

Accuser "The Slug"

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Plastic visions
Caught your eyes
Downtown
Where it's cold'n blue
Need a place to hide your mind

Or your brain's gonna explode
Burn your eyes
Burn your soul
Cut off your head
Who takes you home?
Got a reason to live
When you're headless?

Got a place to stay
When it's nameless?
Where's the brain,
The hope, the name?

Feel the pain and go insane
The attitude stinks

As well as the tone

You only live once
The story's so old
The lazy slug
Talks a lot
Lives the nameless easy life
Crawling home

No alibi

No witness for the defense in sight

Life ain't that dramatic
Old-school dogmatists
Waste their time
With plastic visions

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