

Rock Is Dead In Bed

Bile

Come, swallow, if you please, hand grasp throat up from your knees.

Two faced are always reborn, sunk lower than the lowest form.
ROCK IS DEAD.

Falling fast from the brink of boredom, pork those piggies with no condom.

Rainbow, black flag, Tipper Gore-
dom, slutfest, cumsoaked, teknowhore-dom.
ROCK IS DEAD.

Rubber love, from coast to coast, ten count you're out, now who's the most.

Clean shaved boy, cut smiling faces.
Brit-pop dick like you're in Oasis.
ROCK IS DEAD.