

Dead Soul Man

Freak Kitchen

You're real efficient
You work 15 hours a day
Your basic food is beta-blockers
The 21:st century way
You log in everyday
To your favorite gang bang site
Still you can't get it up
In the "heat of the night"

You're talking all the time, but say nothing at all
Incest and rape-jokes is your way to have a ball

You think Treblinka
Is a new Playstation game
You own a golden fountain-pen
But you can't spell your name

Take me away, take me far, far away
'Cos I need to get rid of the Dead Soul Man
I try and I try but I don't have the strength
Won't you take me away from the Dead Soul Man

I am the dead soul man and so, my friend, are you
Frustrated sons of bitches
All dressed up without a clue

It's not a pretty sight to see your intellect erode
Think for yourself before your brain implode

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What happened to your son?
What went wrong, yuppie mama?
What are we gonna do?
With all the dead soul men...