

Rapture, The "The Smell"

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As I sit on this bus bench
I look around and smell a foul stench
I try to identify this foul smell
What could it be," I can't tell".
I know what it is said someone from a crowd
"It's the sewer and the smell's the foul cloud".
One says, "It's the bum sitting next to me".
Another one says,"It's me".
I know what it is I say to myself
It's another dead body on the shelf
Because of pollution in the air
Caused by people who don't care
It's the smell of decaying bodies everywhere
It's foul smell tobacco exec's emit

Knowing that it kills people and they don't give a shit
Blood money has got to go
Because of this now I know
I won't live till I'm twenty-five
Somehow I've got to survive
Preach about what cig smoke does
Don't believe the exec's 'cause

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