

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 metalman
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 solded 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