

Dead

"The Fineribber"

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Testicles want to break free
As I'm raisin' the remote control
Scratchin' my belly's hair
As my dick pees outa my pant's hole
Zapping through my real life
The legion of empty bottles grows and grows
I'm the king of "Shooter"-underwear
The Fineribber's upon his throne!

All hail to my balls and the TV-program
My fine-ribbing armour, the beer in my hand
No finerib, no glory! The sofa's my throne
I'm the king of the khakis and the finerib's my crown!

Wankin' through phone-sex-commercials
During the movie-breaks I beat my spouse
Devotedly she fetches one more
beer for me with a bleeding nose
Enjoying the "Superbowl"
12 Pretzels fitting in my hand
This tricky salty dozen
lead into my kingdom's end

All hail to my balls and the TV-program...

A fart breaks the silence
A honk in the dark
The sphincter quits its job
As my empire falls

The king is dying on the floor
like his souls shall not be (p)raised
The fineribber won't ever raise
his pissed flag nevermore!

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