

Advertisement Is A Way Of Life

Thalidomide

I'll be anything you want me to be,
exactly what you want to see.
I'll serve. I'll break my fucking back.
and then send you a cheque.

We sell ourselves. We sell each other.
For couple'o dirty bucks, we're white trash,
we'd sell our own brother.
We're products all out for sale.

The face in front of you
the man you think you can see
ain't my true self
nor (true) portrait of me

Acculturation made us who we are,
just products struggling for better rate.
Minding only our profits,
we're products all out for sale.

The face that you see.
The man right before your eyes
is just a masquerade,
just a bunch of lies.

Advertisement is a way of life.
You offer and others buy.
Supply and demand, that's how human society works.
You have nothing to offer?
Then poor you, you're the odd-one out.
Then you can go find your little corner and die,
you know, 'cause nobody would care.
You're of no interest, no value, no value, no value...
You're of no value!