

For Stars "Insurance"

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Another trend is set
And again it's not what we're about
We're not your product
Accept that we can't be bought

You pump your money into artificial puppets
Who bleek their teeth on our TV screens
We sing our heart out, we get our fuel by those who
dance
Too many one hit wonders while we try to build and
care

We don't need your structures
We built and save on our own
We won't be artificial
I say we can't be wrong

You pump your money...

"Hey Mr. Superstar, Do you really think we care?
You think you're saying something
We think you're fucking nothing
Your message is killed by the pay-cheque in your hand
It's already hard at work as your machine destroys..."

You pump your money...

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