

# Catastrophical Expectations

Vomitary

You feel desperated when your lipstick is gone on your  
highheels you are walking like a bitch in the street

Day and night you think about your perfect style  
You're the one who let the girls get wet all time from  
your heat

And the holes in your jeans shot by a machinegun  
Let me see the ring that's through your cock, oh what a  
fun

You swear that you have tried but now you know a life  
Without a mirror is not a life  
Without hairspray what a nightmare, you can take a gun

Everyday you steal away the riffs of musicians  
The harmonizer makes your voice sound like a metalmán  
And on the stage no acting because sweat is not  
attractive and ruins all your nice makeup  
And after it no autographs cause you're the superstar

Scandalism sells and it's a great promotion  
So they've fucked your ass and you have sold some more  
from your pink LP's

Day will come when you are in your teakwood coffin  
The I hope Satan himself will punish you for your life