

## How Do You Feel

### Artillery

You build yourself up in plastic, removing the signs of age  
You pay for plastic surgery, to get a grip on the pace  
And every day you wake up smiling, knowing you look fine  
'Cause you have paid a lot of money, to get "lifted" from behind

The skin around your face is thin and tightened to the bone  
Your nose got lifted from within, your hair is not your own  
Your body looks as if you worked out, you ain't done a thing  
'Cause if you did, the risk would be, the cracking of your skin

How do you feel? Knowing you ain't you  
How do you feel? When you look at you  
How do you feel? Can you count the scars  
How do you feel? Do you feel like the stars

Plastic surgery  
Inhuman, can't you see  
So fuck you living deads  
Get plastic in your heads

How do you feel?  
How do you feel?  
Tell me how do you feel?

The suction of your hips and thighs were just a little thing  
The adjustments made to you in time, are countless and obscene  
I wonder what is left of you, how much you've got inside  
I wonder what you did in time, to choose this way to hide

How do you feel? Knowing you ain't you  
How do you feel? When you look at you  
How do you feel? Can you count the scars  
How do you feel? Do you feel like the stars

Plastic surgery  
Inhuman, can't you see  
So fuck you living deads  
Get plastic in your heads