

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