

# Death Is Never Out Of Fashion

Star Fucking Hipsters

conformity and uniforms  
we're brainwashed from the day we're born  
and every day we're living dead  
repeating all the lies we're fed  
sock monkeys and leather bears  
unite against the billionaires  
trade ideas or hug it out  
cuz isn't that what life's about?  
if i could shed a tear  
i'd think about them every day  
of every fucking year  
it's in every single winter's day  
as i see my shadow fade away  
it would seem that every humble plea  
dictates a door without a key  
these dilapidated broken bones  
in this empty shell that i call my home  
all point at me the same way  
to cloudy skies and early graves  
and they all sing a song  
to follow them to cask and urn  
where they all say that i belong  
apoyo la lucha en mexico  
los pobres contra los vampyros ricos  
a las zapatistas en chiapas  
tienen los huevos, arroz y papas  
i haven't slept in 7 weeks  
my voice is gone, can't hardly speak  
and something's hurt too deep inside  
but it's coming out where it can't hide  
if i could shed a tear  
i'd think about them every day  
of every fucking year  
and they all sing a song  
to follow them to cask and urn  
where they all say that i belong  
and so everywhere i see the dead  
buried underground and in my head  
and now the risk is crystal clear  
i might kill myself from living here  
but what is life but constant changing  
i'd take it all and rearrange it  
cuz what is there to fucking fear?  
we're stagnating, wish you were here  
if i could shed a tear  
i'd think about them every day  
of every fucking year  
and they all sing a song  
to follow them to cask and urn  
where they all say that i belong