

These are the words that you're forced to believe in
When you don't wanna choose the theme or decide what to
mean

Those funny thoughts in yr head now, any-which-way
Will shake yr foundation down, then make yr day

When the thrashers are pounding
Much too fast for love
And the neonlights blinding
Who could ask for more?

Blame the world conspiracy for the mood that yre in
Or any other elevated word to describe the scheme
Then sit and watch yr navel growing dirtier by the day
Listening to the drone from the era constructing decay

Well the thrasher's still pounding
And who won't give a damn
About the final solution
Of the master plan
Well, the trashers are pounding
And i'll dream away
I'll go anywhere i wanna
I'm not gonna stay

Then if i could rewind and start all over again
I'd buy a bulletproof conception and a couple of matching
friends
But then again my right hand fills in the form
Those spastic signs to keep it close to the norm