourself on the front row.

All roads lead to Parasite City.
Where the shoes are clean but the moral's shitty.
The shit is coming down.
But I feel no pity.

Born again sinners, slot machine winners.
The city council revel in tax paid dinners.
It's a two-faced town where they just don't care.

Cold gold diggers, rock'n' roll niggers.
A downward spiral that ends with pulled triggers.
And if I was you I'd get out of there.

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The shit is coming down.
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