

Fansong

Dethklok

You people out there give us something more than just record sales
You give us something to hate
And we hate you, you brainless mutants

You hunched and blinded mutants
Living in chat rooms
You masturbate on the sheets
Your mothers clean for you

You have lined my pockets
Overflowed with gold
You're living with your parents
And you're 35 years old

You're a bunch of banks
That I'd like to rob
You're my online cash transaction
You're my future stocks

Transfer you like money
To a Swiss account
Spend you on an impulse buy
And zero you all out

Hate (16x)

You sad and putrid losers
Complaining on the couch
Think you're fucking better than us?'
You can't leave your house

Deluded little maggots
Fold your arms and frown
Go to work and make me money
Before I put you down

You're a bunch of banks
That I'd like to rob
You're my online cash transaction
You're my future stocks

Transfer you like money
To a Swiss account
Spend you on an impulse buy
And zero you all out

Hate (16x)

I would like to get some sleep
But you keep buying all our things
My overhead is way too deep
For us to not make all these things

It's way too cynical, you see?
Hating what's supporting me
I am not you, I thank the gods
And if I were, I'd die like dogs

Die (30x)

DIE!

You're a bunch of banks
That I'd like to rob
You're my online cash transaction
You're my future stocks

Transfer you like money
To a swiss account
Spend you an on impulse buy
And zero you all out

You're a credit card
That I will defile
Every time I max you out
I get a thousand miles

You're a brand new car
That I do not need
Wrap you round a telephone pole
Shrug it off and leave

Just follow me... Down the elevator...
Through the gates... down the stairs...
Just keep on walking... through the hallway...

Now open the door...