

## 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!