

At One With Decadence

Black Comedy

Well, I know this bitch; she thinks she's a star now
Everybody she knows tells her that she's the best
So pretty, cute, fragile - she loves to be loved
But stardom has a price and she knows...
In order to market herself she's left all that she was
An empty shell of success
She bares the strain that she must always perform
Sell to sell isn't too far from whoredom
Things will always coast more than they should
And it never matter how much money you possessed
The questions is how much you are willing to concede
Capital provides the cheap thrills that we seek
So let's dance!
Around the gold calf
I've got this friend who treats his women like a commodity
Only satisfied giving a certain amount of pain
His shattered ego tells him to put true love aside
Primal urges never to short to be denied
This one girl broke his heart a long time ago
Regrettably to him they are all now the same
Instead he confides in synthetic dreams
Too bad he never found what could keep him sane
Abundance is mundane - consume that makes me ill
Our spoiled laughter haunts those in need
Nothing for something, fruits that we steal
Blessed are the whores that serve all our needs
If we had a million dollars we'd still use it on shit!
Is this real?
It must be - our money tells us so!
Applied materialism is the easiest way to go
Take the big cake - orgy of consumption
What do we care in this world of destruction...
We are all wrapped up in our selfish selves
Prisoners of our personal vanity
We feed on perfect images we know are fake
They say reflections never lie
We know its decadence!