

Warming Up The Brain Farm

Lo Fidelity Allstars

Dear God

The patient's best intentions have sadly faltered
Despite his newly installed, varnished brain, and being
Force-fed gallons of viscous demented liquor, he is
Determined to obtain the new drone spiders' trophy
He dreams of becoming the scorpion who never sweats
Quite frankly I'm sickened to have this individual infiltrate
My head space

He talks of lascivious laughs haunting his every second
As the clock spits, clicks, and time speeds by in the
Form of a neon snake
Massive delusions?
Very probably
I fear for my safety
He is as weak as his fellow man
I am now surrounded by hypocrites, liars, drunks
Clowns, fools, sycophants and the desperate
I insist we barter with the moon to sell the patients
Cohesive lyrical maps in exchange for a vision of the future

Stricken with grief, I have no choice
But to turn to lethal toxins
Hardcore Punk Paste
All stars takin' over

Early draft of lyrics taken from Radio 1 Breeze block DJ set
Dear God
The patient's best intentions have sadly faltered
It has of late become apparent, he's driven by lust and
He's as weak as his fellow colleagues
A hypocrite, surrounded by liars and bed-wetters
Stricken with grief, he turns to lethal toxins
hardcore, Punk Paste
Goodbye Lord
All stars takin' over