

Design

Star Fucking Hipsters

It's a simple disease yet complex with complicity
It's the dying mans voice when no words can be spun
It's the wrench in the cogs of the smoking machinery
That plows through family and friends just for fun
When you can't stop a world that's grown ill with insanity
And there're no longer words to express your distrust
And this fucking disaster shows no rhythm or rhyme
That we've ruined it all disassembled
From our own

Design, design, designed to distrust
Design, design, designed to be lost
Designed, in blood we all sign
Grave obligations to commit unforgivable

We need 600 bodies to complete this new graveyard
And 10,000 gallons just to drown all our rage
A dozen more names just to finish the headstones
Some bravery to get us all out of this cage
The bodies stack high in this tomb of society
And the blade in my skin always writes the best lines
A stony dead silence seems to cut through the scenery
It's the malignant cancer we've created through our own

Design, design, designed to distrust
Design, design, designed to be lost
Designed, in blood we all sign
Grave obligations to commit unforgivable crimes
Crimes, crimes of a dubious nature
Crimes just for quick-cash or more social stature
Crimes, against our own world in time
Wicked mistakes makes us victims of our own

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Designed

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